



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

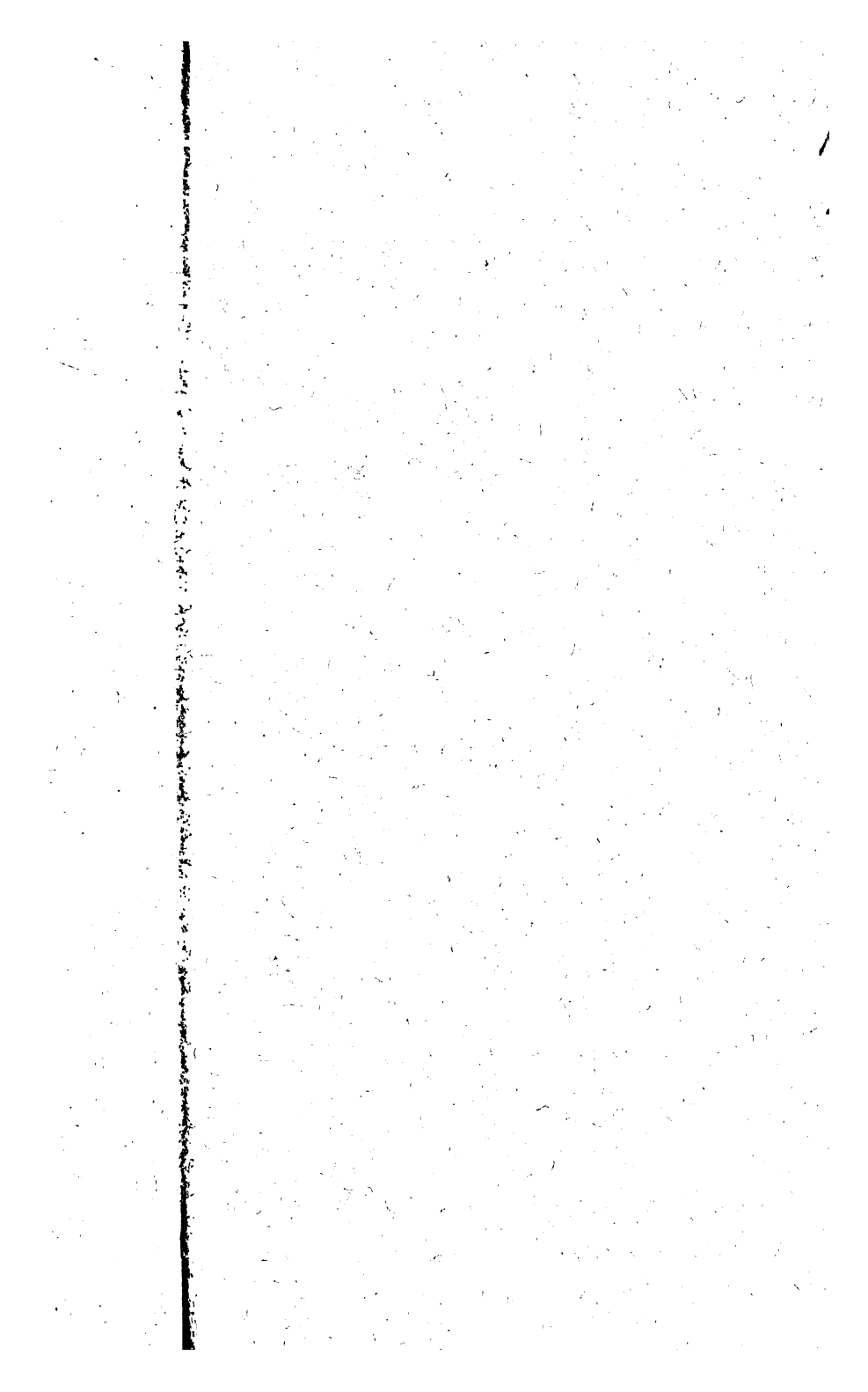
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

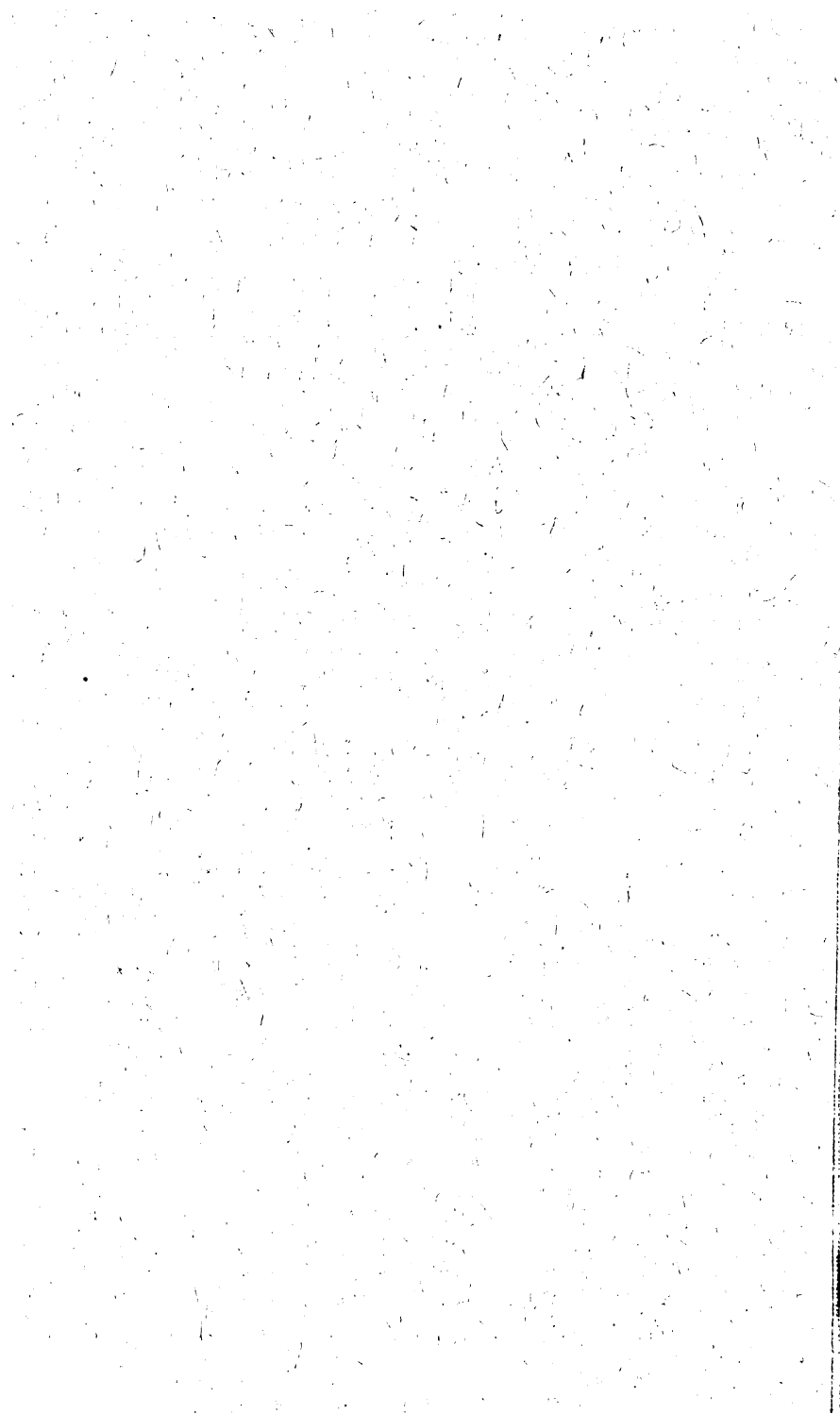
### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

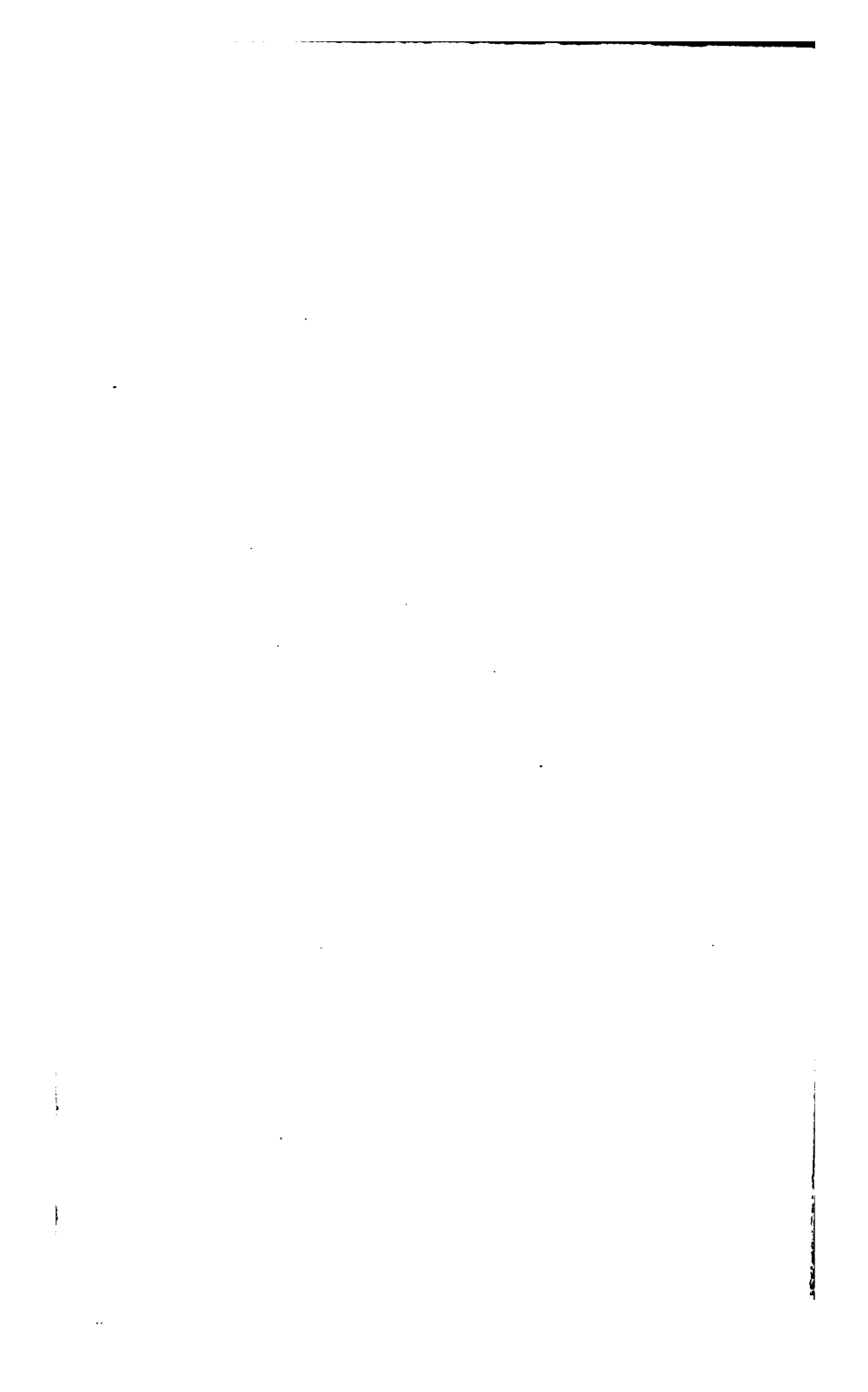


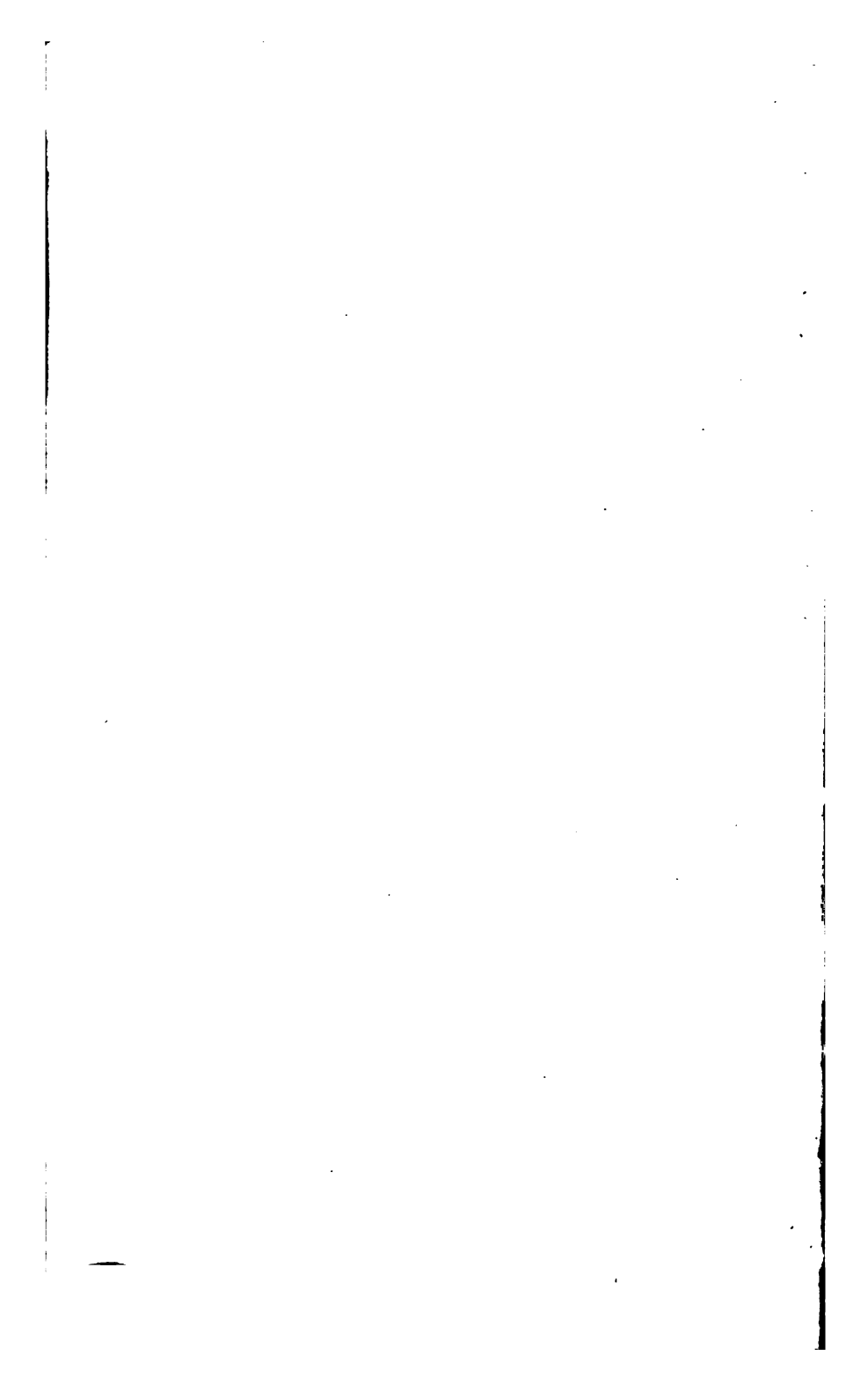
*John T. Pettis.*  
*Pembury.*











*Sobias Trere Esq*

# MISCELLANIES,

BY

*J. B.*

1833

*Henry Fielding Esq;*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to  
*Catharine-Street, in the Strand.*

M D C C X L I I I .

# MISCELLANEOUS

18

CONFIDENTIAL (U) □

828  
F 459 m  
1743

100

CONFIDENTIAL (U) □

# MISCELLANIES,

BY

*Henry Fielding Esq;*

V O L. I.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to  
*Catharine-Street, in the Strand.*

M D C C X L I I I .

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 311

1962

PHYSICS 311

PHYSICS 311

English  
Museum  
H-10-22  
13908  
3v.

2-16-27 Res 27

---

---

# P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Volumes I now present the Public, consist, as their Title indicates, of various Matter; treating of Subjects which bear not the least Relation to each other; and perhaps, what *Martial* says of his Epigrams, may be applicable to these several Productions.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria,  
sunt mala PLURA.*

b

At

At least, if the *Bona* be denied me, I shall, I apprehend, be allowed the other *Tyoe*. I will allow myself to enquire, it will be to the Honour of some of our Poets, on which subject I have written some Poems, which compose the First Part of the First Volume, were most of them written when I was very young, and are indeed Productions of the Heart rather than of the Head. If the Good-natured Reader thinks them tolerable, it will answer my warmest Hopes. This Branch of Writing is what I very little pretend to, and will appear to have been very little my Pursuit, since I think (one or two Poems excepted) I have here presented my Reader with all I could remember, or procure Copies of.



I am bound to confess, if the Poet had not denied me, I should have been obliged to have written a *Mythology* of Parts of the sixth Satire of *Juvenal*, will, I hope, give no Offence to that Half of our Spectators, for whom I have the greatest Respect and Tenderness. It was originally sketched out before I was Twenty, and was all the Revenge taken by an injured Lover. For my Part, I am much more inclined to Panegyric on that amiable Sex, which I have always thought treated with a very unjust Severity by ours, who censure them for Faults (if they are truly such) into which we allure and betray them, and of which we ourselves, with an unblamed Licence, enjoy the most delicious Fruits.

As to the *Essay on Conversation*, however it may be executed, my Design in it will be at least allowed good; being to ridicule out of Society, one of the most pernicious Evils which attends it, *viz.* pampering the gross Appetites of Selfishness and Ill-nature, with the Shame and Disquietude of others; whereas I have endeavoured in it to shew, that true Good-Breeding consists in contributing, with our utmost Power, to the Satisfaction and Happiness of all about us.

In my *Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men*, I have endeavoured to expose a second great Evil, namely, Hypocrisy; the Bane of all Virtue,

Mora-

P R E F A C E.

v

Morality, and Goodness; and to arm, as well as I can, the honest, undesigning, open-hearted Man, who is generally the Prey of this Monster, against it. I believe a little Reflection will convince us, that most Mischiefs (especially those which fall on the worthiest Part of Mankind) owe their Original to this detestable Vice.

I shall pass over the remaining Part of this Volume, to the *Journey from this World to the next*, which fills the greatest Share of the second.

It would be paying a very mean Compliment to the human Understanding, to suppose I am under any Necessity of vindicating myself from designing, in an Allegory of this Kind, to

oppose any present System, or to erect a new one of my own: but perhaps the Fault may lie rather in the Heart than in the Head; and I may be misrepresented, without being misunderstood. If there are any such Men, I am sorry for it; the Good-natured Reader will not, I believe, want any Assistance from me to disappoint their Malice.

Others may (and that with greater Colour) arraign my Ignorance; as I have, in the Relation which I have put into the Mouth of *Julian*, whom they call the Apostate, done many Violences to History, and mixed Truth and Falshood with much Freedom. To these I answer. I profess Fiction only; and tho' I have chosen some Facts out of History, to embellish my Work,

and

but for a Chronology, &c. I have not, however, confined myself to nice Exactness; Having often ante-dated, and sometimes post-dated the Matter I have found in the Historian, particularly in the *Spanish History*, where I take both these Liberties in one Story.

The Residue of this Volume is filled with two Dramatic Pieces, both the Productions of my Youth, tho' the latter was not acted 'till this Season. It was the third Dramatic Performance I ever attempted; the Parts of *Milamour* and *Charlotte* being originally intended for Mr. *Wilks* and Mrs. *Oldfield*; but the latter died before it was finished; and a slight Pique which happened between me and the former, prevented him from ever seeing it. The

Play was read to Mr. *Rich* upwards of twelve Years since, in the Presence of a very eminent Physician of this Age, who will bear me Testimony, that I did not recommend my Performances with the usual Warmth of an Author. I Indeed I never thought, till this Season, that there existed on any one Stage, since the Death of that great Actor and Actress abovementioned, any two Persons capable of supplying their Loss in those Parts; for Characters of this Kind do, of all others, require most Support from the Actor, and lend the least Assistance to him.

From the Time of its being read to Mr. *Rich*, it lay by me neglected and unthought of, till this Winter, when it visited the Stage in the following Manner.

Mr.

to Mr. Garrick, whose Abilities as an Actor will, I hope, rouse up better Writers for the Stage than myself; asked me one Evening, if I had any Play by me; telling me, he was desirous of appearing in a new Part. I presented him, I had one almost finished: but I conceived it so little the Manager's Interest to produce any thing new on his Stage this Season, that I should not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find some Excuse to refuse me, and adhere to the Theatrical Politics, of never introducing new Plays on the Stage, but when driven to it by absolute Necessity.

Mr. Garrick's Reply to this was so warm and friendly, that, as I was full

as

as desirous of putting Words into his Mouth, as he could appear to be of speaking them; I mentioned the Play the very next Morning to Mr. *Brook* who embraced my Proposal so heartily, that an Appointment was immediately made to read it to the Actors who were principally to be concerned in it.

When I came to revise this Play, which had likewise lain by me some Years, tho' formed on a much better Plan, and at an Age when I was much more equal to the Task, than the former; I found I had allowed myself too little Time for the perfecting it; but I was resolv'd to execute my Promise and accordingly, at the appointed Day I produced five Acts, which were entitled, *THE GOODNATURED MERCHANT*  
 Besides,



aid on the Words gitting to be as  
 to Besides, that this Play appeared to  
 me, [on the Reading] to be less com-  
 pletely finished than I thought its Plan  
 desired; there was another Reason  
 which dissuaded me from bringing it on  
 the Stage, as it then stood, and this  
 was, that the very Actor on whose Ac-  
 count I had principally been inclined  
 to have it represented, had a very in-  
 considerable Part in it.

Notwithstanding my private Opin-  
 ion, of which I then gave no Intima-  
 tion, *The Good-natured Man* was re-  
 ceiv'd, and order'd to be writ into  
 Parts; Mr. Garrick professing himself  
 very ready to perform his; but as I re-  
 main'd dissatisfied, for the Reasons a-  
 bove-mention'd, I now recollect'd my  
 other Play, in which I remember'd  
 there

there was a Character, I had originally intended for Mr. *Wills*.

Upon Perusal, I found this Character was preserved with some little Spirit, and (what I thought would be a great Recommendation to the Audience) would keep their so justly favourite Actor almost eternally before their Eyes. I apprehended (in which I was not deceived) that he would make so surprising a Figure in this Character, and exhibit Talents so long unknown to the Theatre, that, as hath happen'd in other Plays, the Audience might be blinded to the Faults of the Piece, for many I saw it had, and some very difficult to cure.

I accordingly sat down with a Resolution to work Night and Day, during  
the

The spare Time allowed me, which was about a Week, in altering and correcting this Production of my more juvenile Years; when unfortunately, the extreme Danger of Life into which a Person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my Task.

To this Accident alone, I have the Vanity to apprehend, the Play owes most of the glaring Faults with which it appeared. However, I resolved rather to let it take its Chance, imperfect as it was; with the Assistance of Mr. Garrick, than to sacrifice a more favourite; and in the Opinion of others, a much more valuable Performance, and which could have had very little Assistance from him.

I then

beiever I might have seen it, tho' it was sold six Nights I received

I then acquainted Mr. *Garrick* with my Design, and read it to him, and Mr. *Macklin*, Mr. *Electwood* agreed to the Exchange, and thus the *Widow's* *Dax* was destined to the Stage.

Perhaps it may be asked me, Why then did I suffer a Piece, which I myself know was imperfect, to appear? I answer honestly and freely, that Reputation was not my Inducement, and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and in my unhappy Situation, a much more urgent Motive. If it will give my Enemies any Pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my Views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a Satisfaction which they denied me. For

P R E F A C E

tho' it was acted six Nights, I received  
not a word from the House; for that I  
was, and of a bad one. This was indeed chiefly owing to a  
general Rumour spread of its Indecen-  
cy; which originally arose, I believe,  
from some Objections of the Licensor,  
who had been very unjustly censured  
for being too remiss in his Restraints on  
that Head; but as every Passage which  
he objected to was struck out, and I  
sincerely think very properly so, I  
leave to every impartial Judge to de-  
cide, whether the Play, as it was acted,  
was not rather freer from such Impu-  
tation than almost any other Comedy  
on the Stage. However, this Opinion  
prevailed so fatally without Doors, du-  
ring its Representation, that on the  
sixth Night, there were not above five  
Ladies present in the Boxes.

But I shall say no more of this Comedy here, as I intend to introduce it the ensuing Season, and with such Alterations as will, I hope, remove every Objection to it, and may make the Manager some Amends for what he lost by very honourably continuing its Representation, when he might have got much more by acting other Plays.

I come now to the Third and last Volume, which contains the History of *Jonathan Wild*. And here it will not, I apprehend, be necessary to acquaint my Reader, that my Design is not to enter the Lists with that excellent Historian, who from authentic Papers and Records, &c. hath already given so satisfactory an Account of the Life and  
Actions

Actions of this Great Man. I have not indeed the least Intention to depreciate the Veracity and Impartiality of that History; nor do I pretend to any of those Lights, not having, to my Knowledge, ever seen a single Paper relating to my Hero, save some short Memoirs, which about the Time of his Death were published in certain Chronicles called News-Papers, the Authority of which hath been sometimes questioned; and in the Ordinary of *Newgate* his Account, which generally contains a more particular Relation of what the Heroes are to suffer in the next World, than of what they did in this.

To confess the Truth, my Narrative is rather of such Actions which he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really

Vol. I. c did;

did; and may, in Reality, as well suit any other such great Man, as the Person himself whose Name it bears.

A second Caution I would give my Reader is, that as it is not a very faithful Portrait of *Jonathan Wild* himself, so neither is it intended to represent the Features of any other Person; Roguery, and not a Rogue, is my Subject; and as I have been so far from endeavouring to particularize any Individual, that I have with my utmost Art avoided it; so will any such Application be unfair in my Reader, especially if he knows much of the Great World; since he must then be acquainted, I believe, with more than one on whom he can fix the Resemblance.

In



In the third Place, I solemnly protest, I do by no means intend in the Character of my Hero to represent Human Nature in general. Such Insinuations must be attended with very dreadful Conclusions; nor do I see any other Tendency they can naturally have; but to encourage and soothe Men in their Villainies, and to make every well-disposed Man disclaim his own Species, and curse the Hour of his Birth into such a Society. For my Part, I understand those Writers who describe Human Nature in this depraved Character, as speaking only of such Persons as *Wild* and his Gang; and I think it may be justly inferred, that they do not find in their own Bosoms any Deviation from the general

c 2

Rule.

Rule. Indeed it would be an insupportable Vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only Exception to it.

But without considering *Newgate* as no other than Human Nature with its Mask off, which some very shameless Writers have done, a Thought which no Price should purchase me to entertain, I think we may be excused for suspecting; that the splendid Palaces of the Great are often no other than *Newgate* with the Mask on. Nor do I know any thing which can raise an honest Man's Indignation higher than that the same Morals should be in one Place attended with all imaginable Misery and Infamy, and in the other, with the highest Luxury and Honour. Let any impartial Man in his Senses be  
asked,

asked, for which of these two Places a Composition of Cruelty, Lust, Avarice, Rapine, Insolence, Hypocrisy, Fraud and Treachery, was best fitted, surely his Answer must be certain and immediate; and yet I am afraid all these Ingredients glossed over with Wealth and a Title, have been treated with the highest Respect and Veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the Gallows in the other.

If there are then any Men of such Morals who dare to call themselves Great, and are so reputed, or called at least, by the deceived Multitude, surely a little private Censure by the few is a very moderate Tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be de-

manded: But I fear this is not the Case: However the Glare of Riches, and Awe of Title, may dazzle and terrify the Vulgar; nay, however Hypocrisy may deceive the more Discerning, there is still a Judge in every Man's Breast, which none can cheat nor corrupt, tho' perhaps it is the only uncorrupt Thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this Judge is, (however polluted the Bench be on which he sits) no Man can, in my Opinion, enjoy any Applause which is not thus adjudged to be his Due.

Nothing seems to me more preposterous than that, while the Way to true Honour lies so open and plain, Men should seek false by such perverse and rugged Paths: that while it is so  
easy

easy and safe, and truly honourable, to be good, Men should wade through Difficulty and Danger, and real Infamy, to be *Great*, or, to use a synonymous Word, *Villains*.

Nor hath Goodness less Advantage in the Article of Pleasure, than of Honour over this kind of Greatness. The same righteous Judge always annexes a bitter Anxiety to the Purchases of Guilt, whilst it adds a double Sweetness to the Enjoyments of Innocence and Virtue: for Fear, which all the Wise agree is the most wretched of human Evils, is, in some Degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any manner molest the Happiness of the latter.

sent

This is the Doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this History, confining myself at the same Time within the Rules of Probability. (For except in one Chapter, which is visibly meant as a Burlesque on the extravagant Accounts of Travellers, I believe I have not exceeded it.) And though perhaps it sometimes happens, contrary to the Instances I have given, that the Villain succeeds in his Pursuit, and acquires some transitory imperfect Honour or Pleasure to himself for his Iniquity; yet I believe he oftner shares the Fate of my Hero, and suffers the Punishment, without obtaining the Reward.

As

As I believe it is not easy to teach a more useful Lesson than this, if I have been able to add the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with having carried every Point.

But perhaps some Apology may be required of me, for having used the Word *Greatness*, to which the World have affixed such honourable Ideas, in so disgraceful and contemptuous a Light. Now if the Fact be, that the Greatness which is commonly worshipped is really of that Kind which I have here represented, the Fault seems rather to lie in those who have ascribed to it those Honours, to which it hath not in Reality the least Claim.

The

The Truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the Ideas of Goodness and Greatness together, or rather include the former in our Idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely a great Error, and no less than a Mistake of the Capacity for the Will. In Reality, no Qualities can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted but that Benevolence, Honour, Honesty, and Charity, make a good Man; and that Parts, Courage, are the efficient Qualities of a Great Man, so must it be confess'd, that the Ingredients which compose the former of these Characters, bear no Analogy to, nor Dependence on those which constitute the latter. A Man may therefore be Great without being Good, or Good without being Great.

How-



However, tho' the one bear no necessary Dependence on the other, neither is there any absolute Repugnancy among them which may totally prevent their Union so that they may, tho' not of Necessity, assemble in the same Mind; as they actually did, and all in the highest Degree, in those of *Socrates* and *Brutus*; and perhaps in some among us. I at least know one to whom Nature could have added no one great or good Quality more than she hath bestowed on him.

Here then appear three distinct Characters; the Great, the Good, and the Great and Good.

The

The last of these is the *true Sublime* in Human Nature. That Elevation by which the Soul of Man, raising and extending itself above the Order of this Creation, and brighten'd with a certain Ray of Divinity, looks down on the Condition of Mortals. This is indeed a glorious Object, on which we can never gaze with too much Praise and Admiration. A perfect Work! the Iliad of Nature! ravishing and astonishing, and which at once fills us with Love, Wonder, and Delight.

The Second falls greatly short of this Perfection, and yet hath its Merit. Our Wonder ceases; our Delight is lessened; but our Love remains; of which Passion, Goodness hath always appeared

appeared to me the only true and proper Object. On this Head I think proper to observe, that I do not conceive my Good Man to be absolutely a Fool or a Coward; but that he often partakes too little of Parts or Courage, to have any Pretensions to Greatness.

Now as to that Greatness which is totally devoid of Goodness, it seems to me in Nature to resemble the *False Sublime* in Poetry; whose Bombast is, by the ignorant and ill-judging Vulgar, often mistaken for solid Wit and Eloquence, whilst it is in Effect the very Reverse. Thus Pride, Ostentation, Insolence, Cruelty, and every Kind of Villany, are often construed into True Greatness of Mind, in which we always include an Idea of Goodness.

This

XXXV P R E F A C E

This Bombast Greatness then is the Character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in and deceives the World, taking to itself not only Riches and Power, but often Honour, or at least the Shadow of it, the more necessary is it to strip the Monster of these false Colours, and shew it in its native Deformity: for by suffering Vice to possess the Reward of Virtue, we do a double Injury to Society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief Incentive to the latter. Nay, tho' it is, I believe, impossible to give Vice a true Relish of Honour and Glory, or tho' we give it Riches and Power, to give it the Enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the Food it can't taste, and sullies the Robe which nei-

ther fits nor becomes it, 'till Virtue  
disclaims them both.

Thus have I given some short Account of these Works. I come now to return Thanks; to those Friends who have with uncommon Pains forwarded this Subscription: for tho' the Number of my Subscribers be more proportioned to my Merit, than their Desire or Expectation, yet I believe I owe not a tenth Part to my own Interest. My Obligations on this Head are so many, that for Fear of offending any by Preference, I will name none. Nor is it indeed necessary, since I am convinced they served me with no Desire of a public Acknowledgment; nor can I make any to some of them, equal with the Gratitude of my Sentiments.

I can-

I cannot, however, forbear mentioning my Sense of the Friendship shewn me by a Profession of which I am a late and unworthy Member, and from whose Assistance I derive more than half the Names which appear to this Subscription.

It remains that I make some Apology for the Delay in publishing these Volumes, the real Reason of which was, the dangerous Illness of one from whom I draw all the solid Comfort of my Life, during the greatest Part of this Winter. This, as it is most sacredly true, so will it, I doubt not, sufficiently excuse the Delay to all who know me.

Indeed

Indeed when I look a Year or two backwards, and survey the Accidents which have befallen me, and the Distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these Works, I could almost challenge some Philosophy to myself, for having been able to finish them as I have; and however imperfectly that may be, I am convinced the Reader, was he acquainted with the whole, would want very little Good-Nature to extinguish his Disdain at any Faults he meets with.

But this hath dropt from me unawares: for I intend not to entertain my Reader with my private History: nor am I fond enough of Tragedy, to make myself the Hero of one.

xxviii P R E F A C E.

However, as I have been variously and justly censured, as well on account of what I have not writ, as for what I have; I take this Opportunity to declare in the most solemn Manner, I have long since (as long as from *June 1741*) desisted from writing one Syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public Paper; and that I never was, nor will be the Author of anonymous Scandal on the private History or Family of any Person whatever.

Indeed there is no Man who speaks or thinks with more Detestation of the modern Custom of Libelling. I look on the Practice of stabbing a Man's Character in the Dark, to be as base and as barbarous as that of stabbing him with a Poignard in the same Manner;



ner; nor have I ever been once in my  
 Life guilty of it. I do not know how  
 to distinguish between Ridicule and  
 Scurrility; between a Jest on a public  
 Character, and the Murder of a pri-  
 vate one.

*See  
 analysis!*

My Reader will pardon my having  
 doubt a little on this Particular, since  
 it is so especially necessary in this Age,  
 when almost all the Wit we have is  
 applied this Way; and when I have  
 already been a Martyr to such unjust  
 Suspicion. Of which I will relate one  
 Instance. While I was last Winter  
 laid up in the Gout, with a favourite  
 Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife  
 in a Condition very little better, on  
 another, attended with other Circum-

MYXK      PIRROBIAI CAE

stances, which served as very proper Decorations to such a Scene, I received a Letter from a Friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite Reflections, which two opposite Parties thought fit to cast on me, the one of writing in the *Champion*, (tho' I had not then writ in it for upwards of half a Year) the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the Honour of infusing a single Word.

To defend myself therefore as well as I can from all past, and to enter a Caveat against all future Censure of this Kind; I once more solemnly declare, that since the End of *June 1741*, I have not, besides *Joseph Andrews*, published one Word, except *The Opposition, a Vision. A Defence of the Dutches*

*Dutchess of Marlborough's Book, Mist*  
*Essay in Town, (in which I had a very*  
*small Share.)* And I do farther pro-  
 tect, that I will never hereafter publish  
 any Book or Pamphlet whatever, to  
 which I will not put my Name. A  
 Promise, which as I shall sacredly keep,  
 so will it, I hope, be so far believed,  
 that I may henceforth receive no more  
 Praise or Censure, to which I have not  
 the least Title.

And now, my good-natured Reader,  
 recommending my Works to your Can-  
 dour, I bid you heartily farewell; and  
 take this with you, that you may ne-  
 ver be interrupted in the reading these  
 Miscellanies, with that Degree of  
 Heart-ach which hath often discom-  
 posed me in the writing them.

THE  
FIRST  
PART  
OF  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE  
CITY  
OF  
LONDON  
FROM  
THE  
BEGINNING  
TO  
THE  
PRESENT  
TIME  
BY  
JOHN  
STOW  
1597

THE  
SECOND  
PART  
OF  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE  
CITY  
OF  
LONDON  
FROM  
THE  
BEGINNING  
TO  
THE  
PRESENT  
TIME  
BY  
JOHN  
STOW  
1597

OF  
**TRUE GREATNESS.**

AN EPISTLE TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

*GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;*

VOL. I.

A

-----

1947

1948

1949

1950

---

O F  
TRUE GREATNESS.

An EPISTLE to

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

'T IS strange, while all to Greatness  
Homage pay,  
So few should know the Goddess they  
obey.

That Men should think a thousand Things the same,  
And give contending Images one Name.  
Not *Greece*, in all her Temples wide Abodes,  
Held a more wild Democracy of Gods  
Than various Deities we serve, while all  
Profess before one common Shrine to fall.

Whether ourselves of Greatness are possess'd,  
Or worship it within another's Breast.

While a mean Crowd of Sycophants attend,  
And fawn and flatter, creep and cringe and bend;  
The Fav'rite blesses his superior State,  
Rises o'er all, and hails Himself the Great.

Vain Man! can such as these to Greatness raise?  
 Can Honour come from Dirt? from Baseness, Praise?  
 Then *India's Gem* on *Scotland's Coast* shall shine,  
 And the *Peruvian Ore* enrich the *Cornish Mine*.

Behold, in blooming *May*, the *May-pole* stand,  
 Drest'd out in *Garlands* by the *Peasant's Hand*;  
 Around it dance the *Youth*, in mirthful *Mood*;  
 And all admire the gaudy, drest up *Wood*.  
 See, the next *Day*, of all its *Pride* bereft,  
 How soon the unregarded *Post* is left.  
 So *Thou*, the *Wonder* of a longer *Day*,  
 Rais'd high on *Pow'r*, and drest in *Titles, gay*,  
 Stript of these *Summer Garlands*, soon wouldst see,  
 The mercenary *Slaves* ador'd not thee;  
 Wouldst see them thronging thy *Successor's Gate*,  
 Shadows of *Power*, and *Properties of State*.  
 As the *Sun* Infects, *Pow'r Court-Friends* begets,  
 Which wanton in its *Beams*, and vanish as it sets.

Thy highest *Pomp* the *Hermit* dares despise,  
 Greatness (crys this) is to be good and wise.  
 To *Titles, Treasures, Luxury* and *Show*,  
 The gilded *Follies of Mankind*, a *Foe*.  
 He flies *Society*, to *Wilds* resorts,  
 And rails at busy *Cities, splendid Courts*.  
 Great to himself, he in his *Cell*, appears,  
 As *Kings* on *Thrones*, or *Conquerors* on *Cars*.

O *Thou*,



O Thou, that dar'st thus proudly scorn thy Kind,  
 Search, with impartial Scrutiny, thy Mind,  
 Disdaining outward Flatterers to win,  
 Dost thou not feed a Flatterer within?  
 While other Passions Temperance may guide,  
 Feast not with too delicious Meals thy Pride.  
 On Vice triumphant while thy Censures fall,  
 Be sure, no Envy mixes with thy Gail.  
 Ask thy self oft, to Pow'r and Grandeur born,  
 Had Pow'r and Grandeur then incur'd thy Scorn:  
 If no Ill-nature in thy Breast prevails,  
 Enjoying all the Crimes at which it rails.  
 A peevish sour Perverseness of the Will,  
 Oft we miscall Antipathy to Ill.

Scorn and Disdain the little *Cynick* hurl'd  
 At the exulting Victor of the World.  
 Greater than this what Soul can be destroy'd?  
 His who contemns the *Cynick's* snarling Pride.  
 Well might the haughty Son of *Philip* see  
 Ambition's second Lot devolve on thee;  
 Whose Breast Pride fires with scarce inferior Joy,  
 And bids thee hate and shun Men, him destroy.

But hadst thou, *Alexander*, wish'd to prove  
 Thy self the real Progeny of *Jove*,  
 Virtue another Path had bid thee find,  
 Taught thee to save, and not to slay Mankind.

Shall the lean Wolf, by Hunger fierce and bold,  
 Bear off no Honours from the bloody Fold?  
 Shall the dead Flock his Greatness not display;  
 But Shepherds hunt him as a Beast of Prey?  
 While Man, not drove by Hunger from his Den,  
 To Honour climbs o'er Heaps of murder'd Men.  
 Shall ravag'd Fields, and burning Towns proclaim  
 The Hero's Glory, not the Robber's Shame?  
 Shall Thousands fall, and Millions be undone  
 To glut the hungry Cruelty of one?

Behold, the Plain with human Gore grow red,  
 The swelling River heave along the Dead.  
 See, through the Breach the hostile Deluge flow,  
 Along it bears the unresisting Foe:  
 Hear, in each Street the wretched Virgin's Cries,  
 Her Lover sees her ravish'd as he dies.  
 The Infant wonders at its Mother's Tears,  
 And smiling feels its Fate before its Fears.  
 Age, while in vain for the first Blow it calls,  
 Views all its Branches lopp'd before it falls.  
 Beauty betrays the Mistress it should guard,  
 And, faithless, proves the Ravisher's Reward:  
 Death, their sole Friend, relieves them from their Ills,  
 The kindest Victor he, who soonest kills.

Could such Exploits as these thy Pride create?  
 Could these, O Philip's Son, proclaim thee Great?  
 Such

Such Honours *Mahomet* expiring crav'd,  
 Such were the Trophies on his Tomb engrav'd.  
 If Greatness by these Means may be possess'd,  
 Ill we deny it to the greater Beast.  
 Single and arm'd by Nature only, He,  
 That Mischief does, which Thousands do for thee.

Not on such Wings, to Fame did *Churchill* soar,  
 For *Europe* while defensive Arms he bore.  
 Whose Conquests, cheap at all the Blood they cost,  
 Sav'd Millions by each noble Life they lost.

Oh, Name august! in Capitals of Gold,  
 In Fame's eternal Chronicle enroll'd!  
 Where *Caesar*, viewing thee, ashamed withdraws,  
 And owns thee Greater in a greater Cause.  
 Thee, from the lowest Depth of Time, on high  
 Blazing, shall late Posterity descry;  
 And own the Purchase of thy glorious Pains,  
 While Liberty, or while her Name remains.

But quit, great Sir, with me this higher Scene,  
 And view false Greatness with more aukward Mien.  
 For now, from Camps to Colleges retreat;  
 No Cell, no Closet here without the Great.  
 See, how Pride swells the haughty Pedant's Looks;  
 How pleas'd he smiles o'er Heaps of conquer'd Books.  
*Tully* to him, and *Seneca*, are known,  
 And all their noblest Sentiments his own.

These, on each apt Occasion, he can quote ;  
 Thus the false Count affects the Man of Note,  
 Aukward and shapeless in a borrow'd Coat.

Thro' Books some travel, as thro' Nations some,  
 Proud of their Voyage, yet bring nothing home.  
 Criticks thro' Books, as Beaus thro' Countries stray,  
 Certain to bring their Blemishes away.

Great is the Man, who with unwearied Toil  
 Spies a Weed springing in the richest Soil.  
 If *Dryden's* Page with one bad Line be blest,  
 'Tis great to shew it, as to write the rest.

Others, with friendly Eye run Authors o'er,  
 Not to find Faults, but Beauties to restore ;  
 Nor scruple (such their Bounty) to afford  
 Folios of Dulness to preserve a Word :  
 Close, as to some tall Tree the Insect cleaves,  
 Myriads still nourish'd by its smallest Leaves.  
 So cling these Scriblers round a *Virgil's* Name,  
 And on his least of Beauties soar to Fame.

Awake, ye useles Drones, and scorn to thrive  
 On the Sweets gather'd by the lab'ring Hive.  
 Behold, the Merchant give to Thousands Food,  
 His Loss his own, his Gain the Publick Good.  
 Her various Bounties Nature still confines,  
 Here gilds her Sands, there silvers o'er her Mines :  
 The

The  
 Critics

U. R.  
 1711

The Merchant's Bounty Nature's bath undone,  
 He gives to all, what she confines to one.  
 And is he then not Great? Sir *B.* denies  
 True Greatness to the Creature whom he buys;  
 Blush the Wretch wounded, conscious of his Guile.  
*B—nard* and *H—cote* at such Satyr smile.

But if a Merchant lives, who meanly deigns  
 To sacrifice his Country to his Gains.  
 Tho' from his House, untrusted and unfed,  
 The Poet bears off neither Wine nor Bread;  
 As down *Cheapside* he meditates the Song,  
 He ranks that Merchant with the meanest Throng.  
 Nor Him the Poet's Pride contemns alone,  
 But all to whom the Muses are unknown.  
 These, cries the Bard, true Honours can bestow,  
 And separate true Worth from outward Show;  
 Scepters and Crowns by them grow glorious Things,  
 (For tho' they make not, they distinguish Kings.)  
 Short-liv'd the Gifts which Kings to them bequeath;  
 Bards only give the never-fading Wreath.  
 Did all our Annals no *Argyle* afford,  
 The Muse constrain'd could sing a common Lord.  
 But should the Muse with-hold her friendly Strain,  
 The Hero's Glory blossoms fair in vain;  
 Like the young Spring's, or Summer's riper Flow'r,  
 The Admiration of the present Hour.  
 She gleans from Death's sure Scythe the noble Name,  
 And lays up in the Granaries of Fame.

Thus the great tatter'd Bard, as thro' the Streets  
 He cautious treads, least any Bailiff meets.  
 Whose wretched Plight the Jest of all is made;  
 Yet most, if hapless, it betray his Trade.  
 Fools in their Laugh at Poets are sincere,  
 And wiser Men admire them thro' a Sneer.  
 For Poetry with Treason shares this Fate,  
 Men like the Poem and the Poet hate.  
 And yet with Want and with Contempt oppress'd,  
 Shunn'd, hated, mock'd, at once Men's Scorn and  
 Jest,  
 Perhaps, from wholesome Air itself confin'd,  
 Who hopes to drive out Greatness from his Mind?

Some Greatness in myself, perhaps I view;  
 Not that I write, but that I write to you.

To you! who in this *Gotbick* Leaden Age,  
 When Wit is banish'd from the Prefs and Stage,  
 When Fools to greater Folly make Pretence,  
 And those who have it, seem ashamed of Sense;  
 When Nonsense is a Term for the Sublime,  
 And not to be an Idiot is a Crime;  
 When low Buffoons in Ridicule succeed,  
 And Men are largely for such Writings fee'd,  
 As *W*——'s self can purchase none to read;  
 Yourself th' unfashionable Lyre have strung,  
 Have own'd the Muses and their Darling *Young*.

All court their Favour when by all approv'd;  
 Ev'n Virtue, if in Fashion, would be lov'd.

You

You for their Sakes with Fashion dare engage,  
*Mæcenas* you in no *Augustan* Age.

Some Merit then is to the *Muses* due ;  
 But oh ! their Smiles the Portion of how few !  
 Tho' Friends may flatter much, and more ourselves,  
 Few, *Dodington*, write worthy of your Shelves.  
 Not to a Song which *Cælia's* Smiles make fine,  
 Nor Play which *Booth* had made esteem'd divine ;  
 To no rude Satyr from Ill-nature sprung,  
 Nor Panegyrick for a Pension sung ;  
 Not to soft Lines that gently glide along,  
 And vie in Sound and Sense with *Handel's* Song ;  
 To none of these will *Dodington* bequeath,  
 The Poet's noble Name and laureate Wreath.

Leave, Scriblers, leave, the tuneful Road to Fame,  
 Nor by assuming damn a Poet's Name.  
 Yet how unjustly we the *Muses* slight,  
 Unfir'd by them because a Thousand write !  
 Who would a Soldier or a Judge upbraid,  
 \* That ----- wore Ermine, ----- a Cockade,

To Greatness each Pretender to pursue,  
 Would tire, Great Sir, the jaded Muse and you.

The lowest Beau that skips about a Court,  
 The Lady's Play-thing, and the Footman's Sport ;

\* This Verse may be filled up with any two Names out of our  
 Chronicles, as the Reader shall think fit.

Whose

Whose Head adorn'd with Bag or Tail of Pig,  
 Serves very well to bear about his Wig; †  
 Himself the Sign-Post of his Taylor's Trade,  
 That shews abroad, how well his Cloaths are made;  
 This little, empty, silly, trifling Toy,  
 Can from Ambition feel a Kind of Joy;  
 Can swell, and even aim at looking wise,  
 And walking Merit from *its* Chair despise.

Who wonders then, if such a Thing as this  
 At Greatness aims, that none the Aim can miss!  
 Nor Trade so low, Profession useles, thrives,  
 Which to its Followers not Greatness gives.  
 What Quality so mean, what Vice can shame  
 The base Possessors from the mighty Claim?  
 To make our Merits little Weight prevail,  
 We put not Virtue in the other Scale;  
 Against our Neighbour's Scale our own we press,  
 And each Man's Great who finds another Less.  
 In large Dominions some exert their State,  
 But all Men find a Corner to be Great.  
 The lowest Lawyer, Parson, Courtier, Squire,  
 Is somewhere Great, finds some that will admire.

Where shall we say then that true Greatness dwells?  
 In Palaces of Kings, or Hermits Cells?  
 Doth she confirm the Minister's Mock-State,  
 Or bloody on the Victor's Garland wait?

† These Verses attempt (if possible) to imitate the Meanness of the Creature they describe.



Warbles, harmonibus, the the Poet's Song,  
Or, graver, Laws pronounces to the Throng?

To no Profession, Party, Place confin'd,  
True Greatness lives but in the noble Mind;  
Him constant through each various Scene attends,  
Fierce to his Foes, and faithful to his Friends.  
In him, in any Sphere of Life she shines,  
Whether she blaze a *Hoadley* 'mid Divines,  
Or, an *Argyle*, in Fields and Senates dare,  
Supreme in all the Arts of Peace and War.  
Greatness with Learning deck'd in *Carteret* see,  
With Justice, and with Clemency in *Lee*;  
In *Chesterfield* to ripe Perfection come,  
See it in *Littleton* beyond its Bloom.

Lives there a Man, by Nature form'd to please,  
To think with Dignity, express with Ease;  
Upright in Principle, in Council strong,  
Prone not to change, nor obstinate too long:  
Whose Soul is with such various Talents blest'd,  
What he now does seems to become him best;  
Whether the Cabinet demands his Pow'rs,  
Or gay Addresses sooth his vacant Hours,  
Or when from graver Tasks his Mind unbends,  
To charm with Wit the Muses or his Friends.  
His Friends! who in his Favour claim no Place,  
From Titles, Pimping, Flattery or Lace.  
To whose blest Lot superior Portions fall,  
To most of Fortune, and of Taste to all,

Aw'd

Good-nature often we those Actions name,  
 Which flow from Friendship, or a softer Flame.  
 Pride may the Friend to noblest Efforts thrust,  
 Or Salvages grow gentle out of Lust.  
 The meanest Passion may this best appear,  
 And Men may seem good-natur'd, from their Fear.

What by this Name, then, shall be understood ?  
 What ? but the glorious Lust of doing Good ?  
 The Heart that finds it Happiness to please,  
 Can feel another's Pain, and taste his Ease.  
 The Cheek that with another's Joy can glow,  
 Turn pale, and sicken with another's Woe ;  
 Free from Contempt and Envy, he who deems  
 Justly of Life's two opposite Extremes.  
 Who to make all and each Man truly blest,  
 Doth all he can, and wishes all the rest ?

Tho' few have Pow'r their Wishes to fulfil,  
 Yet all Men may do Good, at least in Will.  
 Tho' few, with you or *Marlborough* can save  
 From Poverty, from Prisons, and the Grave ;  
 Yet to each Individual Heav'n affords  
 The Pow'r to bless in Wishes, and in Words.

Happy the Man with Passions blest like you,  
 Who to be ill, his Nature must subdue.  
 Whom Fortune fav'ring, was no longer blind,  
 Whose Riches are the Treasures of Mankind.  
 O ! nobler in thy Virtues than thy Blood,  
 Above thy highest Titles place THE GOOD.

High

High on Life's Summit rais'd, you little know  
 The Ills which blacken all the Vales below ;  
 Where Industry toils for Support in vain,  
 And Virtue to Distress still joins Disdain.  
 Swelt'ring with Wealth, where Men unmov'd can  
 hear

The Orphans sigh, and see the Widow's Tear :  
 Where griping Av'rice flights the Debtor's Pray'r,  
 And Wretches wanting Bread deprives of Air.

Must it not wond'rous seem to Hearts like thine,  
 That God, to other Animals benign,  
 Shou'd unprovided Man alone create,  
 And send him hither but to curse his Fate!  
 Is this the Being for whose Use the Earth  
 Sprung out of nought, and Animals had Birth?  
 This he, whose bold Imagination dares  
 Converse with Heav'n, and soar beyond the Stars?  
 Poor Reptile! wretched in an Angel's Form,  
 And wanting that which Nature gives the Worm.

Far other Views our kind Creator knew,  
 When Man the Image of himself he drew.

So full the Stream of Nature's Bounty flows,  
 Man feels no Ill, but what to Man he owes.  
 The Earth abundant furnishes a Store,  
 To fate the Rich, and satisfy the Poor.  
 These wou'd not want, if those did never hoard ;  
 Enough for *Irus* falls from *Dives'* Board.

And dost thou, common Son of Nature, dare  
 From thy own Brother to with-hold his Share?  
 To Vanity, pale Idol, offer up  
 The shining Dish, and empty golden Cup!  
 Or else in Caverns hide thy precious Ore,  
 And to the Bowels of the Earth restore  
 What for our Use she yielded up before?  
 Behold, and take Example, how the Steed  
 Attempts not, selfish, to engross the Mead.  
 See how the lowing Herd, and bleating Flock,  
 Promiscuous graze the Valley, or the Rock;  
 Each tastes his Share of Nature's gen'ral Good,  
 Nor strives from others to with-hold their Food,  
 But say, O Man! wou'd it not strange appear  
 To see some Beast (perhaps the meanest there)  
 To his Repast the sweetest Pastures chuse,  
 And ev'n the fourest to the rest refuse.  
 Wouldst thou not view, with scornful wond'ring Eye,  
 The poor, contented, starving Herd stand by?  
 All to one Beast a servile Homage pay,  
 And, boasting, think it Honour to obey.

Who wonders that Good-nature in so few,  
 Can Anger, Lust, or Avarice subdue?  
 When the cheap Gift of Fame our Tongues deny,  
 And risque our own, to poison with a Lie.

Dwells there a base Malignity in Men,  
 That 'scapes the Tiger's Cave, or Lion's Den?

Dwells.

Does our Fear dread, or does our Envy hate  
 To see another happy, good, or great?  
 Or does the Gift of Fame, like Money, seem?  
 Think we, we lose, whene'er we give Esteem?

Oh! great Humanity, whose Beams benign,  
 Like the Sun's Rays, on just and unjust shine;  
 Who turning the Perspective friendly still,  
 Dost magnify all Good, and lessen Ill;  
 Whose Eye, while small Perfections it commends,  
 Not to what's better, but what's worse attends:  
 Who, when at Court it spies some well-shap'd Fair,  
 Searches not through the Rooms for *Sbastib'ry's* Air;  
 Nor when *Clarinda's* Lillies are confest,  
 Looks for the Snow that whitens *Richmond's* Breast.  
 Another's Sense and Goodness when I name,  
 Why wouldst thou lessen them with *Mountford's*  
 Fame?

Content, what Nature lavishes admire,  
 Nor what is wanting in each Piece require.  
 Where much is Right, some Blemishes afford,  
 Nor look for *Cb-----d* in ev'ry Lord.

---



---

# LIBERTY.

T O

GEORGE LYTTLETON, *Esq;*

**T**O *Lyttleton* the Muse this Off'ring pays;  
 Who sings of Liberty, must sing his Praise.  
 This Man, ye grateful *Britons*, all revere;  
 Here raise your Altars, bring your Incense here.  
 To him the Praise, the Blessings which ye owe,  
 More than their Sires your grateful Sons shall know.  
 O! for thy Country's Good and Glory born!  
 Whom Nature vy'd with Fortune to adorn!  
 Brave, tho' no Soldier; without Titles, great;  
 Fear'd, without Pow'r; and envy'd, without State.  
 Accept the Muse whom Truth inspires to sing,  
 Who soars, tho' weakly, on an honest Wing.

See Liberty, bright Goddess, comes along,  
 Rais'd at thy Name, she animates the Song.  
 Thy Name, which *Lacedemon* had approv'd,  
*Rome* had ador'd, and *Brutus* Self had lov'd.

Come,

Come, then, bright Maid, my glowing Breast  
 inspire ;  
 Breathe in my Lines, and kindle all thy Fire.

Behold, the cries, the Groves, the Woods, the  
 Plains,  
 Where Nature dictates, see how Freedom reigns ;  
 The Herd, promiscuous, o'er the Mountain strays ;  
 Nor begs this Beast the other's Leave to graze.  
 Each freely dares his Appetite to treat,  
 Nor fears the Steed to neigh, the Flock to bleat.

Did God, who Freedom to these Creatures gave,  
 Form his own Image, Man, to be a Slave ?

But Men, it seems, to Laws of Compact yield ;  
 While Nature only governs in the Field.  
 Curse on all Laws which Liberty subdue,  
 And make the Many wretched for the Few.

However deaf to Shame, to Reason blind,  
 Men dare assert all Falshoods of Mankind ;  
 The Publick never were, when free, such Elves  
 To covet Laws pernicious to themselves.  
 Presumptuous Pow'r assumes the publick Voice,  
 And what it makes our Fate, pretends our Choice.

To whom did Pow'r original belong ?  
 Was it not first extorted by the Strong ?  
 And thus began, where it will end, in Wrong.

These scorn'd to Pow'r another Claim than Might,  
And in Ability establish'd Right.

At length a second nobler Sort arose,  
Friends to the Weak, and to Oppression Foes ;  
With warm Humanity their Bosoms glow'd,  
They felt to Nature their great Strength they ow'd.  
And as some Elder born of noble Rate,  
To whom devolves his Father's rich Estate,  
Becomes a kind Protector to the rest,  
Nor fees, unmov'd, the younger Branch distress.  
So these, with Strength whom Nature deign'd to  
grace,

Became the Guardians of their weaker Race ;  
Forc'd Tyrant Pow'r to bend its stubborn Knee,  
Broke the hard Chain, and set the People free.  
O'er abject Slaves they scorn'd inglorious Sway,  
But taught the grateful freed Man to obey ;  
And thus by giving Liberty, enjoy'd  
What the first hop'd from Liberty destroy'd.

To such the Weak for their Protection flew,  
Hence Right to Pow'r and Laws by Compact grew.  
With Zeal embracing their Deliverer's Cause,  
They bear his Arms, and listen to his Laws.  
Thus Pow'r superior, Strength superior wears,  
In Honour chief, as first in Toils and Cares.  
The People Pow'r, to keep their Freedom, gave,  
And he who had it was the only Slave.

But





The fouthern Skies, without thee, to no End  
 In the cool Breeze, or genial Show'rs descend :  
 Possess'd of thee, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,  
 Enjoy their Frost, nor mourn the distant Sun.

As Poets *Samos*, and the *Cyprian* Grove,  
 Once gave to *Juno*, and the Queen of Love ;  
 Be thine *Britannia* : ever friendly smile,  
 And fix thy Seat eternal in this Isle.  
 Thy sacred Name no *Romans* now adore,  
 And *Greece* attends thy glorious Call no more.  
 To thy *Britannia*, then, thy Fire transfer,  
 Give all thy Virtue, all thy Force to her ;  
 Revolve, attentive, all her Annals o'er,  
 See how her Sons have lov'd thee heretofore.  
 While the base Sword oppres'd *Iberia* draws,  
 And slavish *Gauls* dare fight against thy Cause,  
 See *Britain's* Youth rush forth, at thy Command,  
 And fix thy Standard in the hostile Land.  
 With noble Scorn they view the crowded Field,  
 And force unequal Multitudes to yield.  
 So Wolves large Flocks, so Lions Herds survey,  
 Not Foes more num'rous, but a richer Prey.  
 O ! teach us to withstand, as they withstood,  
 Nor lose the Purchase of our Father's Blood.  
 Ne'er blush that Sun that saw in *Blenheim's* Plain  
 Streams of our Blood, and Mountains of our Slain ;  
 Or that of old beheld all *France* to yield  
 In *Agincourt* or *Cressy's* glorious Field ;

Where Freedom *Cburcbill, Henry, Edward* gave,  
 Ne'er blush that Sun to see a *British* Slave.

As Industry might from the Bee be taught,  
 So might Oppression from the Hive be brought :  
 Behold the little Race laborious fray,  
 And from each Flow'r the hard-wrought Sweets  
     convey,

That in warm Ease in Winter they may dwell,  
 And each enjoy the Riches of its Cell.  
 Behold th' exciting Pow'r of Man despoil  
 These little Wretches of their Case and Toil.  
 Death's the Reward of all their Labour lost,  
 Careful in vain, and provident to their Cost.

But thou, great Liberty, keep *Britain* free,  
 Nor let Men use us as we use the Bee.  
 Let not base Drones upon our Honey thrive,  
 And suffocate the Maker in his Hive.



---

T O A  
F R I E N D  
O N T H E  
C H O I C E o f a W I F E.

**T**IS hard (Experience long so taught the wife)  
 Not to provoke the Person we advise.  
 Counsel, tho' ask'd, may very oft offend,  
 When it insults th' Opinion of my Friend.  
 Men frequent with another's Judgment known,  
 Not to destroy, but to confirm their own.  
 With feign'd Suspence for our Advice they sue,  
 On what they've done, or are resolv'd to do.  
 The favour'd Scheme should we by Chance oppose,  
 Henceforth they see us in the Light of Foes.  
 For could Mankind th' Advice they ask receive,  
 Most to themselves might wholesome Counsel give.  
 Men in the beaten Track of Life's Highway,  
 Offer through Passion than through Error stray, }  
 Want less Advice than Firmness to obey.

Nor can Advice an equal Hazard prove  
 To what is given in the Cause of Love ;

None

None ask it here 'till melting in the Flame.  
 If we oppose the now victorious Dame,  
 You think her Enemy and yours the same.

But yet, tho' hard, tho' dangerous the Task,  
*Fidus* must grant, if his *Alexis* ask.  
 Take then the friendly Councils of the Muse;  
 Happy, if what you've chosen she should chuse.

The Question's worthy some diviner Voice,  
 How to direct a Wife's important Choice,  
 In other Aims if we should miss the White,  
 Reason corrects, and turns us to the Right:  
 But here, a Doom irrevocable's past,  
 And the first fatal Error proves the last.  
 Rash were it then, and desperate, to run  
 With Haste to do what cannot be undone.  
 Whence come the Woes which we in Marriage find,  
 But from a Choice too negligent, too blind?

Marriage, by Heav'n ordain'd is understood,  
 And bounteous Heav'n ordain'd but what is good.  
 To our Destruction we its Bounties turn,  
 In Flames, by Heav'n to warm us meant, we burn.  
 What draws Youth heedless to the fatal Gin?  
 Features well form'd, or a well polish'd Skin.  
 What can in riper Minds a Wish create?  
 Wealth, or Alliance with the Rich and Great:  
 Who to himself, now in his Courtship, says,  
 I chuse a Partner of my future Days;

Her

Her Face, or Pocket seen, her Mind they trust;  
They wed to lay the Fiends of Avarice or Lust.

But thou, whose honest Thoughts the Choice intend  
Of a Companion, and a softer Friend;  
A tender Heart, which while thy Soul it shares,  
Augments thy Joys, and lessens all thy Cares.  
One, who by thee while tenderly carest,  
Shall steal that God-like Transport to thy Breast,  
The Joy to find you make another blest. }  
Thee in thy Choice let other Maxims move,  
They wed for baser Passions; thou for Love.

Of Beauty's subtle Poison well beware;  
Our Hearts are taken e'er they dread the Snare:  
Our Eyes, soon dazzled by that Glare, grow blind,  
And see no Imperfections in the Mind.  
Of this appriz'd, the Sex, with nicest Art,  
Insidiously adorn the outward Part.  
But Beauty, to a Mind depriv'd and ill,  
Is a thin Gilding to a nauseous Pill;  
A cheating Promise of a short-liv'd Joy,  
Time must this Idol, Chance may soon destroy.  
See *Leda*, once the Circle's proudest Boast,  
Of the whole Town the universal Toast;  
By Children, Age, and Sicknes, now decay'd,  
What Marks remain of the triumphant Maid?  
Beauties which Nature and which Art produce,  
Are form'd to please the Eye, no other Use.

The

The Husband, sated by Possession grown,  
 Or indolent to flatter what's his own ;  
 With eager Rivals keeps unequal Pace :  
 But oh ! no Rival flatters like her Glafs.  
 There still she's sure a thousand Charms to see,  
 A thousand Times she more admires than he :  
 Then soon his Dulness learns she to despise,  
 And thinks she's thrown away too rich a Prize.  
 To please her, try his little Arts in vain ;  
 His very Hopes to please her move Disdain.  
 The Man of Sense, the Husband, and the Friend,  
 Cannot with Fools and Coxcombs condescend  
 To such vile Terms of tributary Praise,  
 As Tyrants scarce on conquer'd Countries raise.  
 Beauties think Heav'n they in themselves bestow,  
 All we return is Gratitude too low.  
 A gen'ral Beauty wisely then you shun ;  
 But from a Wit, as a Contagion, run.  
 Beauties with Praise if difficult to fill ;  
 To praise a Wit enough, is harder still.  
 Here with a thousand Rivals you'll contest ;  
 He most succeeds, who most approves the Jest.  
 Ill-nature too with Wit's too often join'd ;  
 Too firm Associates in the human Mind.  
 Oft may the former for the latter go,  
 And for a Wit we may mistake a Shrew,  
 How seldom burns this Fire, like *Sappho's*, bright ?  
 How seldom gives an innocent Delight ?  
*Flavia's* a Wit at Modesty's Expence ;  
*Iris* to Laughter sacrifices Sense.

Hard

Hard Labour undergo poor *Delia's* Brains,  
 While ev'ry Joke some Mystery contains ;  
 No Problem is discuss'd with greater Pains.  
 Not *Lais* more resolv'd, through thick and thin,  
 Will plunge to meet her ever-darling Sin,  
 Than *Myrrha*, through Ingratitude and Shame,  
 To raise the Laugh, or get a witty Fame.  
 No Friendship is secure from *Myrrha's* Blows ;  
 For Wits, like Gamesters, hurt both Friends and Foes.  
 Besides, where'er these shining Flowers appear,  
 Too nice the Soil more useful Plants to bear ;  
 Her House, her Person, are below her Care.  
 In a domestick Sphere she scorns to move,  
 And scarce accepts the vulgar Joys of Love.  
 But while your Heart to Wit's Attacks is cool,  
 Let it not give Admission to a Fool.  
 He who can Folly in a Wife commend,  
 Proposes her a Servant, not a Friend.  
 Thou too, whose Mind is generous and brave,  
 Wouldst not become her Master, but her Slave ;  
 For Fools are obstinate, Advice refuse,  
 And yield to none but Arts you'd scorn to use.  
 When Passion grows, by long Possession, dull,  
 The sleepy Flame her Folly soon must lull ;  
 Tho' now, perhaps, those childish Airs you prize.  
 Lovers and Husbands see with diff'rent Eyes.  
 A rising Passion will new Charms create ;  
 A falling seeks new Causes for its Hate.  
 Wisely the Bee, while teeming Summer blooms,  
 Thinks of the Dearth which with cold Winter glooms,



So thou should'st, in thy Love's serene Time,  
 When Passion reigns, and *Flora's* in her Prime,  
 Think of that Winter which must sure ensue,  
 When she shall have no Charms, no Fondness you.  
 How then shall Friendship to fond Love succeed?  
 What Charms shall serve her then in Beauty's Stead?  
 What then shall bid the Passion change, not cool?  
 No Charm's in the Possession of a Fool.  
 Next for the all-attracting Power of Gold,  
 That as a Thing indifferent you hold,  
 I know thy am'rous Heart, whose honest Pride  
 Is still to be on the obliging Side,  
 Would with the Fair One, who your Soul allures,  
 Enjoy'd a Fortune rather less than yours.  
 Those whom the dazzling Glare of Fortune strikes,  
 Whom Gold allures to what the Soul dislikes;  
 If counterfeit Affection they support,  
 Strict Penance do, and golden Fetters court.  
 But if ungrateful for the Boon they grow,  
 And pay the bounteous Female back with Woe,  
 These are the worst of Robbers in their Wills,  
 Whom Laws prevent from doing lesser Ills.

Many who Profit in a Match intend,  
 Find themselves clearly Losers in the End.  
*Fulvius*, who basely from *Melissa* broke,  
 With richer *Chloe* to sustain the Yoke,  
 Sees, in her vast Expence, his Crimes repaid,  
 And oft laments the poor forsaken Maid.  
 And say, What Soul, that's not to Slav'ry born,  
 Can bear the Taunts, th' Upbraidings, and the Scorn,  
 Which

Which Women with their Fortunes oft bestow?  
 Worse Torments far than Poverty can know.

Happy *Alennis*, sprung from such a Race,  
 Whose Blood would no Nobility disgrace,  
 But O prefer some tender of a Flock,  
 Who scarce can graft one Parson on her Stock  
 To a fair Branch of *Cburcbil's* Noble Line,  
 If Thou must often hear it match'd with thine.  
 Hence should, I say, by her big Taunts compell'd,  
 With *Tallard* taken, *Villars* forc'd to yield,  
 And all the Glories of great *Blenbeim's* Field.  
 While thus secure from what too frequent charms,  
 Small Force against the rest your Bosom arms,  
 Ill-nature, Pride, or a malicious Spleen,  
 To be abhorr'd, need only to be seen;  
 But to discover 'em may ask some Art:  
 Women to Lovers seldom Faults impart.  
 She's more than Woman, who can still conceal  
 Faults from a Lover, who will watch her well.  
 The Dams of Art may Nature's Stream oppose,  
 It swells at last, and in a Torrent flows.  
 But Men, too partial, think, when they behold  
 A Mistress rude, vain, obstinate, or bold,  
 That she to others who a Dæmon proves,  
 May be an Angel to the Man she loves.  
 Mistaken Hope, that can expect to find  
 Pride ever humble, or Ill-nature kind.  
 No, rest assur'd, the Ill which now you see  
 Her act to others, she will act to thee.

Shun

Shun then the Serpent, when the Sting appears,  
 Nor think a hurtful Nature ever spares.  
 Two Sorts of Women never should be woo'd,  
 The wild Coquette, and the censorious Prude :  
 From Love both chiefly seek to feed their Pride,  
 Those to affect it strive, and these to hide.  
 Each gay Coquette would be admir'd alone  
 By all, each Prude be thought to value none  
*Flaretta* so weak Vanities enthral,  
 She'd leave her eager Bridegroom for a Ball.  
*Chloe*, the darling Trifle of the Town,  
 Had ne'er been won but by her Wedding Gown ;  
 While in her fond *Myrtillo's* Arms carefs'd,  
 She doats on that, and wishes to be dress'd.  
 Like some poor Bird, just pent within the Cage,  
 Whose rambling Heart in vain you would engage,  
 Cold to your Fondness, it laments its Chain,  
 And wanton longs to range the Fields again.  
 But Prudes, whose Thoughts superior Themes employ,  
 Scorn the dull Transports of a carnal Joy :  
 With screw'd-up Face, confess they suffer Raptures,  
 And marry only to obey the Scriptures.  
 But if her Constitution take the Part  
 Of honest Nature 'gainst the Wiles of Art ;  
 If she gives loose to Love, she loves indeed ;  
 Then endless Fears and Jealousies succeed.  
 If Fondness e'er abate, you're weary grown,  
 And doat on some lewd Creature of the Town.  
 If any Beauty to a Visit come ;  
 Why can't these gadding Wretches stay at Home ?

They think each Compliment conveys a Flare,  
 You cannot both be civil to the same,  
 Of all the Plagues with which a Husband's craft,  
 A jealous Pride's, my Friend, sure knows the worst

Some fiercer Foes to Marriage hold eyes,  
 That in this Choice a Man must surely err,  
 Nor can I to this Lottery advise,  
 A thousand Blanks appearing to a Prize,  
 Women by Nature form'd too prone to Ill,  
 By Education are made prouer still,  
 To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine Thought,  
 By Mothers, and by Mistresses are taught.  
 The Face and Shape are first the Mother's Care,  
 The Dancing-Master next improves the Air,  
 To these Perfections add a Voice most sweet,  
 The skill'd Musician makes the Nymph compleat.  
 Thus with a Person well equipp'd, her Mind  
 Left, as when first created, rude and blind.  
 She's sent to make her Conquests on Mankind.  
 But first inform'd the studied Glance to aim,  
 Where Riches shew the profitable Game:  
 How with unequal Smiles the Jest to take,  
 When Princes, Lords, or Squires, or Captains speak;  
 These Lovers careful shun, and those create,  
 And Merit only see in an Estate.  
 But tho' too many of this Sort we find,  
 Some there are surely of a nobler Kind.  
 Nor can your Judgment want a Rule to chuse,  
 If by these Maxims guided you refuse.  
 His Wishes then give *Fidus* to declare,  
 And paint the chief Perfections of the Fair.

May she then prove, who shall thy Lot befall,  
 Beauteous to thee, agreeable to all.  
 Nor Wit, nor Learning proudly may she boast;  
 No low-bred Girl, nor gay fantastic Toast:  
 Her tender Soul, Good-nature must adorn,  
 And Vice and Meanness be alone her Scorn.  
 Fond of thy Person, may her Bosom glow  
 With Passions thou hast taught her first to know.  
 A warm Partaker of the genial Bed,  
 Thither by Fondness, not by Lewdness led.  
 Superior Judgment may she own thy Lot;  
 Humbly advise, but contradict thee not.  
 Thine to all other Company prefer;  
 May all thy Troubles find Relief from her.  
 If Fortune gives thee such a Wife to meet,  
 Earth cannot make thy Blessing more complete.



---

T O

**JOHN HAYES, Esq;**

**T**HAT *Varius* huffs, and fights it out to Day,  
 Who ran last Week so cowardly away,  
 In *Codrus* may surprize the little Skill,  
 Who nothing knows of Humankind, but Ill;  
 Confining all his Knowledge, and his Art,  
 To this, that each Man is corrupt at Heart.

But thou who Nature thro' each Maze canst trace,  
 Who in her Closet forcest her Embrace;  
 Canst with thy *Horace* see the human Elves  
 Not differ more from others than themselves:  
 Canst see one Man at several Times appear,  
 Now gay, now grave, now candid, now severe;  
 Now save his Friends, now leave 'em in the Lurch;  
 Now rant in Brothels, and now cant in Church.

Yet farther with the Muse pursue the Theme,  
 And see how various Men at once will seem;  
 How Passions blended on each other fix,  
 How Vice with Virtues, Faults with Graces mix;  
 How

How Passions opposite, as sour to sweet,  
 Shall in one Bosom at one Moment meet.  
 With various Luck for Victory contend,  
 And now shall carry, and now lose their End.  
 The rotten Beau, while smelt along the Room,  
 Divides your Nose 'twixt Stenches and Perfume :  
 So Vice and Virtue lay such equal Claim,  
 Your Judgment knows not when to praise or blame.  
 Had Nature Actions to one Source confin'd,  
 Ev'n blund'ring *Codrus* might have known Mankind.  
 But as the diff'ring Colours blended lie  
 When *Titian* variegates his clouded Sky ;  
 Where White and Black, the Yellow and the Green,  
 Unite, and undistinguish'd form the Scene.  
 So the Great Artist diff'ring Passions joins,  
 And Love with Hatred, Fear with Rage combines.

Nor Nature this Confusion makes alone,  
 She gives us often Half, and Half's our own.

Men what they are not struggle to appear,  
 And Nature strives to shew them as they are,  
 While Art, repugnant thus to Nature, fights,  
 The various Man appears in different Lights.  
 The Sage or Heroe on the Stage may show  
 Behind the Scenes the Blockhead or the Beau.  
 For tho' with *Quin's*, or *Garrick's* matchless Art,  
 He acts; my Friend, he only acts a Part :  
 For *Quin* himself, in a few Moments more,  
 Is *Quin* again, who *Cato* was before.  
 Thus while the Courtier acts the Patriot's Part,  
 This guides his Face and Tongue, and that his Heart.

Abroad the Patriot shines with artful Men,  
 The naked Courtier glares behind the Scene.  
 What Wonder then to Morrow if he grow  
 A Courtier good, who is a Patriot now.

---

A

## DESCRIPTION

OF

U——n G——, (alias *New Hog's  
 Norton*) in *Com. Hants.*

Written to a young Lady in the Year 1728.

**T**O *Rosalinda*, now from Town retir'd,  
 Where noblest Hearts her brilliant Eyes have  
 fir'd;

Whom Nightingales in fav'rite Bow'rs delight,  
 Where sweetest Flow'rs perfume the fragrant Night;  
 Where Music's Charms enchant the fleeting Hours,  
 And Wit transports with all *Thalia's* Pow'rs;  
*Alexis* sends: Whom his hard Fates remove  
 From the dear Scenes of Poetry and Love,  
 To barren Climates, less frequented Plains,  
 Unpolish'd Nymphs, and more unpolish'd Swains.



In such a Place how can *Alexis* sing?  
 An Air ne'er beaten by the Mufe's Wing?  
 In such a Place what Subject can appear?  
 What not unworthy *Rosalind's* Ear?  
 Yet if a Charm in Novelty there be,  
 Sure it will plead to *Rosalind* for me;  
 Whom Courts or Cities nought unknown can shew,  
 Still U— G— presents a Prospect new.

As the dawb'd Scene, that on the Stage is shewn,  
 Where this Side Carvas is, and that a Town;  
 Or as that Lace which *Paxton* Half Lace calls,  
 That decks some Beau Apprentice out for Balls;  
 Such our Half House erects its mimick Head,  
 This Side an House presents, and that a Shed.  
 Nor doth the inward Furniture excel,  
 Nor yields it to the Beauty of the Shell:  
 Here *Roman* Triumphs plac'd with aukward Art,  
 A Cart its Horses draws, an Elephant the Cart.  
 On the House-Side a Garden may be seen,  
 Which Docks and Nettles keep for ever green.  
 Weeds on the Ground, instead of Flow'rs, we see,  
 And Snails alone adorn the barren Tree.  
 Happy for us, had *Eve's* this Garden been;  
 She'd found no Fruit, and therefore known no Sin.  
 Nor meaner Ornament the Shed-Side decks,  
 With Hay-Stacks, Faggot Piles, and Bottle-Ricks;  
 The Horses Stalls, the Coach a Barn contains;  
 For purling Streams, we've Puddles fill'd with Rains.  
 What can our Orchard without Trees surpass?  
 What, but our dusty Meadow without Grass?

I've thought (so strong with me Burlesque prevails,)  
 This Place design'd to ridicule *Versailles*;  
 Or meant, like that, Art's utmost Pow'r to shew,  
 That tells how high it reaches, this how low.  
 Our Conversation does our Palace fit,  
 We've ev'ry Thing but Humour, except Wit.

O then, when tir'd with laughing at his Strains,  
 Give one dear Sigh to poor *Alexis'* Pains;  
 Whose Heart this Scene wou'd certainly subdue,  
 But for the Thoughts of happier Days, and You;  
 With whom one happy Hour makes large Amends  
 For ev'ry Care his other Hours attends.



(allowing for the small amount of the year 1730)

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,  
(Now Earl of *ORFORD*)

Written in the YEAR 1730.

S I R,

**W**HILE at the Helm of State you ride,  
Our Nation's Envy, and its Pride;  
While foreign Courts with Wonder gaze,  
And curse those Councils which they praise;  
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view  
Your Bard a greater Man than you?  
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,  
When you have read the Sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that antient Fellows,  
Philosophers, and such Folks, tell us,  
No great Analogy between  
Greatness and Happiness is seen.  
If then, as it might follow strait,  
Wretched to be, is to be great.  
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try  
What 'tis to be so great as I.

The

The Family that dines the latest,  
 Is in our Street esteem'd the greatest;  
 But latest Hours must surely fall  
 Before him who ne'er dines at all.

Your Taste in Architect, you know,  
 Hath been admir'd by Friend and Foe;  
 But can your earthly Domes compare  
 To all my Castles——in the Air?

We're often taught it doth behove us  
 To think those greater who're above us.  
 Another Instance of my Glory,  
 Who live above you twice two Story,  
 And from my Garret can look down  
 On the whole Street of *Arlington*.\*

Greatness by Poets still is painted  
 With many Followers acquainted;  
 This too doth in my Favour speak,  
 Your Levée is but twice a Week;  
 From mine I can exclude but one Day,  
 My Door is quiet on a *Sunday*.

Nor in the Manner of Attendance  
 Doth your great Bard claim less Ascendance  
 Familiar you to Admiration,  
 May be approach'd by all the Nation:

\* Where the present Lord *Orford* then lived.

While I, like the Mogul in *Indo*,  
 Am never seen but at my Window.  
 If with my Greatness you're offended,  
 The Fault is easily amended.  
 For I'll come down, with wond'rous Ease,  
 Into whatever Place you please.

I'm not ambitious ; little Matters  
 Will serve us great, but humble Creatures.  
 Suppose a Secretary o' this Isle,  
 Just to be doing with a While ;  
 Admiral, Gen'ral, Judge or Bishop ;  
 Or I can foreign Treaties dish up.  
 If the good Genius of the Nation  
 Should call me to Negotiation ;  
*Tuscan* and *French* are in my Head ;  
*Latin* I write, and *Greek* I ——— read.

If you should ask, what pleases best ?  
 To get the most, and do the least,  
 What fittest for ?——you know, I'm sure,  
 I'm fittest for a——*Sinecure*.

---

To the same. *Anno 1731.*

**G**R E A T Sir, as on each Levée Day  
 I still attend you---still you say  
 I'm busy now, To-morrow come;  
 To-morrow, Sir, you're not at Home.  
 So says your Porter, and dare I  
 Give such a Man as him the Lie.

In Imitation, Sir, of you,  
 I keep a mighty Levée too;  
 Where my Attendants, to their Sorrow,  
 Are bid to come again To-morrow.  
 To-morrow they return, no doubt,  
 And then like you, Sir, I'm gone out.  
 So says my Maid---but they, less civil,  
 Give Maid and Master to the Devil;  
 And then with Menaces depart,  
 Which could you hear would pierce your Heart.

Good Sir, or make my Levée fly me,  
 Or lend your Porter to deny me.

Written

Written *Extempore*, on a Half-penny,  
 which a young Lady gave a Beggar,  
 and the Author redeem'd for Half  
 a Crown.

**D**EAR little, pretty, fav'rite Ore,  
 That once encreas'd *Gloriana's* Store;  
 That lay within her Bosom blest,  
 Gods might have envy'd thee thy Nest.  
 I've read, imperial *Jove* of old,  
 For Love transform'd himself to Gold;  
 And why, for a more lovely Lass,  
 May he not now have lurk'd in Brass?  
 Oh! rather than from her he'd part,  
 He'd shut that charitable Heart,  
 That Heart whose Goodness nothing less  
 Than his vast Pow'r, cou'd dispossess.

From *Gloriana's* gentle Touch  
 Thy mighty Value now is such,  
 That thou to me art worth alone  
 More than his Medals are to *Sloan*.

Not for the Silver and the Gold  
 Which *Corinth* lost shouldst thou be sold:  
 Not for the envy'd mighty Mass  
 Which Misers wish, or *M——b* has:

Not

---



---

T H E  
Q U E S T I O N .

**I**N *Celia's* Arms, while bleſs'd I lay,  
 My Soul in Blis diſſolv'd away ;  
 Tell me, the Charmer cry'd, how well  
 You love your *Celia* ; *Strepbon*, tell.  
 Kiffing her glowing burning Cheek,  
 I'll tell, I cry'd -- but could not ſpeak.  
 At length my Voice return'd, and ſhe  
 Again began to queſtion me.  
**I** pull'd her to my Breſt again,  
 And try'd to answer, but in vain :  
 Short falt'ring Accents from me broke,  
 And my Voice fail'd before I ſpoke.  
 The Charmer pitying my Diſtreſs,  
 Gave me the tendereſt Careſs,  
 And ſighing cry'd, You need not tell ;  
 Oh ! *Strepbon*, Oh ! I feel how well.





---

J—N W—TS at a PLAY.

**W**HILE Hisses, Groans, and Cat-calls thro' the  
Pit,

Deplore the hapless Poet's want of Wit :

*J—n W—ts*, from Silence bursting in a Rage,  
Cry'd, *Men are mad who write in such an Age.*

*Not so*, reply'd his Friend, a sneering Blade,  
*The Poet's only dull, the Printer's mad.*

---

T O

C E L I A.

**I** Hate the Town, and all its Ways;  
Ridotto's, Opera's, and Plays;  
The Ball, the Ring, the Mall, the Court;  
Wherever the Beau-Monde resort;  
Where Beauties lie in Ambush for Folks,  
Earl *Straffords*, and the Duke of *Norfolks*;  
All Coffee-Houses, and their Praters;  
All Courts of Justice, and Debaters;  
All Taverns, and the Sots within 'em;  
All Bubbles, and the Rogues that skin 'em.

VOL. I.

D

I hate

I hate all Critics ; may they burn all,  
 From *Bentley* to the *Grub-street Journal*.  
 All Bards, as *Dennis* hates a Pun :  
 Those who have Wit, and who have none.  
 All Nobles, of whatever Station ;  
 And all the Parsons in the Nation.  
 All Quacks and Doctors read in Physick,  
 Who kill or cure a Man that is sick.  
 All Authors that were ever heard on,  
 From *Bavius* up to *Tommy Gordon* ;  
 Tradesmen with Cringes ever stealing,  
 And Merchants, whatsoe'er they deal in.  
 I hate the Blades professing Slaughter,  
 More than the Devil Holy Water.  
 I hate all Scholars, Beaus, and Squires ;  
 Pimps, Puppies, Parasites, and Liars.  
 All Courtiers, with their Looks so smooth ;  
 And Players, from *Bobeme* to *Booth*.  
 I hate the World, cram'd all together,  
 From Beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

Ask you then, *Celia*, if there be  
 The Thing I love? My Charmer, Thee.  
 Thee more than Light, than Life adore,  
 Thou dearest, sweetest Creature, more  
 Than wildest Raptures can express ;  
 Than I can tell, — or thou canst guess,

Then tho' I bear a gentle Mind,  
 Let not my Hatred of Mankind  
 Wonder within my *Celia* move,  
 Since she possesses all my Love.

---

O N A  
L A D Y,

Coquetting with a very filly Fellow.

**C**ORINNA's Judgment do not less admire,  
That she for *Oulus* shews a gen'rous Fire;  
*Lucretia* toying thus had been a Fool,  
But wiser *Helen* might have us'd the Tool.  
Since *Oulus* for one Use alone is fit,  
With Charity judge of *Corinna*'s Wit.

On the Same.

**W**HILE Men shun *Oulus* as a Fool;  
*Dames* prize him as a Beau;  
What Judgment form we by this Rule?  
Why this it seems to shew.  
Those apprehend the Beau's a Fool,  
These think the Fool's a Beau.

---

E P I T A P H

O N

*BUTLER*'s MONUMENT.

**W**HAT tho' alive neglected and undone,  
O let thy Spirit triumph in this Stone.  
No greater Honour could Men pay thy Parts,  
For when they give a Stone, they give their Hearts.

D 2

A N O T H E R

---

A N O T H E R:

On a wicked Fellow, who was a great  
BLUNDERER.

**I**NTERR'D by Blunder in this sacred Place,  
Lies *William's* wicked Heart, and smiling Face:  
Full Forty Years on Earth he blunder'd on,  
And now the L--d knows whither he is gone.  
But if to Heav'n he stole, let no Man wonder,  
For if to Hell he'd gone, he'd made no Blunder.

---

E P I G R A M

On one who invited many Gentlemen to  
a small Dinner.

**P**ETER (*says Pope*) won't poison with his Meat;  
'Tis true, for *Peter* gives you nought to eat.



A SAILOR'S

A SAILOR'S  
S O N G.

Design'd for the STAGE.

COME, let's aboard, my jolly Blades,  
That love a merry Life;  
To lazy Souls leave home-bred Trades,  
To Husbands home-bred Strife;  
Through *Europe* we will gayly roam,  
And leave our Wives and Cares at Home.

*With a Fa la, &c.*

If any Tradesman broke should be,  
Or Gentleman distress'd,  
Let him away with us to Sea,  
His Fate will be redress'd:  
The glorious Thunder of great Guns,  
Drowns all the horrid Noise of Duns.

*With a Fa la, &c.*

And while our Ships we proudly steer  
Through all the conquer'd Seas,  
We'll shew the World that *Britons* bear  
Their Empire where they please:  
Where'er our Sails are once unfurl'd,  
Our King rules that Part of the World.

*With a Fa la, &c.*

The *Spaniard* with a solemn Grace  
 Still marches slowly on,  
 We'd quickly make him mend his Pace,  
 Desirous to be gone :  
 Or if we bend our Course to *France*,  
 We'll teach Monsieur more brisk to dance.  
*With a Fa la, &c.*

At length, the World subdu'd, again  
 Our Course we'll homeward bend ;  
 In Women, and in brisk Champaign,  
 Our Gains we'll freely spend :  
 How proud our Mistresses will be  
 To hug the Men that fought as we.  
*With a Fa la, &c.*

---

# A D V I C E

T O T H E

N Y M P H S of *New S---m.*

Written in the Year 1730.

**C**EASE, vaineſt Nymphs, with *Celia* to contend,  
 And let your Envy and your Folly end.  
 With her Almighty Charms when yours compare,  
 When your blind Lovers think you half ſo fair,  
 Each

Each *Sarum* Ditch, like *Helicon* shall flow,  
 And *Harnam Hill*, like high *Parnassus*, glow;  
 The humble *Dazie* trod beneath our Feet,  
 Shall be like Lillies fair, like Violets sweet;  
 Winter's black Nights outshine the Summer's Noon,  
 And Farthing Candles shall eclipse the Moon:  
*T-b-l* shall blaze with Wit, sweet *Pope* be dull,  
 And *German* Princes vie with the *Mogul*.  
 Cease then, advis'd, O cease th' unequal War,  
 'Tis too much Praise to be o'ercome by her.  
 With the sweet Nine so the *Pierians* strove;  
 So poor *Arachne* with *Minerva* wove:  
 'Till of their Pride just Punishment they share;  
 Those fly and chatter, and this hangs in Air.  
 Unhappy Nymphs! O may the Powers above,  
 Those Powers that form'd this second Queen of Love,  
 Lay all their wrathful Thunderbolts aside,  
 And rather pity than avenge your Pride;  
 Forbid it Heaven, you should bemoan too late  
 The sad *Pierian's* or *Arachne's* Fate;  
 That hid in Leaves, and perch'd upon a Bough,  
 You should o'erlook those Walks you walk in now;  
 The gen'rous Maid's Compassion, others Joke,  
 Should chatter Scandal which you once have spoke;  
 Or else in Cobwebs hanging from the Wall,  
 Should be condemn'd to overlook the Ball:  
 To see, as now, victorious *Celia* reign,  
 Admir'd, ador'd by each politer Swain.

O shun a Fate like this, be timely wife,  
 And if your Glafs be false, if blind your Eyes,  
 Believe and own what all Mankind aver,  
 And pay with them the Tribute due to her.

---

T O  
**C E L I A.**

Occasioned by her apprehending her House  
 would be broke open, and having an old Fel-  
 low to guard it, who sat up all Night, with  
 a Gun without any Ammunition.

CUPID call'd to Account.

**L**AST Night, as my unwilling Mind  
 To Rest, dear *Celia*, I resign'd;  
 For how should I Repose enjoy,  
 While any Fears your Breast annoy?  
 Forbid it, Heav'n, that I should be  
 From any of your Troubles free.  
 Oh! would kind Fate attend my Pray'r,  
 Greedy, I'd give you not a Share.

Last Night then, in a wretched taking,  
 My Spirits tofs'd 'twixt Sleep and waking,  
I dreamt



I dreamt (ah! what so frequent Themes  
 As you and *Venus* of my Dreams!)  
 That she, bright Glory of the Sky,  
 Heard from below her Darling's Cry:  
 Saw her Cheeks pale, her Bosom heave,  
 And heard a distant Sound of Thieve.  
 Not so you look when at the Ball,  
 Envy'd you shine, outshining all.  
 Not so at Church, when Priest perplext,  
 Beholds you, and forgets the Text.

The Goddess frighten'd, to her Throne  
 Summon'd the little God her Son,  
 And him in Passion thus bespoke;  
 "Where, with that cunning Urchin's Look,  
 "Where from thy Colours hast thou stray'd?  
 "Unguarded left my darling Maid?  
 "Left my lov'd Citadel of Beauty,  
 "With none but *Sanebo* upon Duty!  
 "Did I for this a num'rous Band  
 "Of Loves send under thy Command?  
 "Bid thee still have her in thy Sight,  
 "And guard her Beauties Day and Night!  
 "Were not th' *Hesperian* Gardens taken?  
 "The hundred Eyes of *Argus* shaken?  
 "What Dangers will not Men despise,  
 "T' obtain this much superior Prize?  
 "And didst thou trust what *Jove* hath charm'd,  
 "To a poor Centinel unarm'd?

" A Gun

" A Gun indeed the Wretch had got,  
 " But neither Powder, Ball, nor Shot.  
 " Come tell me, Urchin, tell no Lies;  
 " Where was you hid, in *Vince's* Eyes?  
 " Did you fair *Bennet's* Breast importune?  
 " (I know you dearly love a Fortune.)"  
 Poor *Cupid* now began to whine;  
 " Mamma, it was no Fault of mine.  
 " I in a Dimple lay *perdue*,  
 " That little Guard-Room chose by you.  
 " A hundred Loves (all arm'd) did grace  
 " The Beauties of her Neck and Face;  
 " Thence, by a Sigh I dispossess'd,  
 " Was blown to *Harry Fielding's* Breast;  
 " Where I was forc'd all Night to stay,  
 " Because I could not find my Way.  
 " But did Mamma know there what Work  
 " I've made, how acted like a Turk;  
 " What Pains, what Torment he endures,  
 " Which no Physician ever cures,  
 " She would forgive." The Goddess smil'd,  
 And gently chuck'd her wicked Child,  
 Bid him go back, and take more Care,  
 And give her Service to the Fair.



---

## To the SAME.

On her wishing to have a LILLIPUTIAN,  
to play with.

**I**S there a Man who would not be,  
My *Celia*, what is priz'd by thee?  
A Monkey Beau, to please thy Sight,  
Would wish to be a Monkey quite.  
Or (couldst thou be delighted so)  
Each Man of Sense would be a Beau.  
Courtiers would quit their faithless Skill,  
To be thy faithful Dog *Quadrille*.  
*P—lt-y*, who does for Freedom rage,  
Would sing confin'd within thy Cage;  
And *W—lp-le*, for a tender Pat,  
Would leave his Place to be thy Cat.  
May I, to please my lovely Dame,  
Be five Foot shorter than I am;  
And, to be greater in her Eyes,  
Be sunk to *Lilliputian* Size.  
While on thy Hand I skipt the Dance,  
How I'd despise the King of *France!*

That

That Hand! which can bestow a Store  
 Richer than the *Peruvian* Ore,  
 Richer than *India*, or the Sea,  
 (That Hand will give yourself away)  
 Upon your Lap to lay me down,  
 Or hide in Platings of your Gown.  
 Or on your Shoulder fitting high,  
 What Monarch so enthron'd as I?  
 Now on the rosy Bud I'd rest,  
 Which borrows Sweetness from thy Breast,  
 Then when my *Celia* walks abroad,  
 I'd be her Pocket's little Load:  
 Or sit astride, to frighten People,  
 Upon her Hat's new-fashion'd Steeple,  
 These for the Day; and for the Night,  
 I'd be a careful, watchful Spright.  
 Upon her Pillow sitting still,  
 I'd guard her from th' Approach of Ill,  
 Thus (for afraid she could not be  
 Of such a little Thing as me)  
 While I survey her Bosom rise,  
 Her lovely Lips, her sleeping Eyes,  
 While I survey, what to declare  
 Nor Fancy can, nor Words must dare,  
 Here would begin my former Pain,  
 And wish to be myself again.

---

S I M I L E S.

To the S A M E.

**A**S wildest Libertines would rate,  
 Compar'd with Pleasure, an Estate ;  
 Or as his Life a Heroe'd prize,  
 When Honour claim'd the Sacrifice ;  
 Their Souls as strongest Miser's Hold,  
 When in the Ballance weigh'd with Gold ;  
 Such, was thy Happiness at Stake,  
 My Fortune, Life, and Soul, I'd make.

---

T H E  
 P R I C E.

To the S A M E.

**C**AN there on Earth, my *Celia*, be,  
 A Price I would not pay for thee ?  
 Yes, one dear precious Tear of thine  
 Should not be shed to make thee mine.

HER

---

Her CHRISTIAN NAME.

To the S A M E. A Rebus.

**A** Very good Fifth, very good Way of Selling  
A very bad Thing, with a little bad Spelling,  
Make the Name by the Parson and Godfather giv'n,  
When a Christian was made of an Angel from Heav'n.

---

To the S A M E ;

Having blamed Mr. GAY for his Severity on  
her Sex.

**L**ET it not CELIA's gentle Heart perplex,  
That GAY severe hath satyriz'd her Sex :  
Had they, like her, a Tenderness but known,  
Back on himself each pointed Dart had flown.  
But blame thou last, in whose accomplish'd Mind  
The strongest Satire on thy Sex we find.

A N

---

A N  
E P I G R A M.

**T**HAT *Kate* weds a Fool what Wonder can be,  
Her Husband has married a Fool great as she.

---

A N O T H E R.

**M**ISS *Molly* lays down as a positive Rule,  
That no one should marry for Love, but a  
Fool :

*Exceptions* to Rules even *Lilly* allows ;  
*Moll* has sure an *Example* at Home in her Spouse.



---

To the MASTER of the  
*SALISBURY* ASSEMBLY;  
Occasioned by a Dispute, whether the Company  
should have fresh Candles.

**T**AKE your Candles away, let your Musick be  
mute,  
My Dancing, however, you shall not dispute;  
*Jenny's* Eyes shall find Light, and I'll find a Flute. }

---

THE  
**CAT and FIDDLE.**

TO THE  
Favourite CAT of a Fiddling MISER.

**T**Hrice happy Cat, if in thy A— House,  
Thou luckily shouldst find a half-starv'd Mousie.  
The Mice, that only for his Musick stay,  
Are Proofs that *Orpheus* did not better play.

Thou



Thou too, if Danger could alarm thy Fears,  
 Hast to this *Orpheus* strangely ty'd thy Ears:  
 For oh! the fatal Time will come, when he,  
 Prudent, will make his Fiddle-strings of thee.

---

**T**HE Queen of Beauty, t'other Day,  
 (As the *Elysian* Journals say)  
 To ease herself of all her Cares,  
 And better carry on Affairs;  
 By Privy-Council mov'd above,  
 And *Cupid* Minister of Love,  
 To keep the Earth in due Obedience,  
 Resolv'd to substitute Vice Regents;  
 To Canton out her Subject Lands,  
 And give the fairest the Commands.

She spoke, and to the Earth's far Borders  
 Young *Cupid* issued out his Orders,  
 That every Nymph in its Dimensions  
 Should bring or send up her Pretensions.  
 Like Lightning swift the Order flies,  
 Or swifter Glance from *Celia's* Eyes:  
 Like Wit from sparkling *W——tley's* Tongue,  
 Or Harmony from *Pope*, or *Young*.

Why should I sing what Letters came ;  
 Who boasts her Face, or who her Frame ?  
 From black and brown, and red, and fair,  
 With Eyes and Teeth, and Lips and Hair,  
 One fifty hidden Charms discovers ;  
 A second boasts as many Lovers :  
 This Beauty all Mankind adore ;  
 And this all Women envy more.  
 This witnesses, by *Billetsdoux*,  
 A thousand Praises, and all true ;  
 While that by Jewels makes Pretences  
 To triumph over Kings and Princes ;  
 Bribing the Goddess by that Pelf,  
 By which she once was brib'd herself.  
 So Borough Towns, Election brought on,  
 E'er yet Corruption Bill was thought on.  
 Sir Knight, to gain the Voters Favour,  
 Boasts of his former good Behaviour ;  
 Of Speeches in the Senate made ;  
 Love for its Country, and its Trade.  
 And, for a Proof of Zeal unshaken,  
 Distributes Bribes he once had taken.  
 What matters who the Prizes gain,  
 In *India*, *Italy*, or *Spain* ;  
 Or who requires the brown Commanders  
 Of *Holland*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*.  
 Thou *Britain*, on my Labours smile,  
 The Queen of Beauty's favour'd Isle ;

Whom

Whom the long since hath priz'd above  
 The *Paphian*, or the *Cyprian* Grove.  
 And here, who ask the Muse to tell,  
 That the Court Lot to *R—cbmond* fell?  
 Or who so ignorant as wants  
 To know that *S—per*'s chose for *Hants*.  
*Sarum*, thy Candidates be nam'd,  
*Sarum*, for Beauties ever fam'd,  
 Whose Nymphs excel all Beauty's Flowers,  
 As thy high Steeple doth all Towers.  
 The Court was plac'd in Manner fitting;  
*Venus* upon the Bench was sitting;  
*Cupid* was Secretary made.  
 The Cryer an *O Yes* display'd;  
 Like Mortal Cryer's loud Alarum,  
 Bring in Petitions from *New Sarum*.  
 \* When lo, in bright celestial State,  
*Jove* came and thunder'd at the Gate.  
 " And can you, Daughter, doubt to whom  
 " (He cry'd) belongs the happy Doom,  
 " While *C—cks* yet make blest'd the Earth,  
 " *C—cks*, whom long before their Birth,  
 " I, by your own Petition mov'd,  
 " Decreed to be by all belov'd.

\* The middle Part of this Poem (which was writ when the Author was very young) was filled with the Names of several young Ladies, who might perhaps be uneasy at seeing themselves in Print, that Part therefore is left out; the rather, as some Freedoms, tho' gentle ones, were taken with little Foibles in the amiable Sex, whom to affront in Print, is, we conceive, mean in any Man, and scandalous in a Gentleman.

“ *C——cks*, to whose celestial Dower  
 “ I gave all Beauties in my Power ;  
 “ To form whose lovely Minds and Faces,  
 “ I stript half Heaven of its Graces.  
 “ Oh let them bear an equal Sway,  
 “ So shall Mankind well-pleas’d obey.”  
 The God thus spoke, the Goddess bow’d ;  
 Her rising Blushes strait avow’d  
 Her hapless Memory and Shame,  
 And *Cupid* glad writ down their Name.



---

A  
P A R O D Y,  
FROM THE  
FIRST Æ N E I D.

**D**IXIT ; et avertens Rosæâ Cervice refulsit,  
Ambrosiæque Comæ divinum Vertice Odorem  
Spiravere : Pedes vêtis defluxit ad imos,  
Et vera Incessu patuit Dea.——

**S**HE said ; and turning shew'd her wrinkled Neck,  
In Scales and Colour like a Roach's Back.  
Forth from her greasy Locks such Odours flow,  
As those who've smelt *Dutch* Coffee-Houses, know.  
To her Mid-Leg her Petticoat was rear'd,  
And the true Slattern in her Dress appear'd,



A  
S I M I L E,  
F R O M  
*SILIVS ITALICUS.*

**A**UT ubi Cecropius formidine Nubis aquosæ  
Sparsa super Flores examina tollit *Hymettos* ;  
Ad dulcis Ceras et odori Corticis Antra,  
Mellis Apes gravidæ properant, densoque volatu  
Raucum connexæ glomerant ad Limina murmur.

**O**R when th' *Hymettian* Shepherd, struck with  
Fear  
Of wat'ry Clouds thick gather'd in the Air,  
Collects to waxen Cells the scatter'd Bees  
Home from the sweetest Flowers, and verdant Trees;  
Loaded with Honey to the Hive they fly,  
And humming Murmurs buzz along the Sky.

T O

---

T O  
E U T H A L I A.

Written in the Year 1728.

**B**urning with Love, tormented with Despair,  
 Unable to forget or ease his Care ;  
 In vain each practis'd Art *Alexis* tries ;  
 In vain to Books, to Wine or Women flies ;  
 Each brings *Euthalia's* Image to his Eyes. }  
 In *Lock's* or *Newton's* Page her Learning glows ;  
*Dryden* the Sweetness of her Numbers shews ;  
 In all their various Excellence I find  
 The various Beauties of her perfect Mind.  
 How vain in Wine a short Relief I boast !  
 Each sparkling Glas recalls my charming Toast.  
 To Women then successful I repair,  
 Engage the Young, the Witty, and the Fair.  
 When *Sappho's* Wit each envious Breast alarms,  
 And *Rosalinda* looks ten thousand Charms ;  
 In vain to them my restless Thoughts would run ;  
 Like fairest Stars, they show the absent Sun.

# JUVENALIS

## S A T Y R A

### S E X T A.

**C**Redo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam  
 In terris, visamque diu ; cùm frigida parvas  
 Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,  
 Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrâ :  
 Silvestrem montana torum cùm sterneret uxor  
 Frondibus & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum

#### NOTÆ.

*Saturno Rege.* Aureo scilicet sæculo ; quod viguisse Saturno, Cœli et Veste filio, in Latio regnante a Poetis fingitur. Regem hunc eleganter satis Poeta profert, cum de moribus in Latio mutatis agitur.

*Vicinarumque.* Contubernalium. Vel forsitan non longe petitarum sicut nunc ; et exprobrare vult sui Temporis Romanis, qui ex longinquo, mollietiei vel odoris causâ, Ferarum pelles maximo cùm pretio comparabant.

Pellibus ;



PART OF  
*Juvenal's* Sixth SATIRE,  
 MODERNIZED IN  
 BURLESQUE VERSE.

DAME *Chastity*, without Dispute,  
 Dwelt on the Earth with good King *Brute* ;  
 When a cold Hut of modern *Greenland*  
 Had been a Palace for a Queen *Anne* ;  
 When hard and frugal Temp'rance reign'd,  
 And Men no other House contain'd  
 Than the wild Thicket, or the Den ;  
 When Household Goods, and Beasts, and Men,  
 Together lay beneath one Bough,  
 Which Man and Wife would scarce do now ;  
 The Rustick Wife her Husband's Bed  
 With Leaves and Straw, and Beast-Skin made.

## NOTES.

*King Brute.* The Roman Poet mentions *Saturn*, who was the first King of *Italy* ; we have therefore rendered *Brute* the oldest to be found in our Chronicles, and whose History is as fabulous as that of his *Italian* Brother.

Not

Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus  
 Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos ;  
 Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,  
 Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito,  
 Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, coeloque recepti  
 Vivebant homines ; qui rupto robore nati,  
 Compositique luto nullos habuere parentes,  
 Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,

## N O T Æ.

*Haud similis, &c.* Cynthia Propertii, Lesbia Catulli amica. Quarum quidem hanc ineptam, illam delicatulam fuisse inuit noster.

*Magnis.* Grangæum quendam hic refutat Lubinus. Qui per magnos, adultæ vel saltem provectoris Ætatis pueros, intelligit. Ego tamen cum Grangæo sentio. Nam delicatulis et nobilissimis Matronis consuetudinem pueros a Matris Mammis arcendi objicere vult Poetu, ob quam Romanas mulieres, Juvenalis Temporibus, sicut et nostræ, infames et Reprehensione dignas fuisse ne minimùm quidem dubito.

*Rupto robore nati.* Sic Virgilius.

*Genſque virum truncis, et rupto Robore nati.*

Hanc Fabulam ex eo natam fuisse volunt, quod habitantes in arborum cavitibus exinde egredi solebant. Ridicula sane Conjectura, et quæ Criticorum Homuncolorum Hallucinantem Geniunculum satis exprimit. Hæc Fabula et aliæ quæ de Hominis origine extiterunt, ab uno et eodem Fonte effluxisse videntur, ab Ignorantia scilicet humana cum vanitate conjuncta. Homines enim cum sui Generis originem profus ignorarent, et hanc ignorantiam sibi probro verterent, causas varias genitivas, ad suam cujusque Regionem accommodatas invenerunt et tradiderunt ; Alii ab arboribus, alii a Luto, alii a Lapidibus originem suam ducentes.

Not like Miss *Cynthia*, nor that other,  
 Who more bewail'd her Bird than Mother ;  
 But fed her Children from her Bubbies,  
 'Till they were grown up to great Loobies :  
 Herself an Ornament less decent  
 Than Spouse, who smelt of Acorn recent.  
 For, in the Infancy of Nature,  
 Man was a diff'rent sort of Creature ;  
 When Dirt-engender'd Offspring broke  
 From the ripe Womb of Mother Oak.  
 Ev'n in the Reign of *Jove*, perhaps,

## N O T E S.

*Not like, &c.* This is the first satyrical Stroke, in which the Poet inveighs against an over Affectation of Delicacy and Tenderness in Women.

*'Till they were grown up.* Here the Poet slyly objects to the Custom of denying the Mother's Breast to the Infant ; there are among us truly conscientious Persons, who agree with his Opinion.

*When Dirt-engendered.* We have here varied a little from the Original, and put the two Causes of Generation together.

The

Aut aliqua extiterant, & sub Jove, sed Jove nondum  
 Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis  
 Per caput alterius ; cùm furem nemo timeret  
 Caulibus, aut pomis, sed aperto viveret horto.  
 Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit  
 Hâc comite ; atque duæ pariter fugère sorores.  
 Antiquum & vetus est, alienum, Pósthume, lectum  
 Concutere, atque sacri Genium contemnere fulcri.  
 Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas ;  
 Viderunt primos argentea secula mœchos.  
 Conventum tamen, & pactum, & sponsalia nostrâ  
 Tempestate paras ; jamque à tonsore magistro  
 Pectus, & digito pignus fortasse dedisti.  
 Certè sanus eras : uxorem, Pósthume, ducis ?  
 Dic, quâ Tisiphone ? quibus exagitare colubris ?  
 Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam ?

## N O T Æ.

*Sub Jove.* Argenteo Sæculo, Jove Saturni filio regnante.  
 Miram hujus Loci Elegantiam nimine prætereundam cenfeo.  
 Quantâ enim acerbitate in vitia Humana infurgit Poeta noster,  
 qui non nisi vestigia Pudicitæ argenteo sæculo attribuit, neque  
 hæc asserit, sed *forfan* extitisse sæculo hoc *incunte* dicit; mox  
 Jove pubescente ad superos avolasse.

*Græcis jurare paratis.* Apud Romanos Punica Fides, et apud  
 Græcos, ut liquet ex Demosthene in 1 Olynth. *Macedonica* Fides,  
 Proverbio Locum tribuerunt: Asiaticos etiam ob Perjuriam in-  
 sectatur Noster Sat. sequente vers. 14. Sed hic originem Perjurii  
 Græcis attribuere videtur.

*Tonsore magistro.* Adprimè docto. Hic et ad vers. 78, 79.  
 Ritus nuptiales exhibet Poeta.

Cùm

The Goddess may have shewn her Chaps ;  
 But it was sure in its Beginning,  
 E'er *Jupiter* had Beard to grin in.  
 Not yet the *Greeks* made Truth their Sport,  
 And bore false Evidence in Court ;  
 Their Truth was yet become no Adage ;  
 Men fear'd no Thieves of Peas and Cabbage.  
 By small Degrees *Afrea* flies  
 With her two Sisters to the Skies.  
 O 'tis a very ancient Custom,  
 To taint the genial Bed, my Posthum !  
 Fearless left Husband should discover it,  
 Or else the Genius that rules over it.  
 The Iron Age gave other Crimes,  
 Adult'ry grew in Silver Times.  
 But you, in this Age, boldly dare  
 The Marriage Settlements prepare ;  
 Perhaps have bought the Wedding Garment,  
 And Ring too, thinking there's no Harm in't.  
 Sure you was in your Senses, Honey.  
 You marry. Say, what *Tisiphone*  
 Possesses you with all her Snakes,  
 Those Curls which in her Pole she shakes ?

## N O T Æ.

*Not yet the Greeks.* They were so infamous for Perjury, that to have Regard to an Oath was a great Character among them, and sufficient to denote a Gentleman. See our Notes on the *Plutus* of *Aristophanes*.

*Her two Sisters.* Truth and Modesty.

*What Tisiphone.* One of the Furies. We have presumed to violate the Quantity of this Word.

What,

Cùm pateant altæ, caligantefque feneftræ?  
 Cùm tibi vicinum fe præbeat Æmilius pons?  
 Aut fi de multis nullus placet exitus; illud  
 Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum pufio dormit?  
 Pufio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te  
 Nulla jacens illic munufcula, nec queritur quòd  
 Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum iuffit, anheles.  
 Sed placet Urfidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem  
 Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,  
 Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello.  
 Quid fieri non poffe putes, fi jungitur ulla  
 Urfidio? fi mœchorum notiffimus olim  
 Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capifiro,  
 Quem toties textit periturum cifta Latini?

N O T Æ.

*Lex Julia.* De Adulterijs; quâ lata eft Pœna Adulterii, ide-  
 oque ad Matrimonium viri ab ea Lege impelluntur.

*Mullorumque Jubis.* i. e. Mullatis jubis. Sic Phædrus: Aviditas  
 canis pro avido cane, et etiam apud Græcus Βίη Πρίαμοιο pro  
 Βία; Πρίαμοιο.

*Notiffimus.* Al. Turpiffimus, perperam: nam fi ita legas di-  
 minuitur hujus Loci vis; quo quis enim majorem Adulterarum  
 habuit Notitiam, eo magis Maritali Capifiro porrecturus, ora  
 Exemplum præbet ridiculum.

Quid,

What, wilt thou wear the Marriage Chain,  
 While one whole Halter doth remain ;  
 When open Windows Death present ye,  
 And *Thames* hath Water in great Plenty ?  
 But Verdicts of Ten Thousand Pound  
 Most sweetly to *Urfidius* found.

“ We’ll all (he cries) be Cuckolds *Nem. Con.*

“ While the rich Action lies of *Crim. Con.*”

And who would lose the precious Joy  
 Of a fine thumping darling Boy ?

Who, while you dance him, calls you Daddy,  
 (So he’s instructed by my Lady.)

What tho’ no Ven’son, Fowl, or Fish,  
 Presented, henceforth grace the Dish :  
 Such he hath had, but dates no Merit hence ;  
 He knows they came for his Inheritance.

What would you say, if this *Urfidius*,  
 A Man well known among the Widows,  
 First of all Rakes, his Mind should alter,  
 And stretch his simple Neck to th’ Halter ?  
 Often within *Latinus*’ Closet,

(The Neighbours, nay, the whole Town knows it,)

N O T E S.

*They came for his Inheritance.* This Custom of making Presents to rich Men who had no Children, in order to become their Heirs, is little known to us. Mr. Ben. Johnson, indeed, hath founded a Play on it, but he lays the Scene in *Venice*.

*Within Latinus’ Closet.* We have here a little departed from the *Latin*. This *Latinus* was a Player, and used to act the Part of the Gallant ; in which, to avoid the Discovery of the Husband, he used to be hid in a Chest, or Cloaths-Basket, as *Falstaff* is concealed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Poet therefore here alludes to that Custom.

He

Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi  
 Quæritur? O medici mediâ pertundite venam!  
 Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora  
 Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,  
 Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.  
 Paucae adèd Cereris vittas contingere dignæ;  
 Quarum non timeat pater oscula. nocte coronam  
 Postibus, & densos per limina tende corymbos.  
 Unus Iberiæ vir sufficit? ocyûs illud  
 Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta fit uno.  
 Magna tamén fama est cujusdam rure paterno  
 Viventis: vivat Gabijs, ut vixit in agro;  
 Vivat Fidenis, & agello cedo paterno.  
 Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in  
 Speluncis? adèd senuerunt Jupiter & Mars?

## NOTÆ.

*Delicias hominis!* Delicatum Hominem. Sic monstrum hominis, pro monstrosus Homo.

*Cereris vittas.* Mytheria Eleusynia hic respicit. Quæ quidem a Warburtono illo doctissimo in Libro suo de Mosaicâ Legatione accuratissimè nunc demum explicantur.



He hath escap'd the Cuckold's Search ;  
 Yet now he seeks a Wife most starch ;  
 With good old-fashion'd Morals fraught.  
 Physicians give him a large Draught,  
 And Surgeons ope his middle Vein.  
 O delicate Taste ! go, prithee strain  
 Thy Lungs to Heav'n, in Thanksgivings ;  
 Build Churches, and endow with Livings.  
 If a chaste Wife thy Lot befall,  
 'Tis the Great Prize drawn in *Guildball*.

Few worthy are to touch those Mysteries,  
 Of which we lately know the Histories,  
 To *Ceres* sacred, who requires  
 Strict Purity from loose Desires.

Whereas at no Crime now they boggle,  
 Ev'n at their Grandfathers they ogle.

But come, your Equipage make ready,  
 And dress your House out for my Lady.  
 Will one Man *Iberine* supply ?  
 Sooner content her with one Eye.

But hold ; there runs a common Story  
 Of a chaste Country Virgin's Glory.

#### NOTES.

*And stretch his simple Neck to th' Halter.* We have endeavoured to preserve the Beauty of this Line in the Original. The Metaphor is taken from the Posture of a Horse holding forth his Neck to the Harners.

*The Mysteries of Ceres.* Which the Reader may see explain'd in a most masterly Style, and with the profoundest Knowledge of Antiquity, by Mr. Warburton, in the first Vol. of his *Divine Legation of Moses vindicated*.

Porticibusne tibi monstratur foemina voto  
 Digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis  
 Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?  
 Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,  
 Tuccia vesicae non imperat; Appula gannit  
 (Sicut in amplexu) subitum, & miserabile longum:  
 Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.  
 Ast aliae, quoties aulae recondita cessant,  
 Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,  
 Atque à plebeijs longè Megalefia; tristes  
 Personam, thyrsumque tenent, & subligar Acci.

## N O T Æ.

*Subitum, et miserabile, longum.* Hæc et sequentia ut minus a castis intelligenda, sic ab Interpretibus minime intellecta videntur. Omnes quos unquam vidi, Codd. ita se habent.

————— *Appula gannit*

*Sicut in Amplexu; subitum, et miserabile, longum*

*Attendit Thymele.*

Quid sibi vult hæc Lectio, me omnino latere fateor; Sin vero nobiscum legas, tribus illis verbis parenthesi inclusis, invenies planam quidem (licet castiore Musa indignam) Sententiam.

Urbicus.

At *Bath* and *Tutbridge* let her be ;  
 If there she's chaste, I will agree.  
 And will the Country yield no Slanders ?  
 Is all our Army gone to *Flanders* ?

Can the full *Mall* afford a Spouse,  
 Or Boxes, worthy of your Vcws ?  
 While some soft Dance *Batbyllus* dances,  
 Can *Tucey* regulate her Glances ?  
*Appula* chuckles, and poor *Thomyly*  
 Gapes, like a Matron at a Homily.

But others, when the House is shut up,  
 Nor Play-Bills, *by Desire*, are put up ;  
 When Players cease, and Lawyer rises  
 To harangue Jury at Affizes ;  
 When Drolls at *Barthol'mew* begin,  
 A Feast Day after that of *Trin'*.

## N O T E S.

*Is all our Army gone to Flanders ?* As the Patron of these Gentlemen is mentioned in the Original, we thought his Votaries might be pleased with being inserted in the Imitation.

*The Mall.* The *Portico's* in the Original ; where both Sexes used to assemble.

*By Desire.* A constant Puff at the Head of our Play-Bills ; Designed to allure Persons to the House, who go thither more for the sake of the Company than of the Play ; but which has proved so often fallacious (Plays having been acted at the particular *Desire* of several Ladies of Quality, when there hath not been a single Lady of Quality in the House) that at present it hath very little Signification.

*When Players cease.* Viz. in the Vacation. In the Original, As the *Megalefian Festival* is so long distant from the Plebeian. The latter being celebrated in the Calends of *December*, the former in the Nones of *April*.

Urbicus exodio rifum movet Attellanæ  
 Gestibus Autonœs ; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.  
 Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula ; sunt quæ  
 Chryfogonum cantare vetent ; Hispulla tragœdo  
 Gaudet : an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur ?  
 Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharœdus Echion  
 Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.  
 Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos :  
 Qrmentur postes, & grandi janua lauro,  
 Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo  
 Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans,  
 Nupta fenatori comitata est Hippia Ludium

## NOTÆ.

*Ludium.* Salmaf. Ludum mavult, et hoc pro Ludio, ut Regna  
 pro Regibus, positum cenfet : sed fynæresis hæc frequenter occur-  
 rit apud Poetas. Sic τὸ Omnia apud Virgilium Dissyllabam est.

Ad

Others, I say, themselves turn Players,  
 With *Clive* and *Woffington's* gay Airs ;  
 Paint their fair Faces out like Witches,  
 And cram their Thighs in *Fle—w—d's* Breeches.

*Italian Measures* while *Fausan*

Mov'd, what a Laugh thro' Gall'ry ran ?  
 Poor *Ælia* languishes in vain ;  
*Fausan* is bought with greater Gain.

Others make *B—rd* their wiser Choice,  
 And wish to spoil his charming Voice.

*Hispulla* sighs for *Buskin's* Wit,  
 Cou'd she love *Lyt——n* or *P——t* ?

Chuse you a Wife, whom the blind Harper,  
 Or any Fidler else, or Sharper,  
 Fine Rivals ! might with Ease enjoy,  
 And make thee Father of a Boy ?

Come then, prepare the Nuptial Feast,  
 Adorn the Board, invite the Guest ;  
 That Madam may, in Time, be big,  
 And bring an Heir resembling *Fig*.

*Hippia* to Parl'ment Man was wed,  
 But left him for a Fencer's Bed :

N O T E S.

*Fig.* A celebrated Prize-fighter.

*Hippia.* She was Wife to *Fabricius Vejento*, a noble rich Roman, who was infamous for his Luxury and Pride. This last Quality was so eminent in him, that he scorned to salute any almost of his Fellow Citizens; for which he is lashed by our Poet, Sat. III. v. 185. He is likewise introduced in the fourth Satyr. His Wife *Hippia* ran away to *Egypt* with the Gladiator *Sergius*.

Ad Pharon et Nilum, famosaque moenia Lagi;  
 Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Canopo.  
 Immemor illa domûs, & conjugis, atque fororis,  
 Nil patriæ indulfit; plorantefque improba gnatos,  
 Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.  
 Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumaque paternâ,  
 Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,  
 Contempfit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,  
 Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.  
 Tyrrenos igitur fluctus, latèque fonantem  
 Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis  
 Mutandum toties esset mare. Justa pericli  
 Si ratio est, & honesta, timent; pavidoque gelantur  
 Pectore, nec tremulis possunt infistere plantis:  
 Fortem animum præstant rebus, quas turpiter audeat.  
 Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;

## N O T Æ.

*Canopo.* Urbs erat Ægyptiaca ad ostium Nili, sed hic pro tota Ægypto usurpatur. Hujus Populi mores tam apud Græcos quam Romanos maxime infames fuere, adeo ut *ἀστυρνοστί* perinde valeat ac turpiter. His duobus versibus nihil acerbius esse potest.

Tunc

With him she went to some Plantation,  
 Which damn'd the Morals of our Nation;  
 Forgetful of her House and Sister,  
 And Spouse and Country too, which mis'd her;  
 Her brawling Brats ne'er touch'd her Mind;  
 Nay more, young C---r's left behind.

Nor was this Nymph bred up to Pattins,  
 But swaddled soft in Silks and Sattins;  
 Yet she despis'd the Sea's loud Roar;  
 Her Fame she had despis'd before:  
 For that's a Jewel, in Reality,  
 Of little Value 'mongst the Quality.  
 Nor *Bay of Biscay* rais'd her Fears,  
 Nor all the *Spanish* Privateers.  
 But should a just Occasion call  
 To Danger, how the Charmers squall!  
 Cold are their Breasts as addled Eggs,  
 Nor can they stand upon their Legs,  
 More than an Infant that is ricketty;  
 But they are stronger in Iniquity.  
 Should Spouse decoy them to a Ship,  
 Good Heavens! how they'd have the Hip!

## N O T E S.

*Young Cib --- r.* In the Original *Paris*, a Player, of whom *Domitian* was so fond, that our Author was banished for his abusing him. He afterwards was put to Death for an Amour with the Empress.

*The Quality.* We have insert'd this rather to stick as close to the Original as possible, than from any Conceit that it is justly applicable to our own People of Fashion.

Tunc sentina gravis; tunc fumus vertitur. *Sen. T.*  
 Quæ moechum sequitur, stomacho valet: illa maritum  
 Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, & errat  
 Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.  
 Quâ tamen exarsit formâ? quâ capta juventâ  
 Hippiâ? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici  
 Sustinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur  
 Cœperat, & secto requiem sperare lacerto.  
 Præterea multa in facie deformia; sicut  
 Attritus galeâ, medijsque in naribus ingens  
 Gibbus; & acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.  
 Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:  
 Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa forori,  
 Atque viro: ferrum est, quod amant: hic Sergius  
 Acceptâ rude, cœpisset Veiento videri. (idem)

## NOTÆ.

*Sergiolus.* Diminutivo blandulo quàm facete utitur Poeta!  
*Secto requiem sperare lacerto.* Missionem impetrabant Gladiatores, Brachio, vel aliquo alio Membro mutilato. Vide ut Sergii Laudes enumeret noster; eum nempe Formæ Decorem, propter quem Hippiâ, Famæ suæ oblita, Ludia dici sustinuit. Senex erat, mutilatus, et forma turpissima. Hæc omnia munere sub Gladiatorio compensavit.

Quid.



“ ’Tis hard to clamber up the Sides ;  
 “ O filthy Hold ! and when she rides,  
 “ It turns one’s Head quite topsy-turvy,  
 “ And makes one sicker than the Scurvy.”

Her Husband is the nauseous Physick,  
 With her Gallant, she’s never Sea-sick.

To dine with Sailors then she’s able,  
 And even bears a Hand to Cable.

But say, what Youth or Beauty warm’d thee

What, *Hippia*, in thy Lover charm’d thee ?

For little *Sergy*, like a Goat,

Was bearded down from Eyes to Throat :

Already had he done his best ;

Fit for an Hospital, and Rest.

His Face wore many a Deformity,

Upon his Nose a great Enormity.

His Eyes distill’d a constant Stream ;

In Matter not unlike to Cream.

But he was still of the Bear-Garden,

Hence her Affection fond he shar’d in :

This did, beyond her Children, move ;

Dearer than Spouse or Country prove ;

In short, ’tis Iron which they love.

Dismiss this *Sergius* from the Stage ;

Her Husband could not less engage.

#### NOTES.

*Fit for an Hospital and Rest.* The Gladiators, when they were maimed, received their Dismission ; as a Token of which, a Wand was presented to them. *Sergius* had not, however, yet obtained this Favour ; our Poet hints only, that he was intitled to it.

But

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippiæ, curas?

Respice rivales Divorum : Claudius audi

Quæ tulerit : dormire virum cum fenserat uxor,

(Aufa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,

Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cuculios,)

Linquebat, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ ;

Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,

Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,

Et cellam vacuum, atque suam : tunc nuda papillis

Constitit auratis, titulum mentita Lycifæ,

Ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem,

Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra poposcit,

Mox,

But say you, If each private Family  
 Doth not produce a perfect *Pamela* ;  
 Must ev'ry Female bear the Blame  
 Of ~~one~~ low private Strumpet's Shame ?

See then a dignify'd Example,  
 And take from higher Life a Sample ;  
 How Horns have sprouted on Heads Royal,  
 And *Harry's* Wife hath been disloyal.  
 When she perceiv'd her Husband snoring,  
 Th' Imperial Strumpet went a Whoring :  
 Daring with private Rakes to solace,  
 She preferr'd *Cb-rl-s-Street* to the Palace :  
 Went with a single Maid of Honour,  
 And with a *Capuchin* upon her,  
 Which hid her black and lovely Hairs ;  
 At *H——d's* softly stole up Stairs :  
 There at Receipt of Custom sitting,  
 She boldly call'd herself the *Kitten* ;  
 Smil'd, and pretended to be needy,  
 And ask'd Men to *come down the Ready*.

## N O T E S.

*Harry's Wife.* This may be, perhaps, a little applicable to one of *Henry VIII's* Wives.

*H——d's.* A useful Woman in the Parish of *Covent-Garden*.  
*The Kitten.* A young Lady of Pleasure.

*Come down the Ready.* This is a Phrase by which loose Women demand Money of their Gallants.

But

Mox, lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,  
 Tristis abit; sed, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam  
 Claufit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentiginæ vulvæ;  
 Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit:  
 Obscurisque genis turpis, famoque lucernæ  
 Foeda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem. (num,  
 Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque vene-  
 Privignoque datum? *faciant graviora coactas.*  
 Imperio sexûs, minimûmque libidine peccant.

Optima sed quare Cesennia teste marito?

Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:  
 Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampadè fervet:  
 Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.  
 Libertas emitur: coram licèt innuat, atque  
 Rescribat; vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.

Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?

Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

NOTÆ.

*Dicit libertus.* Sensus hujus loci non subolet Interpretibus. Divitem maritum e Libertino genere hic ostendi volunt: cum Poeta plerè servum manumissum, vel primi ordinis servum intendit: quem, nos anglicè, *the Gentleman, the Steward, &c.* nominamus.

Jam

But when for Fear of Justice' Warrants,  
 The Bawd dismiss'd her Whores on Errands,  
 She staid the last — then went, they say,  
 Unsatisfy'd, tho' tir'd, away?

Why should I mention all their Magick  
 Poison, and other Stories tragick?

Their Appetites are all such rash ones,  
 Lust is the least of all their Passions.

*Cesennia's* Husband call, you cry,  
 He lauds her Virtues to the Sky.  
 She brought him twice ten thousand Pounds,  
 With all *that* Merit she abounds.

*Venus* ne'er shot at him an Arrow,  
 Her Fortune darted through his Marrow:  
 She bought her Freedom, and before him  
 May wink, forgetful of Decorum,  
 And Lovers Billet-doux may answer:  
 For he who marries Wives for Gain, Sir,  
 A Widow's Privilege must grant 'em,  
 And suffer Captains to gallant 'em.

But *Bibula* doth *Sertorius* move:  
 I'm sure he married her for Love.  
 Love I agree was in the Case;  
 Not of the Woman, but her Face.

#### NOTES.

*When for Fear.* In *Rome*, the Keepers of evil Houses used to dismiss their Girls at Midnight; at which Time those who follow the same Trade in this City, first light up their Candles.

Let

Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores;  
 Collige farcinulas, dioet libertus, & exi;  
 Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris; exi  
 Ocyùs, & propera; sicco venit altera naso.  
 Intercà calet, & regnat, poscitque maritum  
 Pastores, & ovem Canusinam, ulmosque Falernás.  
 Quantum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,

Quódq;

Let but one Wrinkle spoil her Forehead ;  
 Or should she chance to have a fore Head ;  
 Her Skin grow flabby, or Teeth blacken,  
 She quickly would be sent a packing.

“ Be gone — (the Gentleman would cry)

“ Are those d—n’d Nostrils never dry ?

“ Defend me, Heav’n, from a Strumpet,

“ Who’s always playing on a Trumpet.”

But while her beauteous Youth remains,  
 With Power most absolute she reigns.

Now Rarities she wants ; no matter

What Price they cost — they please the better.

*Italian Vines*, and *Spanish Sheep*.

But these are Trifles — you must keep

An Equipage of six stout Fellows ;

Of no Use to ’em, as they tell us,

#### NOTES.

*The Gentleman.* That is, her Husband’s Gentleman. The Commentators have wretchedly blunder’d here, in their Interpretation of the *Latin*.

*Italian Vines and Spanish Sheep.* In the Original, *Falernian Vines* and *Canusian Sheep*: for *Falernia* produced the most delicious Wine, and the Sheep which came from *Canusum*, a Town or Village of *Apulia*, the finest Wool. I know not whether either of the Instances by which I have attempted to modernize this Passage be at present in Fashion, but if they are not, it is probable the only Reason is, that we forget *Italian Vines*, as they would require the Assistance of artificial Heat ; and *Spanish Sheep*, as they are to be fetched a great Way by Sea, would be extremely expensive, and consequently well worth our having.

*Six stout Fellows.* The *Latin* hath it — *All the Fellows in the Work-House*: but this is an Instance that our Luxury is not yet so extravagant as that of the *Romans* was in *Juvenal’s* Days.

Unless

Quódq; domi non est, & habet vicinus, emasar.  
 Mensē quidem brumæ, cūm jam mercator Iason  
 Clausus, & armatis obstat casa candida nautis,  
 Grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus  
 Myrrhina, deinde adamas notissimus, & Berenices  
 In digito factus pretiosior : hunc dedit olim  
 Barbarus incestæ ; dedit hunc Agrippa forori ;  
 Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,  
 Et vetus indulget fenibus clementia porcis.

Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur ?  
 Sit formosa; decens, dives, foecunda, vetustos  
 Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni  
 Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabinâ :  
 (Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.)  
 Quis feret uxorem, cui constant omnia ? malo,  
 Malo Venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater  
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers  
 Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.

## N O T Æ.

*Dedit hunc, &c.* Repetitionem hujus vocis *dedit* sunt qui conantur abjicere, licet elegantissimam ; ideoque Interpretum Guffui minus gratam.

*De tantis gregibus.* Ambiguitatem qua Greges refert tam ad mulieres quam ad porcos miratur Lubinus, et queritur quod ab aliis non animadvertatur. Sed nescio annon inurbanus potius quam argutus hic dicendus sit Poeta.



Unless to walk before their Chairs,  
 When they go out to shew their Airs.  
 However liberal your Grants,  
 Still what her Neighbour hath she wants ;  
 Even *Pit's* precious Diamond — that  
 Which *Lewis Fifteen* wear's in's Hat ;  
 Or what *Agrippa* gave his Sister,  
 Incestuous Bribe ! for which he kiss'd her.  
 (Sure with less Sin a *Jew* might dine,  
 If hungry, on a Herd of Swine.)

But of this Herd, I mean of Women,  
 Will not an Individual do Man ?  
 No, none my Soul can e'er inflame,  
 But the rich, decent, lovely Dame :  
 Her Womb with Fruitfulness attended ;  
 Of a good ancient House descended :  
 'A Virgin too, untouch'd, and chaste,  
 Whom Man ne'er took about the Waiste.  
 She's a rare Bird ! find her who can,  
 And much resembling a black Swan.

But who could bear a Wife's great Merit,  
 Who doth such Qualities inherit ?  
 I would prefer some Country Girl  
 To the proud Daughter of an Earl ;  
 If my Repose must still be hindred  
 With the great Actions of her Kindred.

## NOTES.

*What Agrippa gave his Sister.* Berenice.

VOL. I.

G

Go

Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Sypha-  
In castris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra. [cem

Parce, precor, Pæan ; & tu, Dea, pone fagittas ;  
Nil pueri faciunt ; ipsam configite matrem ;  
Amphion clamat : sed Pæan contrahit arcum.  
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem,  
Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,  
Atque eadem scrofâ Niobe foecundior albâ.  
Quæ tanti gravitas ? quæ forma, ut se tibi sempër  
Imputet ? hujus enim rari, summi que voluptas  
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo  
Plus aloës, quàm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem

N O T Æ.

*Cornelia.* Scipionis Africani Filia, Cornelio Graccho nupta,  
et Caii et Tiberii mater, hîc maximæ Laudis, non vituperatio-  
nis causâ, memorata.

Uisque

Go to the Devil, should I say,  
 With the *West-Indies* ta'en— away.  
 “ Hold, *Pæan*, hold ; thou Goddess, spare  
 “ My Children, — was *Amphion's* Pray'r —  
 “ They have done nought to forfeit Life ;  
 “ O shoot your Arrows at my Wife.”  
 His Pray'r nor God nor Goddess heard,  
 Nor Child, nor ev'n the Mother spar'd.  
 For why, the Vixen proudly boasted,  
 More than *Latona* she was toasted ;  
 And had been oft'ner in the Straw,  
 Than the white Sow *Aeneas* saw.

But say, tho' Nature should be lavish,  
 Can any Mien or Beauty ravish,  
 Whose Mind is nothing but Inanity,  
 Meer Bladder blown with Wind of Vanity?  
 Trust, if for such you give your Money,  
 You buy more Vinegar than Honey.

## N O T E S.

*With the West Indies ta'en — away.* Juvenal here mentions *Cornelia*, the Daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, Wife of *Cornelius Gracchus*, and Mother of the *Gracchi*, *Caius* and *Tiberius*. The Beauty of the Original here is inimitable.

*The Vixen proudly boasted.* Our Poet here alludes to the Story of *Niobe* Wife of *Amphion* King of *Thebes*, who affronted *Latona*, in preferring her own Fruitfulness to that of the Goddess ; for which Reason *Apollo* and *Diana* destroyed all her Children ; the Number of which Authors report variously.

*The white Sow.* Which produced thirty Pigs at a Litter.

Uſque adeò eſt, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,  
Horreat? inque diem ſeptenis oderit horis?

Quædam parva quidem; ſed non toleranda maritiſ.

Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd ſe non putat ulla  
Formoſam, niſi quæ de Thuſcâ Græcula facta eſt?

De Sulmonenſi mera Cecropiſ omnia Græce;

Cùm ſit turpe minùs noſtris neſcire Latinè.

Hoc ſermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,

Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta. Quid ultra?

Concumbunt Græcé. doneſ tamen iſta puelliſ:

Tùne etiam, quam ſextuſ & octogefimuſ annuſ

Pulſat, adhuc Græcé? non eſt hic ſermo pudicuſ

In vetulâ. quotieſ laſcivum intervenit illud,

ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, modò ſub lodice relictiſ

Uteriſ in turbâ. quòd enim non excitat inguen

Vox blanda & nequam? digituſ habet: ut tamen

Subſidant pennæ: dicat hæc molliùſ Æmo [omneſ

Quanquam, & Carpophoro; facieſ tua computat an-

[noſ.

Who is there such a Slave in Nature,  
That while he praises would not hate her?

Some smaller Crimes, which seem scarce nominable,  
Are yet to Husbands most abominable :  
For what so fulsome --- if it were new t' ye,  
That no one thinks herself a Beauty,  
'Till *Frenchify'd* from Head to Foot,  
A meer *Parisian* Dame throughout.  
She spells not *English*, who will blame her?  
But *French* not understood would shame her.

This Language 'tis in which they tremble,  
Quarrel, are happy, and dissemble ;  
Tell Secrets to some other Miss ;  
What more? --- 'tis this in which they kiss.

But if to Girls we grant this Leave ;  
You, Madam, whom fast by your Sleeve  
Old Age hath got --- must you still stammer  
Soft Phrases out of *Bowyer's* Grammar?  
*Mon ame, mon Mignon!* how it comes  
Most graceful from your toothless Gums!  
Tho' softer spoke than by Lord *Fanny*,  
Can that old Face be lik'd by any?

N O T E S.

'*Till Frenchify'd.* The *Romans* were (if I may be allowed such a Word) *Grecify'd*, at this Time, in the same manner as we are *Frenchify'd*.

Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis  
 Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur  
 Causa; nec est quare coenam & mustacea perdas,  
 Labente officio, crudis donanda, nec illud,  
 Quod primâ pro nocte datur; cùm lance beatâ  
 Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro.  
 Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni  
 Est animus; submitte caput cervice paratâ  
 Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.  
 Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis,  
 Et spoliis, igitur longè minùs utilis illi  
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.  
 Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendes  
 Hâc obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.  
 Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus  
 Jam senior, cujus barbam tuâ janua vidit.  
 Testandi cùm sit lenonibus, atque lanistis  
 Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,  
 Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.  
 Pone crucem fervo: meruit quo crimine servus  
 Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi:

## N O T Æ.

*Primâ pro nocte.* Mos erat præmium aliquod novæ nuptæ  
 donandi, quasi Virginitatis depositæ pretium: Hæc est autem  
 hujus loci vis. *Si non amaturus es Nuptam quam ducis, ne nox  
 prima quidem grata erit; Quam solam in Matrimonio jucundam  
 esse experire debes.*

Nulla

If Love be not your Cause of Wedding,  
 There is no other for your Bedding;  
 All the Expence of Wedding-Day  
 Would then, my Friend, be thrown away.

If, on the contrary, you doat,  
 And are of the uxorious Note,  
 For heavy Yoke your Neck prepare;  
 None will the tender Husband spare:  
 Ev'n when they love they will discover  
 Joys in the Torments of a Lover:  
 The Hope to govern them by Kindness,  
 Argues, my Friend, a total Blindness.  
 For Wives most useleſs ever prove  
 To thoſe moſt worthy of their Love.

Before you give, or ſell, or buy,  
 She muſt be courted to comply:  
 She points new Friendſhips out --- and ſtrait  
 'Gainſt old Acquaintance ſhuts your Gate.

The Privilege which at their Birth  
 Our Laws bequeath the Scum o'th' Earth,  
 Of making Wills, to you's deny'd;  
 You for her Fav'rites muſt provide;  
 Thoſe your ſole Heirs creating, who  
 Have labour'd to make Heirs for you.

Now, come Sir, take your Horſe-whip down,  
 And laſh your Footman there, *Tom Brown*.  
 What hath *Tom* done? or who accuses him?  
 Perhaps ſome Rascal, who abuſes him.

Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.  
 O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto :  
 Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.  
 Imperat ergo viro : sed mox hæc regna relinquit,  
 Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit : inde  
 Avolat, & spreti repetit vestigia lecti ;  
 Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit  
 Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.  
 Sic crescit numerus ; sic fiunt octo mariti  
 Quinque per autumnos : titulo res digna sepulchri.  
 Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia focru :  
 Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti :  
 Illa docet, missis à corruptore tabellis,  
 Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere : decipit illa  
 Custodes, aut ære domat : tunc corpore sano  
 Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat.  
 Abditus intereà latet accersitus adulter,  
 Impatiensque moræ filet, & præputia ducit.

N O T Æ.

*Fiunt octo Mariti.* Quot nempe a Lege permitti sunt. Nam  
 prohibitum erat mulieribus, pluribus quam octo maritis nubere,  
 cum hunc numerum ergo minime liceret transire, necessitate co-  
 acta uxor ab octavo Marito redit iterum ad primum.

Scilicet



Let us examine first — and then —  
'Tis ne'er too late to punish Men.

Men! Do you call this abject Creature  
A Man? — He's scarce of human Nature.

What hath he done? — no matter what —  
If nothing — lash him well for that:

My Will is a sufficient Reason  
To constitute a Servant's Treason.

Thus she commands; but strait she leaves  
This Slave, and to another cleaves;  
Thence to a third and fourth, and then  
Returns, perhaps, to you again.  
Thus in the Space of seven short Years  
Possessing half a score of Dears.

Be sure, no Quiet can arrive  
To you while her Mamma's alive:  
She'll teach her how to cheat her Spouse,  
To pick his Pocket, strip his House:  
Answers to Love-Letters indite,  
And make her Daughter's Stile polite,  
With Cunning she'll deceive your Spies,  
Or bribe with Money to tell Lies.

Then, tho' Health swells her Daughter's Pulse,  
She sends for *Wafey, Hoadley, Hulfe*.  
So she pretends, — but in their Room,  
Lo, the Adulterer is come.

N O T E S.

*He's scarce of Human Nature.* The Romans derived from the Greeks an Opinion, that their Slaves were of a Species inferior to themselves. As such a Sentiment is inconsistent with the Temper of Christianity, this Passage loses much of its Force by being modernized.

Do

Balteüs, & manicæ, & cristæ, crurisque sinistri  
 Dimidium tegmen! vel si diversa movebit  
 Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.  
 Hæ sunt, quæ tenui fudant in cyclade, quarum  
 Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.  
 Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,  
 Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere; quanta  
 Vitibus fideat; quàm denso fascia libro;  
 Et ride, scaphium positis cùm fumitur armis.  
 Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,  
 Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam  
 Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli?

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,  
 In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo.  
 Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,  
 Cùm simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,  
 Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat  
 Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis

Should *Cock* aloft his Pulpit mount,  
 And all her Furniture recount,  
 Sure you would scarce abstain from Oaths,  
 To hear, among your Lady's Cloaths,  
 Of those superb *fine Horseman's Suits*,  
 And those magnificent *Jack-Boots*.

And yet, as often as they please,  
 Nothing is tenderer than these.  
 A Coach! — O Gad! they cannot bear  
 Such Jolting! — *John*, go fetch a Chair.  
 Yet see, through *Hide-Park* how they ride!  
 How masculine! almost astride!  
 Their Hats fierce cock'd up with Cockades,  
 Resembling Dragoons more than Maids.

Knew our Great Grandmothers these Follies?  
 Daughters of *Hampden*, *Baynton*, *Hollis*?  
 More Modesty they surely had,  
 Decently ambling on a Pad.

Sleep never shews his drowsy Head  
 Within the Reach of Marriage-Bed:  
 The Wife thence frightens him with Scolding.  
 — Then chiefly the Attack she's bold in,  
 When, to conceal her own Amours,  
 She falls most artfully on yours:  
 Pretends a Jealousy of some Lady,  
 With Tears in Plenty always ready;

N O T E S.

*Daughters of Hampden, &c.* These, according to *Sidney*,  
 are some of the best Families in *England*, and superior to many  
 of our modern Nobility.

In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,  
 Quo jubeat manare modo : tu credis amorem ;  
 Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis  
 Exorbes ; quæ scripta, & quas lecture tabellas,  
 Si tibi zelotypæ retegantur serinia moechæ !  
 Sed jacet in ferri complexibus, aut equitis : dic,  
 Dic aliquem, fodes hîc, Quintiliane, colorem.  
 Hæremus : dic ipsa : olim convenerat, inquit,  
 Ut faceres tu quod velles ; necnon ego possem  
 Indulgere mihi : clames licêt, & mare coelo  
 Confundas, homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis  
 Deprênsis : iram atque animos à crimine sumunt.  
 Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris ?  
 Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas  
 Quondam, nec vitis contingi parva sinebat

## NOTÆ.

*Mare cælo confundas.* Exclamando scilicet, ut apud Teren-  
 tium, O Cælum ! O Terra ! O Maria !

Tecta

Which on their Post true Cent'nels stand,  
 The Word still waiting of Command,  
 How she shall order them to trickle.  
 —Thou thinkest Love her Soul doth tickle  
 Poor Hedge-Sparrow — with fifty Dears,  
 Lickeft up her fallacious Tears.  
 Search her Scrutore, Man, and then tell us  
 Who hath most Reason to be jealous.

But, in the very Fact she's taken ;  
 Now let us hear, to save her Bacon,  
 What *Murray*, or what *Henley* can say ;  
 Neither Proof positive will gainfay :  
 It is againft the Rules of Practice ;  
 Nothing to her the naked Fact is.  
 “ You know (she cries) e'er I confented  
 “ To be, what I have fince repented,  
 “ It was agreed between us, you  
 “ Whatever beft you lik'd fhould do ;  
 “ Nor could I, after a long Trial,  
 “ Perfift myfelf in Self-Denial.”

You at her Impudence may wonder,  
 Invoke the Lightning and the Thunder :  
 “ You are a Man (she cries) 'tis true ;  
 “ We have our human Frailties too.

Nought bold is like a Woman caught,  
 They gather Courage from the Fault.

Whence come thefe Prodigies? what Fountain,  
 You ask, produces them? I'th' Mountain  
 The *Britifh* Dames were chafte, no Crimes  
 The Cottage ftain'd in elder Times ;

When

Tecta labor, fomnique breves, & vestere Thulco  
 Vexatae, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi  
 Hannibal, & stantes Collinâ in turre mariti.  
 Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: *sævior armis*  
 Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.  
 Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo  
 Paupertas Romana perit: hinc fluxit ad istos  
 Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, atque Miletos,  
 Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Taren-  
 Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores [tum,  
 Intulit, & turpi fregerunt secula luxu  
 Divitiæ molles.————

## NOTÆ.

*Sævior armis Luxuria, &c.* Eximie sunt hi versus Notæ, et  
 vix satis laudandi.

When the laborious Wife slept little,  
 Spun Wool, and boil'd her Husband's Kettle :  
 When the *Armada* frighten'd *Kent*,  
 And good Queen *Bessy* pitch'd her Tent.  
 Now from Security we feel  
 More Ills than threaten'd us from Steel ;  
 Severer Luxury abounds,  
 Avenging *France* of all her Wounds.  
 When our old *British* Plainness left us,  
 Of ev'ry Virtue it bereft us :  
 And we've imported from all Climes,  
 All sorts of Wickedness and Crimes :  
*French* Finery, *Italian* Meats,  
 With *German* Drunkenness, *Dutch* Cheats.  
 Money's the Source of all our Woes ;  
 Money ! whence Luxury o'erflows,  
 And in a Torrent, like the *Nile*,  
 Bears off the Virtues of this Isle.

We shall here close our Translation of this Satire ; for as the  
 Remainder is in many Places too obscene for chaste Ears ; so, to  
 the Honour of the *English* Ladies, the *Latin* is by no Means ap-  
 plicable to them, nor indeed capable of being modernized.

T O

Miss H---AND at *Bath*.Written *Extempore* in the Pump-Room, 1742.

**S** OON shall these bounteous Springs thy Wish  
 bestow,  
 Soon in each Feature sprightly Health shall glow ;  
 Thy Eyes regain their Fire, thy Limbs their Grace,  
 And Roses join' the Lillies in thy Face.  
 But say, sweet Maid, what Waters can remove  
 The Pangs of cold Despair, of hopeless Love ?  
 The deadly Star which lights th' autumnal Skies  
 Shines not so bright, so fatal as those Eyes.  
 The Pains which from their Influence we endure,  
 Not *Brewster*, Glory of his Art, can cure.



[ 115 ]

---

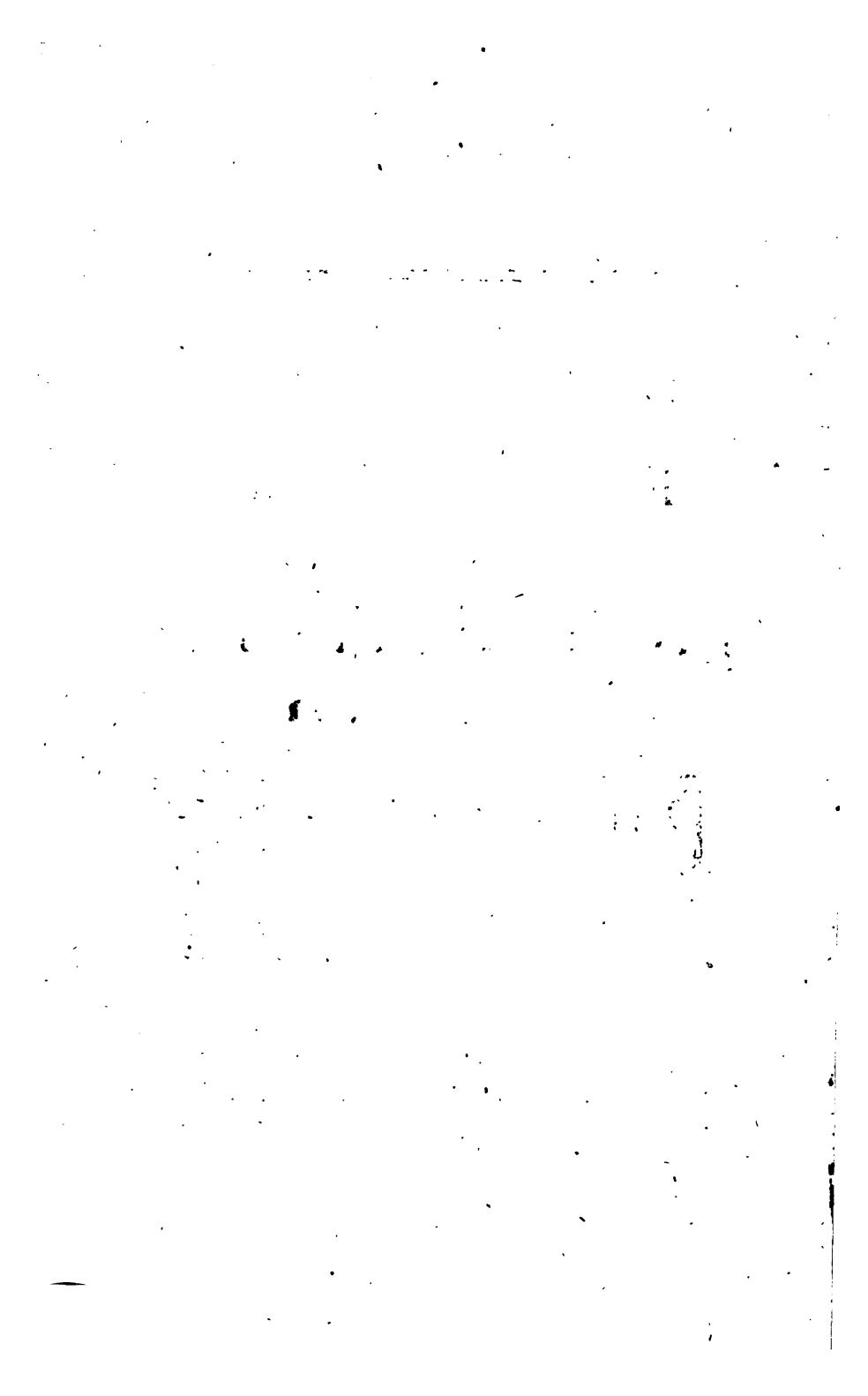
---

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
C O N V E R S A T I O N .

---

---

H 2



---

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
C O N V E R S A T I O N .

**M**AN is generally represented as an Animal formed for and delighting in Society : In this State alone, it is said, his various Talents can be exerted, his numberless Necessities relieved, the Dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the Pleasures he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If these Assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied Man to be a social Animal,

have left us these two Solutions of their Conduct; either that there are Men as bold in Denial as can be found in Assertion; and as *Cicero* says, there is no Absurdity which some Philosopher or other hath not asserted; so we may say, there is no Truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else; that these Rejecters of Society borrow all their Information from their own savage Dispositions, and are indeed themselves the only Exceptions to the above general Rule.

But to leave such Persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an Answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social State, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own Species; and, entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking Parts of the Creation, from all Benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general Distinction, between the Human and the Brute Species.

Shall we conclude this *Denial* of all Society to the Nature of Brutes, which seems to be in Defiance of every Day's Observation, to be as bold, as the Denial of it to the Nature of Men? Or, may we not more justly derive the Error from an

improper understanding of this Word *Society* in too confined and special a Sense? In a Word; Do those who utterly deny it to the Brutal Nature, mean any other by *Society* than Conversation?

Now if we comprehend them in this Sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the Distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other Animals are not without all Use of Society, yet this noble Branch of it seems, of all the Inhabitants of this Globe, confined to Man only; the narrow Power of communicating some few Ideas of Lust, or Fear, or Anger, which may be observable in Brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by Conversation, as may be deduced from the Origination of the Word itself, the only accurate Guide to Knowledge. The primitive and literal Sense of this Word is, I apprehend, to *Turn round together*; and in its more copious Usage we intend by it, that reciprocal Interchange of Ideas, by which Truth is examined, Things are, in a manner, *turned round*, and sifted, and all our Knowledge communicated to each other.

In this Respect Man stands, I conceive, distinguished from and superior to all other Earthly Creatures: it is this Privilege which, while he is inferior in Strength to some, in Swiftnes to others; without Horns, or Claws, or Tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him Master of them all. Indeed, in other Views, however vain Men may be of their Abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal Neighbours. With what Envy must a Swine, or a much less voracious Animal, be survey'd by a Glutton; and how contemptible must the Talents of other Sensualists appear, when oppos'd, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of Brutes: But in Conversation Man stands alone, at least in this Part of the Creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first Start, and the greater Progress he makes, the greater Distance is between them.

Conversation is of three Sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall, at present, pass them by, and confine myself, in this Essay, to the third only: Since it  
seems

seems to me amazing, that this grand Business of our Lives, the Foundation of every Thing, either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly-treated of; that while there is scarce a Profession or Handicraft in Life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper Rules to the attaining its Perfection, Men should be left almost totally in the Dark, and without the least Light to direct, or any Guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of those Talents, which are the noblest Privilege of human Nature, and productive of all rational Happiness; and the rather as this Power is by no means self-instructed, and in the Possession of the artless and ignorant, is of so mean Use, that it raises them very little above those Animals who are void of it.

As Conversation is a Branch of Society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his Nature social. Now Society is agreeable to no Creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in Animals who are entirely guided by Nature, that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious Disposition addict themselves to Solitude, and, unless when prompted by Lust, or that necessary

Instinct

Instinct implanted in them by Nature, for the Nurture of their Young, shun as much as possible the Society of their own Species. If therefore there should be found some human Individuals of so savage a Habit, it would seem they were not adapted to Society, and consequently, not to Conversation: nor would any Inconvenience ensue the Admittance of such Exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general Rule of Man's being a social Animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my Friend, the Author of *An Enquiry into Happiness*) \* that these Men live in a constant Opposition to their own Nature, and are no less Monsters than the most wanton Abortions, or extravagant Births.

Again; if Society requires that its Members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other, the more suitable are they to the social Nature, and more perfectly adapted to its Institution: for all Creatures seek their own Happiness, and Society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this Happiness. To render therefore any Animal social is to render it inoffensive; an Instance of which is to be seen in those the Ferocity of whose

\* The Treatise here mentioned is not yet public.



Nature can be tamed by Man. And here the Reader may observe a double Distinction of Man from the more savage Animals by Society, and from the social by Conversation.

But if Men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if Society and Conversation would be merely indifferent; and that in order to make it desirable by a sensible Being, it is necessary we should go farther, and propose some positive Good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes not only negatively, our not receiving any Hurt; but positively, our receiving some Good, some Pleasure or Advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an un-social and solitary State: otherwise we might cry out with the Right Honourable Poet; \*

*Give us our Wildness and our Woods,  
Our Huts and Caves again.*

The Art of pleasing or doing Good to one another is therefore the Art of Conversation. It is this Habit, which gives it all its Value. And as Man's being a social Animal (the Truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent Author

\* The Duke of *Buckingham*.

of *An Enquiry*, &c. I have above cited) presupposes a natural Desire or Tendency this Way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable End from Ignorance only in the Means; and how general this Ignorance is, may be, with some Probability, inferred from our want of even a Word to express this Art by: that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple Ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The Word I mean is *Good Breeding*; a Word, I apprehend, not at first confined to Externals, much less to any particular Dress or Attitude of the Body: nor were the Qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a Milliner, a Taylor, or a Perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a Dancing-Master himself. According to the Idea I myself conceive from this Word, I should not have scrupled to call *Socrates* a well-bred Man, though I believe he was very little instructed by any of the Persons I have above enumerated. In short, by *Good Breeding* (notwithstanding the corrupt Use of the Word in a very different Sense) I mean

mean the Art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the Ease and Happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this Head: for whilst my Reader clearly conceives the Sense in which I use this Word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original Application.

*Good Breeding* then, or the *Art of pleasing in Conversation*, is expressed two different Ways, viz. in our Actions and our Words, and our Conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive Rule in Scripture; *Do unto all Men as you would they should do unto you.* Indeed, concise as this Rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all Treatises on Ethics, but Comments upon it? And whoever is well read in the Book of Nature, and hath made much Observation on the Actions of Men, will perceive so few capable of judging, or rightly pursuing their own Happiness, that he will be apt to conclude, that some Attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable Men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them;* or at least, what it would be their Interest to have done.

If

If therefore Men, through Weakness or Inattention, often err in their Conceptions of what would produce their own Happiness, no wonder they should mis in the Application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a Censure on their Inclinations, account for that frequent Failure in true Good Breeding, which daily Experience gives us Instances of.

Besides, the Commentators have well paraphrased on the abovementioned divine Rule, that it is, *to do unto Men what you would they, IF THEY WERE IN YOUR SITUATION AND CIRCUMSTANCES, AND YOU IN THEIRS, should do unto you*: And as this Comment is necessary to be observed in Ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our Art, where the Degree of the Person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a Possibility for a Man well disposed to this Golden Rule, without some Precautions, to err in the Practice; nay, even Good-Nature itself, the very Habit of Mind most essential

sential to furnish us with true Good Breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the Appearance at least of Propriety, artificial *Good Nature*. This excellent Quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the Mark, and shews the Truth of those Lines in *Horace*:

*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui  
Ultrâ quam satis est VIRTUTEM si petat ipsam.*

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we shew the Deviations from those Rules, which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this Good Breeding is the Art of pleasing, it will be first necessary, with the utmost Caution, to avoid hurting or giving any Offence to those with whom we converse, And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual Disrespect, or Affront to their Persons, by Insolence, which is the severest Attack that can be made on the Pride of Man, and of which *Florus* seems to have no inadequate Opinion, when speaking of the second *Tarquin*, he says; *In omnes superbiâ (quæ Crudelitate gravior est BONIS) grassatus*; “He trod on  
“ all

“all with **INSOLENCE**, which sits heavier on  
 “Men of great Minds than Cruelty itself.” If  
 there is any Temper in Man, which more than  
 all others disqualifies him for Society, it is this In-  
 solence or Haughtiness, which, blinding a Man to  
 his own Imperfections, and giving him a Hawk’s  
 Quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him  
 that Contempt for his Species, which inflates the  
 Cheeks, erects the Head, and stiffens the Gait:  
 of those strutting Animals, who sometimes stalk  
 in Assemblies, for no other Reason, but to shew  
 in their Gesture and Behaviour the Disregard they  
 have for the Company. Though to a truly great  
 and philosophical Mind, it is not easy to conceive  
 a more ridiculous Exhibition than this Puppet;  
 yet to others he is little less than a Nuisance; for  
 Contempt is a murtherous Weapon, and there is  
 this Difference only between the greatest and  
 weakest Men, when attacked by it; that, in  
 order to wound the former, it must be just;  
 whereas without the Shields of Wisdom and Phi-  
 losophy, which God knows are in the Possession  
 of very few, it wants no Justice to point it; but  
 is certain to penetrate, from whatever Corner it  
 comes. It is this Disposition which inspires the  
 empty *Cacus* to deny his Acquaintance, and over-  
 look

look Men of Merit in Distress; and the little, silly, pretty *Pbilida*, or *Foolida*, to stare at the strange Creatures round her. It is this Temper which constitutes the supercilious Eye, the reserved Look, the distant Bowe, the scornful Leer, the affected Astonishment, the loud Whisper, ending in a Laugh directed full in the Teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless Offences given too frequently, in public and private Assemblies; by Persons of weak Understandings, indelicate Habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a Vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its Way. Now, if Good-Breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a Behaviour be? And can any Man call a Duke or a Dutchess who wears it, well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman Names which they themselves allot to the lowest Vulgar? But behold a more pleasing Picture on the Reverse. See the Earl of C—— noble in his Birth, splendid in his Fortune, and embellished with every Endowment of Mind; how affable, how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every Way the greatest Person in the Room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive, we must be profitable Servants to each other: we are, in the second Place, to proceed to the utmost Verge in paying the Respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this Particular. My Lord *Shaftsbury* hath a pretty Observation, that the Beggar, in addressing to a Coach with, my Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no Lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain Sir fly in the Face of a Nobleman, what must be the Consequence? And indeed, whoever considers the Bustle and Contention about Precedence, the Pains and Labours undertaken, and sometimes the Prices given for the smallest Title or Mark of Pre-eminence, and the visible Satisfaction betray'd in its Enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a Matter of no small Consequence. The Truth is, we live in a World of common Men, and not of Philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the Name of an *old Fellow*: for what is it less than extream Oddity to despise what the Generality of the World think the Labour of their whole Lives well employed in procuring: we are therefore to adapt our Behaviour



viour to the Opinion of the Generality of Mankind, and not to that of a few odd Fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every Instance, or to lay down exact Rules for our Conduct in every minute Particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising, that the Business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an Idea of your Esteem of them, which is indeed the Substance of all the Compliments, Ceremonies, Presents, and whatever passes between well-bred People. And here I shall lay down these Positions.

First, that all meer Ceremonies exist in *Form* only, and have in them no Substance at all: but being imposed by the Laws of Custom, become essential to Good Breeding, from those high-flown Compliments paid to the Eastern Monarchs, and which pass between *Chinese* Mandarines, to those coarser Ceremonials in use between *English* Farmers and *Dutch* Boors.

Secondly, That these Ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more Consequence than they at first appear, and, in Reality, constitute the only

external Difference between Man and Man. Thus, His Grace, Right Honourable, My Lord, Right Reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr. &c. have, in a Philosophical Sense, no Meaning, yet are, perhaps, politically essential; and must be preserved by Good Breeding; because,

Thirdly, They raise an Expectation in the Person by Law and Custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeas'd with the Disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any Rules for Good Breeding, it will be necessary to lay some Scene, or to throw our Disciple into some particular Circumstance. We will begin then with a Visit in the Country; and as the principal Actor on this Occasion is the Person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general Rules for his Conduct; marking, at the same Time, the principal Deviations we have observed on these Occasions.

When an expected Guest arrives to Dinner at your House, if your Equal, or indeed not greatly your Inferior, he should be sure to find your Family in some Order, and yourself dress'd and ready

ready to receive him at your Gate with a smiling Countenance. This infuses an immediate Cheerfulness into your Guest, and perswades him of your Esteem and Desire of his Company. Not so is the Behaviour of *Polyperchon*, at whose Gate you are obliged to knock a considerable Time before you gain Admittance. At length, the Door being opened to you by a Maid, or some improper Servant, who wonders where the Devil all the Men are; and being asked if the Gentleman is at home, answers, She believes so; you are conducted into a Hall, or back Parlour, where you stay some Time, before the Gentleman, in *Disfabbille* from his Study or his Garden, waits upon you, asks Pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your Guest being introduced into a Drawing-Room; is, after the first Ceremonies, to be asked, whether he will refresh himself after his Journey, before Dinner, (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed Hour.) But this Request is never to be repeated oftner than twice, in Imitation of *Cbalepus*, who, as if hired by a Physician, crams Wine in a Morning down the Throats of his most temperate Friends, their Constitutions being not so dear to them as their present Quiet.

When Dinner is on the Table, and the Ladies have taken their Places, the Gentlemen are to be introduced into the Eating-Room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming Indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose Degrees claim an undoubted Precedence. As to the rest, the general Rules of Precedence are by Marriage, Age, and Profession. Lastly; in placing your Guests, Regard is rather to be had to Birth than Fortune: for though Purse-Pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a Degradation with more secret Comfort and Ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of Neglect or Contempt.

The Order in helping your Guests is to be regulated by that of placing them: but here I must with great Submission recommend to the Lady at the upper End of the Table, to distribute her Favours as equally, and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large Dish of Fish extend no farther than to the fifth Person, and a Haunch of Venison lose all its Fat before half the Table had tasted it.

A single

A single Request to eat of any particular Dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest Solicitations, all Complaints that you have no Appetite, which are sometimes little less than Burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some Readers, as I have known Omissions of this kind give Offence, and sometimes make the Offenders, who have been very well-meaning Persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the Ceremonial of drinking Healths at Table, which is always to begin with the Lady's, and next the Master's of the House.

When Dinner is ended, and the Ladies retired, though I do not hold the Master of the Feast obliged to fuddle himself through Complacence; and indeed it is his own Fault generally, if his Company be such as would desire it, yet he is to see that the Bottle circulate sufficiently to afford every Person present a moderate Quantity of Wine, if he chuses it; at the same Time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the Bottle, or fill their Glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly Cu-

stop of besetting, and ostentatious Contention for Pre-eminence in their Cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of People. Yet *Mathus*, still remains, who measures the Honesty and Understanding of Mankind by the Capaciousness of their Swallow; who sings forth the Praises of a Bumper, and complains of the Light in your Glas; and at whose Table it is as difficult to preserve your Senses, as to preserve your Purse at a Gaming Table, or your Health at a B——y-House. On the other Side, *Sophrenus* eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his Liquor. The Bottle as surely stops when it comes to him, as your Chariot at *Temple-Bar*; and it is almost as impossible to carry a Pint of Wine from his House, as to gain the Love of a reigning Beauty, or borrow a Shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable Time, if your Guest intends staying with you the whole Evening, and declines the Bottle, you may propose Play, Walking, or any other Amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his Choice with all Indifference on your Part. What Person can be so dull as not to perceive in *Agyrtas* a Longing to pick your Pockets? or in *Alaxon*, a Desire to satisfy his own Vanity  
in

in shewing you the Rarities of his House and Gardens? When your Guest offers to go, there should be no Solicitations to stay, unless for the whole Night, and that no farther than to give him a moral Assurance of his being welcome so to do: no Assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent Hands; no private Orders to Servants, to delay providing the Horses or Vehicles; like *Desmophylax*, who never suffers any one to depart from his House without entitling him to an Action of false Imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the Part which the Visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two Extremes of being too early, or too late, so as neither to surprize his Friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in Expectation. *Orthrius*, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your Rest in a Morning; and the frugal *Chronophidus*, lest he should waste some Minutes of his precious Time, is sure to spoil your Dinner.

The Address at your Arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a Superior; not imitating *Pblenaphius*, who would stop his Friend in the Rain, rather than omit a single Bowe.

Be

Be not too observant of trifling Ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the Room, except with one greatly your Superior; but when such a one offers you Precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it: Of which I will give you the following Instance. An *English* Nobleman being in *France*, was bid by *Lewis XIV.* to enter his Coach before him, which he excused himself from; the King then immediately mounted, and ordering the Door to be shut, drove on, leaving the Nobleman behind him.

Never refuse any Thing offered you out of Civility, unless in Preference of a Lady, and that no oftner than once; for nothing is more truly Good Breeding, than to avoid being troublesome. Though the Taste and Humour of the Visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some Regard likewise to be had to that of the Master of the House; for otherwise your Company will be rather a Penance than a Pleasure. *Methusius* plainly discovers his Visit to be paid to his sober Friend's Bottle; nor will *Philopatus* abstain from Cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender *Leptines* gives his fat Entertainer a Sweat, and makes him run the Hazard of breaking his Wind up his own Mounts.

If



If Conveniency allows your staying longer than the Time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart; lest your Stay may be incommodious to your Friend: but if you perceive the contrary, by his Solicitations, they should be readily accepted; without tempting him to break these Rules we have above laid down for him; causing a Confusion in his Family, and among his Servants, by Preparations for your Departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same Method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your Arrival. No tedious Ceremonies of taking Leave: not like *Hyperphylus*, who bowes and kisses, and squeezes by the Hand as heartily, and wishes you as much Health and Happiness, when he is going a Journey home of ten Miles, from a common Acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest Friend or Relation on a Voyage to the *East-Indies*.

Having thus briefly considered our Reader in the Circumstance of a private Visit, let us now take him into a public Assembly, where, as more Eyes will be on his Behaviour, it cannot be less his Interest to be instructed. We have indeed already formed a general Picture of the chief Enormities

mities committed on these Occasions, we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the Rules of an opposite Demeanour, which we may divide into three Sorts, *viz.* our Behaviour to our Superiours, to our Equals, and to our Inferiours.

In our Behaviour to our Superiours, two Extremes are to be avoided, namely, an abject and base Servility, and an impudent and encroaching Freedom. When the well-born *Hyperdulus* approaches a Nobleman in any public Place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his Domestics: his Cringes fall little short of Prostration; and his whole Behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern Monarch would not require more Humiliation from his Vassals. On the other Side; *Anaschyntus*, whom fortunate Accidents, without any Pretensions from his Birth, have raised to associate with his Betters, shakes my Lord Duke by the Hand, with a Familiarity favouring not only of the most perfect Intimacy, but the closest Alliance. The former Behaviour properly raises our Contempt, the latter our Disgust. *Hyperdulus* seems worthy of wearing his Lordship's Livery; *Anaschyntus* deserves to be turned out of his Service for his Impudence. Between these two is that golden Mean, which declares

clares a Man ready to acquiesce in allowing the Respect due to a Title by the Laws and Customs of his Country, but impatient of any Insult, and disdain- ing to purchase the Intimacy with, and Fa- vour of a Superior, at the Expence of Conscience or Honour. As to the Question, Who are our Superiours? I shall endeavour to ascertain them, when I come, in the second Place, to mention our Behaviour to our Equals. The first Instructi- on on this Head, being carefully to consider who are such: Every little Superiority of Fortune or Profession being too apt to intoxicate Men's Minds, and elevate them in their own Opinion, beyond their Merit or Pretensions. Men are su- perior to each other in this our Country by Title, by Birth, by Rank in Profession, and by Age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to For- tune, though so much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never ap- pear to me in a more despicable Light, than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean Servility, voluntarily concurring in the Adoration of Riches, without the least Benefit or Prospect from them. Respect and Deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some Reason at least, from Expectation, paid to the Rich and Liberal from the Neccessitous:

but

but that Men should be allured by the glittering of Wealth only, to feed the insolent Pride of those who will not in Return feed their Hunger; that the fordid Niggard should find any Sacrifices on the Altar of his Vanity, seems to arise from a blinder Idolatry, and a more bigotted and senseless Superstition, than any which the sharp Eyes of Priests have discovered in the human Mind.

All Gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by Title, Birth, Rank in Profession, Age, or actual Obligation, being to be considered as Equals, let us take some Lessons for their Behaviour to each other in public, from the following Examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to elect, as what we are to avoid. *Aubades* is so absolutely abandoned to his own Humour, that he never gives it up on any Occasion. If *Scrappina* herself, whose Charms one would imagine should infuse Alacrity into the Limbs of a Cripple sooner than the *Bath Waters*, was to offer herself for his Partner, he would answer, *He never danced*, even though the Ladies lost their Ball by it. Nor doth this Denial arise from Incapacity; for he was in his Youth an excellent Dancer, and still retains sufficient Knowledge of the Art, and sufficient Abilities in his  
Limbs

Limbs to practice it; but from an Affectation of Gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest Desire of others. *Dyskolus* hath the same Aversion to Cards; and though competently skilled in all Games, is by no Importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at *Ombre*, or a fourth at *Whisk* and *Quadrille*. He will suffer any Company to be disappointed of their Amusement, rather than submit to pass an Hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The Refusal of *Philautus* is not so general: he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite Game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are Men of Fortune, and the Consequences of Loss or Gain, at the Rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The Rebukes these People sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their Deserts than the Honour paid to *Charistus*, the Benevolence of whose Mind scarce permits him to indulge his own Will, unless by Accident. Though neither his Age nor Understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any Pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole Evening, rather than a fine young Lady should lose an Opportunity of display-

displaying her Charms by the several genteel and amiable Attitudes which this Exercise affords, the skilful of that Sex. And though Cards are not adapted to his Temper, he never once baulked the Inclinations of others on that Account,

But as there are many who will not in the least Instance mortify their own Humour to purchase the Satisfaction of all Mankind, so there are some who make no Scruple of satisfying their own Pride and Vanity, at the Expence of the most cruel Mortification of others. Of this Kind is *Agroicus*, who seldom goes to an Assembly, but he affronts half his Acquaintance, by overlooking, or disregarding them.

As this is a very common Offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its Cause and Effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make it appear, that there is no Behaviour (to speak like a Philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil Sense, more detestable than this.

The first Ingredient in this Composition is PRIDE, which, according to the Doctrine of some, is the universal Passion. There are others who consider it as the Foible of great Minds; and others

dehens again, who will have it to be the very Foundation of Greatness; and perhaps it may of that Greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many Parts of these Works: but to real Greatness, which is the Union of a good Heart with a good Head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the Depravity of both, and almost certainly from the Badness of the latter. Indeed, a little Observation will shew us, that Fools are the most addicted to this Vice; and a little Reflection will teach us, that it is incompatible with true Understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of Men have constantly lamented the Imbecility and Imperfection of their own Nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own Excellencies, and triumphing in their own Sufficiency.

PRIDE may, I think, be properly defined; *the Pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior Merit, on comparing it with that of others.* That it arises from this supposed Superiority is evident: for however great you admit a Man's Merit to be, if all Men were equal to him, there would be no Room for Pride: now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous Harm in it,

or at least, no more than is common to all other Folly; every Species of which is always liable to produce every Species of Mischief: Folly I fear it is; for should the Man estimate rightly on this Occasion, and the Ballance should fairly turn on his Side in this particular Instance; should he be indeed a greater Orator, Poet, General; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever Instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no Reason to abate his Pride? Is the Quality, in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed; Is it so entirely his own? Doth he not rather owe his Superiority to the Defects of others, than to his own Perfection? Or, lastly, Can he find in no Part of his Character, a Weakness which may counterpoise this Merit, and which as justly, at least, threatens him with Shame, as this entices him to Pride? I fancy, if such a Scrutiny was made, (and nothing so readily as good Sense to make it) a proud Man would be as rare, as in Reality he is a ridiculous Monster. But suppose a Man, on this Comparison, is (as may sometimes happen) a little partial to himself, the Harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my Excellence in Poetry to *Pope* or *Young*: if an inferior Actor should,



should, in his Opinion, exceed *Quin* or *Garrick*; or a Sign-Post Painter set himself above the inimitable *Hogarth*; we become only ridiculous by our Vanity; and the Persons themselves, who are thus humbled in the Comparison, would laugh with more Reason than any other. PRIDE therefore, hitherto, seems an inoffensive Weakness only, and entitles a Man to no worse an Appellation than that of a FOOL: but it will not stop here; though FOOL be perhaps no desirable Term, the proud Man will deserve worse: He is not contented with the Admiration he pays himself; he now becomes ARROGANT, and requires the same Respect and Preference from the World; for Pride, though the greatest of Flatterers, is by no means a profitable Servant to itself; it resembles the Parson of the Parish more than the Squire, and lives rather on the Tithes, Oblations, and Contributions it collects from others, than on its own Demesne. As Pride therefore is seldom without Arrogance, so is this never to be found without Insolence. The arrogant Man must be insolent, in order to attain his own Ends: and to convince and remind Men of the Superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill Words, Actions, and Gestures, endeavour to throw the despised Person at as much Distance as possible from

him. Hence proceeds that supercilious Look, and all those visible Indignities with which Men behave in public, to those whom they fancy their Inferiors. Hence the very notable Custom of deriding and often denying the nearest Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, in Poverty and Distress; lest we should anywise be levelled with the Wretches we despise, either in their own Imagination, or in the Conceit of any who should behold Familiarities pass between us.

But besides Pride, Folly, Arrogance, and Insolence, there is another Simple (which Vice never willingly leaves out of any Composition) and that is Ill-nature. A Good-natured Man may indeed (provided he is a Fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be; unless we will allow to such a still greater Degree of Folly, and Ignorance of human Nature; which may indeed entitle them to Forgiveness, in the benign Language of Scripture, because *they know not what they do*.

For when we come to consider the Effect of this Behaviour on the Person who suffers it, we may perhaps have Reason to conclude, that Murder is not a much more cruel Injury. What is the Consequence of this Contempt? or indeed,  
 What

What is the Design of it, but to expose the Object of it to Shame? a Sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest Pains inflicted on the Body: a Convulsion of the Mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces Symptoms of universal Disorder in the whole Man; which hath sometimes been attended with Death itself, and to which Death hath, by great Multitudes, been with much Alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest Degree of Ill-nature can permit a Man to pamper his own Vanity at the Price of another's Shame? Is the Glutton, who, to raise the Flavour of his Dish, puts some Bird or Beast to exquisite Torment, more cruel to the Animal, than this our proud Man to his own Species.

This Character then is a Composition made up of those odious contemptible Qualities, Pride, Folly, Arrogance, Insolence, and Ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general Observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a Light, that a Man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable Portion, either of Folly or Impudence, to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand Fallacy : for whereas this Wretch is endeavouring, by a supercilious Conduct, to lead the Beholder into an Opinion of his Superiority to the despised Person, he inwardly flatters his own Vanity with a deceitful Presumption, that this his Conduct is founded on a general pre-conceived Opinion of this Superiority.

Secondly, This Caution to preserve it, plainly indicates a Doubt, that the Superiority of our own Character is very slightly established; for which Reason we see it chiefly practiced by Men who have the weakest Pretensions to the Reputation they aim at : and indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble Person whom we have already mentioned in this Essay, and who can never be mentioned but with Honour, by those who know him.

Thirdly, This Opinion of our Superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a General behaving in this supercilious Manner to an Officer of lower Rank, who hath been greatly his Superior in that very Art, to his Excellence in which the General ascribes all his Merit. Paral-

1el Instances occur in every other Art, Science, or Profession.

Fourthly, Men who excel others in trifling Instances, frequently cast a supercilious Eye on their Superiors in the highest. Thus the least Pretensions to Pre-eminence in Title, Birth, Riches, Equipage, Dress, &c. constantly overlook the most noble Endowments of Virtue, Honour, Wisdom, Sense, Wit, and every other Quality which can truly dignify and adorn a Man.

Lastly, The lowest and meanest of our Species are the most strongly addicted to this Vice: Men who are a Scandal to their Sex, and Women who disgrace Human Nature: for the basest Mechanic is so far from being exempt, that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits Ale-Houses and Gin-Shops, and whistles in the empty Heads of Fiddlers, Mountebanks, and Dancing-Masters.

To conclude a Character, on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended Measure of this Essay: This Contempt of others is the truest Symptom of a base and a bad Heart. While it suggests itself to the Mean and the Vile, and tickles their little Fancy on every

Occasion, it never enters the great and good Mind, but on the strongest Motives; nor is it then a welcome Guest, affording only an uneasy Sensation, and brings always with it a Mixture of Concern and Compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior Criminals in Society. *Theoretus* conceiving that the Assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the Eyes of the whole Company. The Giant doth not take more Pains to be view'd; and as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous Place; nor will that suffice, he must walk about the Room, though to the great Disturbance of the Company; and if he can purchase general Observation, at no less Rate will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at, to being taken little Notice of.

On the other Side, *Dufopius* is so bashful, that he hides himself in a Corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first Chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public View. He trembles when you bowe to him at a Distance; is shocked at hearing his own Voice; and would almost swoon at the Repetition of his Name.

The

The audacious *Anclay*, who is extremely ambitious in his Inclinations, never likes a Woman, but his Eyes ask her the Question; without considering the Confusion he often occasions to the Object: he ogles and languishes at every pretty Woman in the Room. As there is no Law of Morality which he would not break to satisfy his Desires, so is there no Form of Civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets Possession of a Woman's Hand, which those of stricter Decency never give him but with Reluctance, he considers himself as its Master. Indeed there is scarce a Familiarity which he will abstain from, on the slightest Acquaintance, and in the most publick Place. *Seraphina* herself can make no Impression on the rough Temper of *Agroicus*; neither her Quality, nor her Beauty, can exact the least Complacence from him; and he would let her lovely Limbs ach, rather than offer her his Chair: while the gentle *Lyperus* tumbles over Benches, and overthrows Tea-Tables, to take up a Fan or a Glove: he forces you as a good Parent doth his Child, for your own Good: he is absolute Master of a Lady's Will, nor will allow her the Election of standing or sitting in his Company. In short, the imper-  
 tinent

tinent Civility of *Lyperus* is as troublesome, tho' perhaps not so offensive as the brutish Rudeness of *Agroicus*.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common Enormities committed in publick Assemblies, to our Equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this Sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the Particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last Place, to consider our Behaviour to our Inferiors: in which Condescension can never be too strongly recommended: for as a Deviation on this Side is much more innocent than on the other, so the Pride of Man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to over-rate our own Perfections, and undervalue the Qualifications of our Neighbours, we likewise set too high an Esteem on the Things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential Difference between us than they really do. The Qualities of the Mind do, in reality, establish the truest Superiority over one another; yet should not these so far elevate our Pride, as to inflate us with Contempt, and make us



us look down on our Fellow Creatures, as on Animals of an inferior Order: but that the fortuitous Accident of Birth, the Acquisition of Wealth, with some outward Ornaments of Dress, should inspire Men with an Insolence capable of treating the rest of Mankind with Disdain, is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily Experience could give it Credit.

If Men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate Classes, according to the superior Excellence of their several Natures, perhaps the lowest Class of either Sex would be properly assigned to those two Disgracers of the human Species, common called a Beau, and a fine Lady: For if we rate Men by the Faculties of the Mind, in what Degree must these stand? Nay, admitting the Qualities of the Body were to give the Pre-eminence, how many of those whom Fortune hath placed in the lowest Station, must be ranked above them? If Dress is their only Title, sure even the Monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a Footing as the Beau.—But perhaps I shall be told, they challenge their Dignity from Birth: That is a poor and mean Pretence to Honour, when supported with no other. Persons who have no better Claim to Superiority, should

should be ashamed of this ; they are really a Disgrace to those very Ancestors from whom they would derive their Pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate Portion of Understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet, who so prone to a contemptuous Carriage as these ! I have myself seen a little female Thing *which* they have called My Lady, of no greater Dignity in the Order of Beings than a Cat, and of no more Use in Society than a Butterfly ; whose Mien would not give even the Idea of a Gentlewoman, and whose Face would cool the loosest Libertine ; with a Mind as empty of Ideas as an Opera, and a Body fuller of Diseases than an Hospital. I have seen this *Thing* express Contempt to a Woman who was an Honour to her Sex, and an Ornament to the Creation,

To confess the Truth, there is little Danger of the Possessor's ever undervaluing this Titular Excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that Deference which the Policy of Government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact Compliance with this Respect, as a Fundamental in Good-Breeding ; nay, I insist  
 I only

only that we may be admitted to pay it; and not treated with a Disdain even beyond what the Eastern Monarchs shew to their Slaves. Surely it is too high an Elevation, when instead of treating the lowest human Creature, in a Christian Sense, as our Brethren; we look down on such as are but one Rank, in the Civil Order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the same Air, and regard the most distant Communication with them as an Indignity and Disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the Difference not in the Individual, but in the very Species; a Height of Insolence impious in a Christian Society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading Nation.

I have now done with my first Head, in which I have treated of Good-Breeding, as it regards our Actions. I shall, in the next Place, consider it with respect to our Words; and shall endeavour to lay down some Rules, by observing which our well-bred Man may, in his Discourse as well as Actions, contribute to the Happiness and Well-being of Society.

Certain it is, that the highest Pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in Conversation, is to be met with only in the Society of Persons whose  
Under-

Understanding is pretty near on an Equality with our own: nor is this Equality only necessary to enable Men of exalted Genius, and extensive Knowledge, to taste the sublimer Pleasures of communicating their refined Ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior Happiness of every subordinate Degree of Society, down to the very lowest. For Instance; we will suppose a Conversation between *Socrates, Plato, Aristotle*, and three Dancing-Masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the Heel Sophists would be as little pleased with the Company of the Philosophers, as the Philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly therefore for the Improvement and Happiness of Conversation, if Society could be formed on this Equality: but as Men are not ranked in this World by the different Degrees of their Understanding, but by other Methods, and consequently all Degrees of Understanding often meet in the same Class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the Impossibility of accomplishing any such *Utopian* Scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable Imperfection in Society itself.

But

But as we have laid it down as a Fundamental, that the Effence of Good-Breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the Ease and Happiness of Mankind; so will it be the Business of our well-bred Man to endeavour to lessen this Imperfection to his utmost, and to bring Society as near to a Level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two Ways to compass this, *viz.* by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose then, that very unequal Company I have before mentioned met: the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let *Socrates*, for Instance, institute a Discourse on the Nature of the Soul, or *Plato* reason on the native Beauty of Virtue, and *Aristotle* on his occult Qualities. — What must become of our Dancing-Masters? Would they not stare at one another with Surprise? and, most probably, at our Philosophers with Contempt? Would they have any Pleasure in such Society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a Dancing-School, or a Green-Room at the Play-House? What therefore have our Philosophers to do, but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And

And surely there are Subjects on which both can converse. Hath not *Socrates* heard of Harmony? Hath not *Plato*, who draws Virtue in the Person of a fine Woman, any Idea of the Gracefulness of Attitude? and hath not *Aristotle* himself written a Book on Motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many Topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd then must appear the Conduct of *Cenodoxus*, who having had the Advantage of a liberal Education, and having made a pretty good Progress in Literature, is constantly advancing learned Subjects in common Conversation? He talks of the Classics before the Ladies; and of *Greek* Criticisms among fine Gentlemen. What is this less than an Insult on the Company, over whom he thus affects a Superiority, and whose Time he sacrifices to his Vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable Conduct of *Sophronus*; who, though he exceeds the former in Knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial Matters, rather than introduce such as his Company are utter Strangers to. He can talk of  
Fashions

Fashions and Diversions among the Ladies; nay, can even condescend to Horses and Dogs with Country Gentlemen. This Gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest Points, can likewise talk on a Fan, or a Horse-Race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a Man of Learning, the least Reason to conceive the vast Knowledge of *Sophronus*, unless from the Report of others.

Let us compare these together. *Cenodoxus* proposes the Satisfaction of his own Pride from the Admiration of others; *Sophronus* thinks of nothing but their Amusement. In the Company of *Cenodoxus*, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of Knowledge, and longs for the End of the dull Assembly: With *Sophronus* all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their Knowledge of Matters which they find worthy the Consideration of a Man of Sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with Envy and Hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet Fruit of Good-Will. The former is shunned, the latter courted by all.

This Behaviour in *Cenodoxus* may, in some Measure, account for an Observation we must have frequent Occasion to make: That the Conversation of Men of very moderate Capacities is often preferred to that with Men of superior Talents: In which the World act more wisely than at first they may seem; for besides that Backwardness in Mankind to give their Admiration, what can be duller, or more void of Pleasure than Discourses on Subjects above our Comprehension! It is like listning to an unknown Language; and if such Company is ever desired by us, it is a Sacrifice to our Vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these Means raise the general Opinion of our own Parts and Knowledge; and not from that cheerful Delight which is the natural Result of an agreeable Conversation.

There is another very common Fault, equally destructive of this Delight, by much the same Means; though it is far from owing its Original to any real Superiority of Parts and Knowledge: This is discoursing on the Mysteries of a particular Profession, to which all the rest of the Company,



pany, except one or two, are utter Strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this Fault; as they are more confined to the Conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable Company spoilt, where there have been two of these Gentlemen present, who have seem'd rather to think themselves in a Court of Justice, than in a mixed Assembly of Persons, met only for the Entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole Company understand the Topic of their Conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every Subject not tending to their general Information or Amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the Relation of private Affairs, much less of the particular Grievance or Misfortune of a single Person. To bear a Share in the Afflictions of another is a Degree of Friendship not to be expected in a common Acquaintance; nor hath any Man a Right to indulge the Satisfaction of a weak and mean Mind by the Comfort of Pity, at the Expence of the whole Company's Diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful Members of the several Professions are generally guilty of this Fault; for as they fail of the Reward due

to their great Merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their Superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust Fate.

Farther; as a Man is not to make himself the Subject of the Conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every Man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other Words, as every Man is best pleased with the Conscience of pleasing; so should all have an equal Opportunity of aiming at it. This is a Right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a Man reputed a good Companion, who seldom opened his Mouth in Company, unless to swallow his Liquor; yet I have scarce ever heard that Appellation given to a very talkative Person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with Buffoon'ry, and made the rest amends, by partaking of their Scorn, together with their Admiration and Applause.

A well-bred Man therefore will not take more of the Discourse than falls to his Share: nor in this will he shew any violent Impetuosity of Temper,

per, or exert any Loudness of Voice, even in arguing; for the Information of the Company, and the Conviction of his Antagonist, are to be his apparent Motives; not the Indulgence of his own Pride, or an ambitious Desire of Victory; which latter if a wise Man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost Endeavour; since he must know, that to lay open his Vanity in public, is no less absurd than to lay open his Bosom to an Enemy, whose drawn Sword is pointed against it: for every Man hath a Dagger in his Hand, ready to stab the Vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now shewn, that the Pleasure of Conversation must arise from the Discourse being on Subjects levelled to the Capacity of the whole Company; from being on such in which every Person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his Share in the Discourse; and lastly, from carefully avoiding all Noise, Violence, and Impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular Rules for the Choice of those Subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful Delights proposed from this social Communication: but as such an Attempt might ap-

pear absurd, from the infinite Variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its Nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those Topics only which seem most foreign to this Delight, and which are most likely to be attended with Consequences rather tending to make Society an Evil, than to procure us any Good from it.

And First, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain Bounds, namely, Arguments: but which if they were entirely banished out of Company, especially from mixed Assemblies, and where Ladies make Part of the Society, it would, I believe, promote their Happiness: they have been sometimes attended with Bloodshed, generally with Hatred from the conquered Party towards his Victor; and scarce ever with Conviction. Here I except jocosè Arguments, which often produce much Mirth; and serious Disputes between Men of Learning (when none but such are present) which tend to the Propagation of Knowledge, and the Edification of the Company.

Secondly, Slander; which, however frequently used, or however savory to the Palate of Ill-nature,

repute, is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjust, and highly injurious to the Person slandered; and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed Companies; where sometimes an undesigned Offence is given to an innocent Relation or Friend of such Person, who is thus exposed to Shame and Confusion, without having any Right to resent the Affront. Of this there have been very tragical Instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great Pain, as well to the Person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent Occasion of giving the Offence.

Thirdly; all general Reflections on Countries, Religions, and Professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the Persons who with some Pleasantry ridicule their own Country. It is very common among us to cast Sarcasms on a neighbouring Nation, to which we have no other Reason to bear an Antipathy, than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it: But sure such general Satire is not founded on Truth: for I have known Gentlemen of that Nation possessed with every good Quality which are to be

wished in a Man, or required in a Friend, to remember a Repartee made by a Gentleman of this Country, which though it was full of the severest Wit, the Person to whom it was directed, could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great Bitterness inveighed against this whole People; upon which, one of them who was present, very coolly answered, *I don't know, Sir, whether I have not more Reason to be pleased with the Compliment you pay my Country, than to be angry with what you say against it; since by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it.* This exposed the other to so much Laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his Character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-manner'd Satire.

Fourthly; Blasphemy, and irreverent mention of Religion. I will not here debate what Compliment a Man pays to his own Understanding, by the Profession of Infidelity; it is sufficient to my Purpose, that he runs a Risque of giving the cruellest Offence to Persons of a different Temper: for if a Loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any Indecencies offered to the Person of a  
temporal

temporal Prince, how much more bitterly must a Man, who sincerely believes in such a Being as the Almighty, feel any Irreverence, or Insult shewn to his Name, his Honour, or his Institution? And notwithstanding the impious Character of the present Age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate Business it is to lead Men, as well by Example as Precept, into the Ways of Piety, there are still sufficient Numbers left, who pay so honest and sincere a Reverence to Religion, as may give us a reasonable Expectation of finding one at least of this Stamp in every large Company.

A fifth Particular to be avoided is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating such Words as would give an immediate Affront to a Lady of Reputation; but the raising any loose Ideas tending to the Offence of that Modesty, which if a young Woman hath not something more than the Affectation of, she is not worthy the Regard even of a Man of Pleasure, provided he hath any Delicacy in his Constitution. How inconsistent with Good-Breeding it is to give Pain and Confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all Double-  
Entendres,

Entendres, and obscene Jest, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no Ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational Mirth, than this loose Conversation. For my own Part, I cannot conceive how the Idea of Jest or Pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious Pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the Discredit of such Merriment, that it is commonly the last Resource of impotent Wit, the weak Strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest Fellows in the World.

Sixthly ; You are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any Person the Remembrance of some past Accident ; or raise an uneasy Reflection on a present Misfortune, or corporeal Blemish. To maintain this Rule nicely, perhaps requires great Delicacy ; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred Man. I have observed numberless Breaches of it ; many, I believe, proceeding from Negligence and Inadvertency ; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious Desire of triumphing in our own superior Happiness and Perfections : now when it proceeds from this Motive, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under



Under this Head I shall caution my well-bred Reader against a common Fault, much of the same Nature; which is mentioning any particular Quality as absolutely essential to either Man or Woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy, who is in the least self-conscious of the Defect. I have heard a *Boor* of Fashion declare in the Presence of Women remarkably plain, that Beauty was the chief Perfection of that Sex; and an Essential, without which no Woman was worth regarding. A certain Method of putting all those in the Room, who are but suspicious of their Defect that way, out of Countenance.

I shall mention one Fault more, which is, not paying a proper Regard to the present Temper of the Company, or the Occasion of their meeting, in introducing a Topic of Conversation, by which as great an Absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a Dirge at a Wedding, or an Epithalamium at a Funeral.

Thus

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal Errors which we are apt to fall into in Conversation; and though perhaps some Particulars worthy of Remark may have escaped me, yet an Attention to what I have here said, may enable the Reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded, that if the Rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our Conversation would be more perfect, and the Pleasure resulting from it purer, and more unfulled, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this Subject without some Animadversions on a particular Species of Pleasantry, which though I am far from being desirous of banishing from Conversation, requires, most certainly, some Reins to govern, and some Rule to direct it. The Reader may perhaps guess, I mean Raillery; to which I may apply the Fable of the Lap-Dog and the Ass: for while in some Hands it diverts and delights us with its Dexterity and Gentleness; in others, it paws, dawbs, offends, and hurts.

The

The End of Conversation being the Happiness of Mankind; and the chief Means to procure their Delight and Pleasure; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this End, which tends to make a Man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the Scorn and Contempt of others. I here except that Kind of Raillery therefore, which is concerned in tossing Men out of their Chairs, tumbling them into Water, or any of those handicraft Jokes which are exercised on those notable Persons, commonly known by the Name of Buffoons; who are contented to feed their Belly at the Price of their Br—ch, and to carry off the Wine and the P—fs of a Great Man together. This I pass by, as well as all Remarks on the Genius of the Great Men themselves, who are (to fetch a Phrase from School, a Place not improperly mentioned on this Occasion) great DABS at this kind of Face-tiousness.

But leaving all such Persons to expose Human Nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred Man, who aims at Raillery, the excellent Character given of *Horace* by *Perfius*.

*Omne vaser vitium videnti Flaccus amiso  
Tangit, et admissus circum Præcordia ludit,  
Callidus excusso Populum suspendere naso.*

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious Translator of that obscure Author.

*Yet cou'd strewd Horace, with disportive Wit,  
Rally bis Friend, and tickle while he bit :  
Winning Access, he play'd around the Heart,  
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.  
The Crowd he sneer'd ; but sneer'd with such a Grace,  
It pass'd for downright Innocence of Face.*

The Raillery which is consistent with Good-Breeding, is a gentle Animadversion on some Foible ; which while it raises a Laugh in the rest of the Company, doth not put the Person rallied out of Countenance, or expose him to Shame and Contempt. On the contrary, the Jest should be so delicate, that the Object of it should be capable of joining in the Mirth it occasions.

All great Vices therefore, Misfortunes, and notorious Blemishes of Mind or Body, are impro-

per Subjects of Raillery. Indeed, a Hint at such is an Abuse and Affront is sure to give the Person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) Pain and Uneasiness; and should be received with Contempt, instead of Applause, by all the rest of the Company.

Again; the Nature and Quality of the Person are to be considered. As to the first, some Men will not bear any Raillery at all. I remember a Gentleman who declared, *He never made a Jest, nor would ever take one.* I do not indeed greatly recommend such a Person for a Companion; but at the same Time, a well-bred Man, who is to consult the Pleasure and Happiness of the whole, is not at Liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the Quality, I mean the Sex, Degree, Profession, and Circumstances; on which Head I need not be very particular. With Regard to the two former, all Raillery on Ladies and Superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the Rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient Caution.

Lastly.

Lastly, A Consideration is to be had of the Persons before whom we rally. A Man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those Railleries in one Company, which he would very patiently bear the Imputation of in another. Instances on this Head are so obvious, that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole Doctrine of Raillery is comprized in this famous Line.

*QUID de QUOQUE viro et CUI dicas sepe caveto.*  
Be cautious WHAT you say, OF WHOM and TOWHOM.

And now methinks I hear some one cry out, that such Restrictions are, in Effect, to exclude all Raillery from Conversation: and, to confess the Truth, it is a Weapon from which many Persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a Weapon which doth the more Mischief, by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest Wit therefore is only to be indulged the free Use of it; for no more than a very slight Touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to *beu* a Carcase for Hounds, as *Shakespear* phrases it.

Nor

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost Tenderness and Good-nature: and as the nicest Dexterity of a Gladiator is shewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our Railier, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True Raillery indeed consists either in playing on Peccadillo's, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really Blemishes in a Character in the Company where they are made the Subject of Mirth; as too much Freedom with the Bottle, or too much Indulgence with Women, &c.

Or, Secondly, in pleasantly representing real good Qualities in a false Light of Shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So Generosity may be treated as Prodigality; Economy as Avarice; true Courage as Fool-Hardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly; in ridiculing Men for Vices and Faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the Cowardice of *A——le*, the Dulness of *Cb——d*, the Unpoliteness of *D——ton*, may be attacked without Danger of Offence; and thus *Lyt——n*

may be censured for whatever Vice or Folly you please to impute to him.

And however limited these Bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty Hands, I have known Raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive Entertainment to the whole Company.

I shall conclude this Essay with these two Observations; which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, That every Person who indulges his Ill-nature or Vanity, at the Expence of others; and in introducing Uneasiness, Vexation, and Confusion into Society; however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, That whoever, from the Goodness of his Disposition or Understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the Good-humour and Happiness of others, and to contribute to the Ease and Comfort of all his Acquaintance, however low in Rank Fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his Figure or Demeanour, hath, in the truest Sense of the Word, a Claim to Good-Breeding.



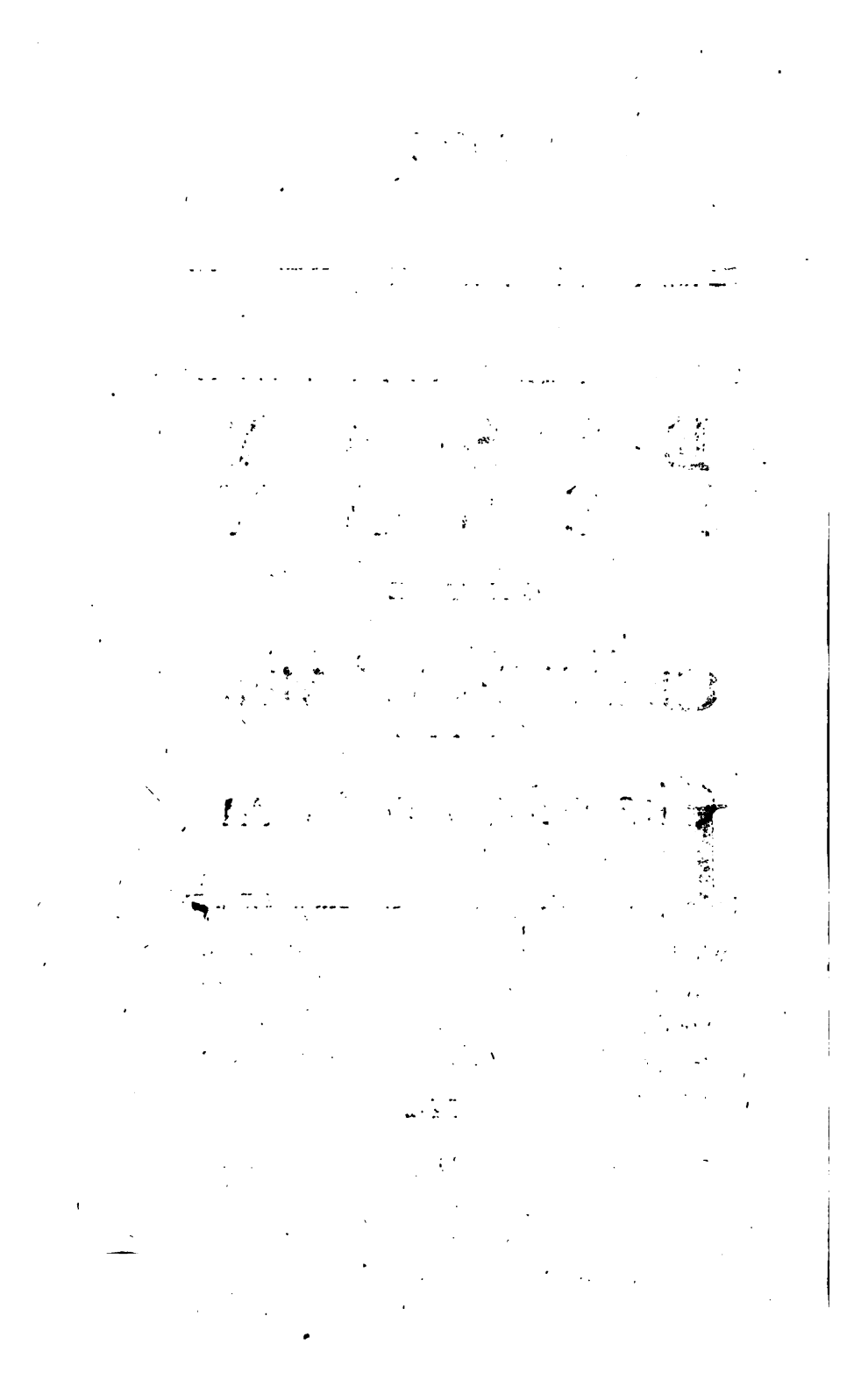
---

---

AN  
E S S A Y  
ON THE  
K N O W L E D G E  
OF THE  
Characters of Men.

---

---



---

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N T H E  
K N O W L E D G E  
O F T H E  
Characters of Men.

**I** Have often thought it a melancholy Instance of the great Depravity of Human Nature, that whilst so many Men have employed their utmost Abilities to invent Systems, by which the artful and cunning Part of Mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the World; few or none should have stood up the Champions of the innocent and undefining, and have endeavoured to arm them against Impostion.

Those who predicate of Man in general, that he is an Animal of this or that Disposition; seem to me not sufficiently to have studied Human Nature; for that immense Variety of Characters so apparent in Men even of the same Climate, Religion, and Education, which gives the Poet a sufficient Licence, as I apprehend, for saying, that

*Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast,*

could hardly exist, unless the Distinction had some original Foundation in Nature itself. Nor is it perhaps a less proper Predicament of the Genius of a Tree, that it will flourish so many Years, loves such a Soil, bears such a Fruit, &c. than of Man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original Difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong Inclination to Good or Evil, which distinguishes different Dispositions in Children, in their first Infancy; in the most un-informed Savages, who can be thought to have altered their Nature by no Rules, nor artfully acquired Habits; and lastly, in Persons who from the same Education, &c. might be thought

thought to have directed Nature the same Way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a Difference of Inclination or Character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired, original Distinction, in the Nature or Soul of one Man, from that of another.

Thus, without asserting in general, that Man is a deceitful Animal; we may, I believe, appeal for Instances of Deceit to the Behaviour of some Children and Savages. When this Quality therefore is nourished and improved by Education, in which we are taught rather to conceal Vices, than to cultivate Virtues; when it hath sucked in the Instruction of Politicians, and is instituted in the *Art of thriving*, it will be no Wonder that it should grow to that monstrous Height to which we sometimes see it arrive. *This Art of thriving* being the very Reverse of that Doctrine of the Stoics; by which Men were taught to consider themselves as Fellow-Citizens of the World, and to labour jointly for the common Good, without any private Distinction of their own: Whereas *This*, on the contrary, points out to every Individual his own particular and separate Advantage,

to which he is to sacrifice the Interest of all others; which he is to consider as his *Summum Bonum*, to pursue with his utmost Diligence and Industry, and to acquire by all Means whatever. Now when this noble End is once established, Deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary Means: for as it is impossible that any Man endowed with rational Faculties, and being in a State of Freedom, should willingly agree, without some Motive of Love or Friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own Interest to that of another; it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him, that his own Good is designed, and that he will be a Gainer by coming into those Schemes, which are, in Reality, calculated for his Destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very Essence of that excellent Art, called *The Art of Politics*.

Thus while the crafty and designing Part of Mankind, consulting only their own separate Advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant Imposition on others, the whole World becomes a vast Masquerade, where the greatest Part appear disguised under false Vizors and Habits; a very few only shewing their own Faces, who become, by so doing, the Astonishment and Ridicule of all the rest.

But

But however cunning the Disguise be which a ~~Misquerader~~ wears: however foreign to his Age, Degree, or Circumstance, yet if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the Discovery of an accurate Observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the Imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and shew herself; nor can the Cardinal, the Friar, or the Judge, long conceal the Sot, the Gamester, or the Rake.

In the same Manner will those Disguises which are worn on the greater Stage, generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real Character upon us, if we employ sufficient Diligence and Attention in the Scrutiny. But as this Discovery is of infinitely greater Consequence to us; and as perhaps all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few Rules, the Efficacy (I had almost said Infallibility) of which, I have myself experienced. Nor need any Man be ashamed of wanting or receiving Instructions on this Head; since that open Disposition, which is the surest Indication of an honest and upright Heart, chiefly renders us liable  
to

to be imposed on by Craft and Deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this Discovery.

Neither will the Reader, I hope, be offended, if he should here find no Observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general Rules of Morality, and yet thousands of Men are thought well employed in reviving our Remembrance, and enforcing our Practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my Readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this Head, and who are indeed fitter to give than receive Instructions, at least from me, yet this Essay may perhaps be of some Use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open honest and considering Part of Mankind, who, either from Ignorance or Inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious Designs of that detestable Fiend, Hypocrisy.

I will proceed therefore, without further Preface, to those Diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the Diseases of the Mind, seeing she takes such Pains to discover those of the Body. And first, I doubt whether the old Adage of *Fronti nulla Fides*, be generally well understood.



The Meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that *no Trust is to be given to the Countenance*. But what is the Context in *Juvenal*?

————— *Quis enim non vicus abundat*

*Tristibus obscuris?*

————— *What Place is not filled with  
austere Libertines?*

Now that an austere Countenance is no Token of Purity of Heart, I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is perhaps rather a Symptom of the contrary. But the Satyrift surely never intended by these Words, which have grown into a Proverb, utterly to depreciate an Art on which so wise a Man as *Aristotle* hath thought proper to compose a Treatise,

The Truth is, we almost universally mistake the Symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as grossly as a Physician would, who should conclude that a very high Pulse is a certain Indication of Health; but sure the Faculty would rather impute such a Mistake to his deplorable Ignorance, than conclude from it, that the Pulse could give a skilful and sensible Observer no Information of the Patient's Distemper.

In

In the same Manner, I conceive, the Passions of Men do commonly imprint sufficient Marks on the Countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of Skill in the Observer, that Physiognomy is of so little Use and Credit in the World.

But our Errors in this Disquisition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few Rules which generally prevail on this Head are utterly false, and the very Reverse of Truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we condescend to the Examination of some Particulars. Let us begin with the Instance given us by the Poet above, of Austerity; which, as he shews us, was held to indicate a Chastity or Severity of Morals, the contrary of which, as himself shews us, is true.

Among us, this Austerity, or Gravity of Countenance, passes for Wisdom with just the same Equity of Pretension. My Lord *Shaftsbury* tells us, that *Gravity is of the Essence of Imposture*. I will not venture to say, that it certainly denotes Folly, though I have known some of the silliest Fellows in the World very eminently possessed of it.

it: The Affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are Pride, Ill-nature, and Cunning. Three Qualities, which when we know to be inherent in any Man, we have no Reason to desire any further Discovery to instruct us, to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the World often pays a Respect to these Appearances which they do not deserve; they rather attract Admiration than Love, and inspire us rather with Awe than Confidence. There is a Countenance of a contrary Kind, which hath been called a Letter of Recommendation; which throws our Arms open to receive the Poison, divests us of all kind of Apprehension, and disarms us of all Caution: I mean that glavering sneering Smile, of which the greater Part of Mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the Sign of Good-Nature; whereas this is generally a Compound of Malice and Fraud, and as surely indicates a bad Heart, as a galloping Pulse doth a Fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this Deceit, by a gross but common Mistake of Good-Humour for

Good-Nature. Two Qualities so far from bearing any Resemblance to each other, that they are almost Opposites. Good-Nature is that benevolent and amiable Temper of Mind which disposes us to feel the Misfortunes, and enjoy the Happiness of others; and consequently pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract Contemplation on the Beauty of Virtue, and without the Allurements or Terrors of Religion. Now Good-Humour is nothing more than the Triumph of the Mind, when reflecting on its own Happiness, and that perhaps from having compared it with the inferior Happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering Smile, whose principal Ingredient is Malice, to be the Symptom of Good-Humour. And here give me Leave to define this Word Malice, as I doubt whether it be not in common Speech so often confounded with Envy, that common Readers may not have very distinct Ideas between them. But as Envy is a Repining at the Good of others, compared with our own, so Malice is a rejoicing at their Evil, on the same Comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close Affinity

to

to that univalent Disposition, which I have above described under the Word Good-Humour: for nothing is truer than that Observation, of *Shakespeare*;

*A Man may smile, and smile, and be a Villain.*

But how alien must this Countenance be to that heavenly Frame of Soul, of which *Jesus Christ* himself was the most perfect Pattern; of which blessed Person it is recorded, that he never was once seen to laugh, during his whole Abode on Earth. And what indeed hath Good-Nature to do with a smiling Countenance? It would be like a Purse in the Hands of a Miser, which he could never use. For admitting, that laughing at the Vices and Follies of Mankind is entirely innocent, (which is more perhaps than we ought to admit) yet surely their Miseries and Misfortunes are no Subjects of Mirth: And with these, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the World is so full of them, that scarce a Day passes without inclining a truly good-natured Man rather to Tears than Merriment.

Mr. *Hobbes* tells us, that Laughter arises from Pride, which is far from being a good-natured Passion.

Passion: And though I would not severely dis-  
 countenance all Indulgence of it, since Laugh-  
 ter, while confined to Vice and Folly, is no very  
 cruel Punishment on the Object, and may be at-  
 tended with good Consequences to him; yet we  
 shall, I believe, find, on a careful Examination  
 into its Motive, that it is not produced from Good  
 Nature. But this is one of the first Efforts of the  
 Mind, which few attend to, or indeed are ca-  
 pable of discovering; and however Self-Love  
 may make us pleased with seeing a Blemish in an-  
 other which we are ourselves free from, yet  
 Compassion on the first Reflection of any Unhap-  
 piness in the Object, immediately puts a Stop to  
 it in good Minds. For Instance; suppose a Per-  
 son well drest should tumble in a dirty Place in  
 the Street; I am afraid there are few who would  
 not laugh at the Accident: Now what is this  
 Laughter other than a convulsive Extasy, occa-  
 sioned by the Contemplation of our own Happi-  
 ness, compared with the unfortunate Person's! a  
 Pleasure which seems to favour of Ill-nature: but  
 as this is one of those first, and as it were, spon-  
 taneous Motions of the Soul, which few, as I have  
 said, attend to, and none can prevent; so it doth  
 not properly constitute the Character: When we  
 come

~~On the reflection on the Uncertainty of this Reason follows,~~  
 Laughter, in a good and delicate Mind, will be-  
 gin to change itself into Compassion; and in Pro-  
 portion as this latter operates on us, we may be  
 said to have more or less Good-Nature: but  
 should any fatal Consequence, such as a violent  
 Bruise, or the breaking of a Bone, attend the  
 Fall, the Man who should still continue to laugh,  
 would be entitled to the basest and vilest Appella-  
 tion with which any Language can stigmatize  
 him.

From what hath been said, I think we may  
 conclude, that a constant, settled, glowering, sneer-  
 ing Smile in the Countenance, is so far from indi-  
 cating Goodness, that it may be with much Con-  
 fidence depended on as an Assurance of the con-  
 trary.

But I would not be understood here to speak  
 with the least Regard to that amiable, open, com-  
 posed, cheerful Aspect, which is the Result of a  
 good Conscience, and the Emanation of a good  
 Heart; of both which it is an infallible Symptom;  
 and may be the more depended on, as it cannot,  
 I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable  
 Resemblance, by the nicest Power of Art.

Neither have I any Eye towards that honest, hearty, loud Chuckle, which shakes the Sides of Aldermen and 'Squires, without the least Provocation of a Jest; proceeding chiefly from a full Belly; and is a Symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive Quality, called Dulness, than which nothing is more risible: for as Mr. *Pope*, with exquisite Pleasantry, says;

— *Gentle Dulness ever loves a Joke.*

*i. e.* one of her own Jokes. These are sometimes performed by the Foot; as by leaping over Heads, or Chairs, or Tables, Kicks in the B——ch, &c. sometimes by the Hand; as by Slaps in the Face, pulling off Wigs, and infinite other Dexterities, too tedious to particularize: sometimes by the Voice; as by hollowing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i. e.* dull) Catches, by *merry* (*i. e.* dull) Fellows.

Lastly; I do by no means hint at the various Laughs, Titters, Tehes, &c. of the Fair Sex, with whom indeed this Essay hath not any thing to do; the Knowledge of the Characters of Women



men being foreign to my intended Purpose, as it is in Fact a Science, to which I make not the least Pretension.

The Smile or Sneer which composes the Countenance I have above endeavour'd to describe, is extremely different from all these: but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my Reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my Caution to him against this Symptom, in Part of a Line of *Horace*:

— *Hic niger est, hunc tu caveto.*

There is one Countenance, which is the plainest Instance of the general Misunderstanding of that Adage, *Fronti nulla Fides*. This is a fierce Aspect, which hath the same Right to signify Courage, as Gravity to denote Wisdom, or a Smile Good-Nature; whereas Experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most Men for the Symptom only of a Bully.

But I am aware, that I shall be reminded of an Assertion which I set out with in the Beginning of this Essay, viz. *That Nature gives us as sure*

*Symptoms of the Diseases of the Mind as she doth of those of the Body.* To which what I have now advanced may seem a Contradiction. The Truth is, Nature doth really imprint sufficient Marks in the Countenance, to inform an accurate and discerning Eye : but as such is the Property of few, the Generality of Mankind mistake the Affectation for the Reality : for as Affectation always over-acts her Part, it fares with her as with a Farical Actor on the Stage, whose monstrous over-done Grimaces are sure to catch the Applause of an insensible Audience ; while the truest and finest Strokes of Nature, represented by a judicious and just Actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same Manner, the true Symptoms being finer, and less glaring, make no Impression on our Physiognomist ; while the grosser Appearances of Affectation are sure to attract his Eye, and deceive his Judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating Look, which is almost a certain Token of Understanding ; that cheerful composed Serenity, which always indicates Good-Nature ; and that fiery Cast of the Eyes, which is never unaccompanied with Courage, are often over-looked : while a formal, stately, austere Gravity ; a glowering fawning Smile, and a strong  
 Contraction

Contraction of the Muscles, pass generally on the World for the Virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these Rules are, I believe, none of them without some Exceptions; as they are of no Use but to an Observer of much Penetration: Lastly, as a more subtle Hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest Discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible Guide to direct us to the Knowledge of Men; one more easily to be attained, and on the Efficacy of which we may with the greatest Certainty rely.

And surely the Actions of Men seem to be the justest Interpreters of their Thoughts, and the truest Standards by which we may judge them. *By their Fruits you shall know them*, is a Saying of great Wisdom, as well as Authority. And indeed this is so certain a Method of acquiring the Knowledge I contend for, that at first Appearance, it seems absolutely perfect, and to want no manner of Assistance.

There are, however, two Causes of our Mistakes on this Head; and which lead us into form-

ing very erroneous: Judgments of Men, even while their Actions stare us in the Face, and as it were hold a Candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is when we take their own Words against their Actions: This (if I may borrow another Illustration from Physic) is no less ridiculous, than it would be in a learned Professor of that Art, when he perceives his light-headed Patient is in the utmost Danger, to take his Word that he is well. This Error is infinitely more common than its extream Absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous Person hath been ruined by trusting to the Assertions of another, who must have preserved himself, had he placed a wiser Confidence in his Actions.

The Second is an Error still more general. This is when we take the Colour of a Man's Actions not from their own visible Tendency, but from his public Character: when we believe what others say of him, in Opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived, out of the Credit of a Fact, or out of  
a just

unjust Opinion of its Heinousness, by the reputed  
 Dignity or Honesty of the Person who did it?  
 How common are such Ejaculations as these?  
 "O 'tis impossible HE should be guilty of any  
 such Thing! HE must have done it by Mistake;  
 HE could not design it. I will never believe  
 any Ill of HIM. So good a Man, &c.!" when  
 an Reality, the Mistake lies only in his Character.  
 Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insuf-  
 ficient Method of judging Mankind, than by pub-  
 lic Estimation, which is oftner acquired by Deceit,  
 Partiality, Prejudice, and such like, than by real  
 Defect. I will venture to affirm, that I have  
 known some of *the best sort of Men in the World*,  
 (to use the vulgar Phrase,) who would not have  
 scrupled cutting a Friend's Throat; and a *Fellow*  
*whom no Man should be seen to speak to*, capable of  
 the highest Acts of Friendship and Benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of  
 both these Errors, before we can reasonably hope  
 to attain any adequate Knowledge of the true  
 Characters of Men. Actions are their own best  
 Expositors; and though Crimes may admit of al-  
 leviating Circumstances, which may properly in-  
 duce a Judge to mitigate the Punishment; from

the Motive, for Instance, as Necessity may lessen the Crime of Robbery, when compared to Wantonness or Vanity; or from some Circumstances attending the Fact itself, as robbing a Stranger, or an Enemy, compared with committing it on a Friend or Benefactor, yet the Crime is still Robbery, and the Person who commits it is a Robber; though he should pretend to have done it with a good Design, or the World should concur in calling him an honest Man.

But I am aware of another Objection which may be made to my Doctrine, *viz.* admitting that the Actions of Men are the surest Evidence of their Character, that this Knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us against a Highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an In incendiary, after he hath fired our House.

To which I answer, That it is not against Force, but Deceit, which I am here seeking for Armour; against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good Opinion. If therefore I can instruct my Reader from what sort of Persons he is to with-hold this Opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal Arts by which Deceit

cell proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat its Purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the Design of this Essay.

And here, the first Caution I shall give him is against FLATTERY, which I am convinced no one uses, without some Design on the Person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain Nobleman, who though he was an immoderate Lover of receiving Flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this Vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling Men their Faults. A Friend, who had his Intimacy, one Day told him; He wondered that he who loved Flattery better than any Man living, did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such plentiful Interest. To which he answered, Though he admitted the Justness of the Observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the Nature of Men, how greedy they are of Praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a Debt seldom paid, even to the greatest Merit, 'till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude, that  
this

his Profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds; as *Martial* says of a Beggar's Present, from some other Motive than Generosity or Good-will.

But indeed there are few whose Vanity is so foul a Feeder, to digest Flattery, if undisguis'd: It must impose on us, in order to allure us: Before we can relish it, we must call it by some other Name; such as, a just Esteem of, and Respect for our real Worth; a Debt due to our Merit, and not a Present to our Pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all those great or good Qualities which are extoll'd in us; yet considering, as I have said above, with what Reluctance such Debts are paid, we may justly suspect some Design in the Person who so readily and forwardly offers it us. It is well observ'd; That we do not attend, without Uneasiness, to Praises in which we have no Concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the Praise of another, without some Expectation from it.

A Flatterer therefore is a just Object of our Distrust, and will, by prudent Men, be avoided.

Next



Next to the Flatterer is the Professor, who carries his Affection to you still farther; and on a slight or no Acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest Esteem for your Person, Parts, and Virtues. To know whether this Friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the Nature of Friendship, which is always founded either on Esteem or Gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now Esteem, admitting every Requisite for its Formation present, and there are not a few, is of very slow Growth; it is an involuntary Affection, rather apt to give us Pain than Pleasure, and therefore meets with no Encouragement in our Minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible Degrees. And perhaps, when it hath got an absolute Possession of us, may require some other Ingredient to engage our Friendship to its own Object. It appears then pretty plain, that this Mushroom Passion here mentioned, owes not its Original to Esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from Gratitude, which may indeed produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge: for though there are some Minds whom no Benefits can inspire with Gratitude; there are more, I believe, who conceive this Affection

fection without even a supposed Obligation. If therefore you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that Gratitude is not the Motive to his Friendship. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of these Fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its Falshood; and if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your Heart, as he doth who knowingly lodges a Viper in his Bosom, or a Thief in his House. **FORGIVE THE ACTS OF YOUR ENEMIES** hath been thought the highest Maxim of Morality; **FEAR THE PROFESSIONS OF YOUR FRIENDS**, is perhaps the wisest.

The Third Character against which an open Heart should be alarmed, is a **PROMISER**; one who rises another Step in Friendship. The Man who is wantonly profuse of his Promises ought to sink his Credit as much as a Tradesman would by uttering great Numbers of Promissory Notes, payable at a distant Day. The truest Conclusion in both Cases is, that neither intend, or will be able to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your Money, so the former at least designs to cheat you of your Thanks; and it is well for you, if he hath no deeper Purpose, and

and that Vanity is the only evil Passion to which he destines you a Sacrifice,

I would not be here understood to point at the Promises of political Great Men, which they are supposed to lie under a Necessity of giving in great Abundance, and the Value of them is so well known, that few are to be imposed on by them. The Professor I here mean, is he who on all Occasions is ready, of his own Head, and unasked, to promise Favours. This is such another Instance of Generosity, as his who relieves his Friend in Distress, by a Draught on \* *Aldgate* Pump. Of these there are several Kinds: some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again, who promise so many, that like Debtors, being not able to pay all their Debts, they afterwards pay none.

The Man who is inquisitive into the Secrets of your Affairs, with which he hath no Concern, is another Object of your Caution. Men no more desire another's Secrets, to conceal them, than they would another's Purse, for the Pleasure only of carrying it.

\* A Mercantile Phrase for a bad Note.

same Time will endeavour so plainly to describe its Outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any Mistake, to fall into its Snare.

With Regard then to the Inside (if I am allowed that Expression) of this Character; the Scripture-writers have employed uncommon Labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the Chapter above-cited. *It devours Widows Houses; it makes its Proselytes two-fold more the Children of Hell; it omits the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith; it strains\* off a Gnat, and swallows a Camel; it is full of Exortion and Excess.* St. Paul, in his first Epistle to Timothy, says of them, *That they speak Lies, and their Conscience is seared with a red hot Iron.* And in many Parts of the Old Testament, as in Job; *Let the Hypocrite reign not, lest the People be ensnared:* And Solomon in his Proverbs; *An Hypocrite with his Mouth destroyeth his Neighbour.*

In these several Texts, most of the Enormities of this Character are described: but there is one

\* So is the Greek, which the Translators have mistaken: They render it, *strain at a Gnat*, i. e. struggle in swallowing, whereas, in Reality, the Greek Word is, to strain through a Cullender; and the Idea is, that though they pretend their Consciences are so fine, that a Gnat is with Difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a Camel.

which

which deserves a fuller Comment, as pointing at  
 its very Essence: I mean the thirteenth Verse of  
 the twenty third Chapter of St. *Matthew*, where  
*Jesus* addresses himself thus to the *Pharisees*:  
*Hypocrites; for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven*  
*against Men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither*  
*suffer ye them that are entering to go in.*

This is an admirable Picture of sanctified Hy-  
 pocrisy, which will neither do Good itself, nor  
 suffer others to do it. But if we understand the  
 Text figuratively, we may apply it to that cen-  
 sorious Quality of this Vice, which as it will do no-  
 thing honestly to deserve Reputation, so is it ever  
 industrious to deprive others of the Praises due to  
 their Virtues. It confines all Merit to those exter-  
 nal Forms which are fully particularized in Scrip-  
 ture; of these it is itself a rigid Observer; hence it  
 must derive all Honour and Reward in this  
 World; nay, and even in the next, if it can im-  
 pose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of  
 cheating the Almighty, and obtaining any Reward  
 there.

Now a Galley-Slave, of an envious Disposition,  
 doth not behold a Man free from Chains, and at  
 his Ease; with more Envy than Persons in these

Fetters of Sanctity view the rest of Mankind; especially such as they behold without them *entring into the Kingdom of Heaven*: These are indeed the Objects of their highest Animosity, and are always the surest Marks of their Detraction. Persons of more Goodness than Knowledge of Mankind, when they are calumniated by these Saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the Calumny to an Ignorance of their real Character; and imagine if they could better inform the said Saints of their innate Worth, they should be better treated by them; but alas, this is a total Mistake: the more Good a sanctified Hypocrite knows of an open and an honest Man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an Opportunity of detracting from his real Merit.

But Envy is not their only Motive of Hatred to Good-Men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and consequently exposed by them. A Hypocrite in Society lives in the same Apprehension with a Thief, who lies concealed in the midst of the Family he is to rob: for this fabricates himself perceived when he is least so; every Motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one who enters the Room,

knows

knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than Fear, many an innocent Person, who suspects no Evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it:

Now in destroying the Reputation of a virtuous and good Man, the Hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his Enemy of all Weapons to hurt him; and therefore this sanctified Hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own Vices, than to obscure and contaminate the Virtues of others. As the Business of such a Man's Life is to procure Praise, by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved Character; so is his utmost Care employed to deprive those who have an honest Claim to the Character himself affects only, of all the Emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The Prophet *Isaiab* speaks of these People, where he says, *Woe unto them who call Evil Good, and Good Evil; that put Darknes for Light, and Light for Darknes, &c.* In his Sermon on which Text, the witty Dr. *South* hath these Words. — *DETRACTION is that killing poisonous Arrow, drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always flying*

*about, and doing Execution in the Dark: Against which NO VIRTUE IS A DEFENCE, NO INNOCENCE A SECURITY. It is a Weapon forged in Hell, and formed by that prime Artificer and Engineer, the Devil; and none but that Great God, who knows all Things, and can do all Things, can protect the BEST of Men against it.*

To these likewise *Martial* alludes in the following Lines.

*Ut bene loquatur Sentiatque Mamercus,  
Efficere nullis, Aule, Moribus possis.*

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious Branch of this Character, as it is a very pernicious one; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other Qualities. Indeed there is no Species of Mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private Villanies it daily transacts, most of the great Evils which have affected Society, Wars, Murders, and Massacres, have owed their Original to this abominable Vice; which is the Destroyer of the Innocent, and Protector of the Guilty; which hath introduced all manner of Evil into the World,

x

and



and hath almost expelled every Grain of Good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat Men into the Pursuit of Sorrow and Misery, under the Appearance of Virtue, and to frighten them from Mirth and Pleasure, under the Colour of Vice, or, if you please, SIN? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous Potion, made up of Malevolence, Austerity, and such cursed Ingredients, while it embitters the delightful Draught of innocent Pleasure with the nauseous Relish of Fear and Shame.

No wonder then that this malignant cursed Disposition, which is the Disgrace of Human Nature, and the Bane of Society, should be spoke against with such remarkable Bitterness, by the benevolent Author of our Religion, particularly in the thirty third Verse of the above cited Chapter of *St. Matthew*.

YE SERPENTS, YE GENERATION OF VIPERS,  
HOW CAN YE ESCAPE THE DAMNATION OF  
HELL?

Having now dispatched the Inside of this Character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make

any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the Outside, in order to furnish honest Men with sufficient Rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine Guide, whom we have in the former Part followed:

First then, beware of that sanctified Appearance, that whited Sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all Uncleanness. Those who make clean the Outside of the Platter, but within are full of Extortion and Excess.

Secondly, Look well to those who bind heavy Burdens, and grievous to be born, and lay them on Mens Shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their Fingers.

These heavy Burdens (says Burkit) were Counsels and Directions, Rules and Canons, Austerities and Severities, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon their Hearers. This requires no further Comment: for, as I have before said, these Hypocrites place all Virtue, and all Religion, in the Observation of those *Austerities and Severities*, with-

out

could which the truest and purest Goodness will never receive their Commendation: but how different this Doctrine is from the Temper of Christianity, may be gathered by that Total of all Christian Morality, with which *Jesus* sums up the excellent Precepts delivered in his divine Sermon: **THEREFORE do unto all Men as ye would they should do unto you: FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.**

Thirdly, Beware of all Ostentation of Virtue, Goodness, or Piety. By this Ostentation I mean that of the Countenance and the Mouth, or of some external Forms. And this, I apprehend, is the Meaning of *Jesus*, where he says, *They do their Works to be seen of Men*, as appears by the Context; *They make broad their Phylacteries, and enlarge the Borders of their Garments.* These *Phylacteries* were certain Scrowls of Parchment, whereon were written the ten Commandments, and particular Parts of the *Mosaic* Law, which they ostentatiously wore on their Garments, thinking by that Ceremony to fulfil the Precept delivered to them in a Verse of *Deuteronomy*, though they neglected to fulfil the Laws they wore thus about them.

Another Instance of their Ostentation was ~~making~~ long Prayers, i. e. (says *Burkett*) making long Prayers (or perhaps pretending to make them) in the Temples and Synagogues for Widows, and thereupon persuading them to give bountifully to the Corban, or the common Treasure of the Temple; some Part of which was employed for their Maintenance.

Learn, 1. It is no NEW Thing for designing Hypocrites to cover the foulest Transgression with the Cloak of Religion. The Pharisees make long Prayers a Cover for their Covetousness. 2. That to make use of Religion in Policy for worldly Advantage sake, is the Way to be damned with a Vengeance for Religion's sake.

Again says Jesus — in paying Tithe of Mint and Anise and Cummin, while they omit the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith: By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any Inhibition of paying the Priest his Dues; but, as my Commentator observes, an Ostentation of a precise keeping the Law in smaller Matters, and neglecting weightier Duties: They paid Tythe of Mint, Anise, and Cummin (i. e.

of

of the minutest and most worthless Things) but *at the same Time omitted Judgment, Mercy, and Faith, that is, just Dealing among Men, Charity towards the Poor, and Faithfulness in their Promises and Covenants one with another.* This, says our Saviour, is TO STRAIN AT a Gnat, and swallow a Camel: A proverbial Expression, intimating, that some Persons pretend great Niceness and Scrupulosity about small Matters, and none, or but little, about Duties of the greatest Moment. Hence, Note, That Hypocrites lay the greatest Stress upon the least Matters in Religion, and place Holiness most in these Things where God places it least. Ye Tythe Mint, &c. but neglect the weightier Matters of the Law. This is indeed the Bane of all Religion and true Piety, to prefer Rituals and human Institutions before divine Commands, and the Practice of Natural Religion. **THUS TO DO IS A CERTAIN SIGN OF GROSS HYPOCRISY.**

Nothing can, in Fact, be more foreign to the Nature of Virtue, than Ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that could Men behold her naked, they would be all in Love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a Sight very rare or difficult

to come at; and indeed there is always a modest Backwardness in true Virtue to expose her naked Beauty. She is conscious of her innate Worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the publick View. It is the Harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the Charms she counterfeit, in order to attract Men's Applause, and to work her sinister Ends by gaining their Admiration and their Confidence.

I shall mention but one Symptom more of this Hypocrisy; and this is a Readiness to censure the Faults of others. *Judge not, says Jesus, lest you be judged.*—And again; *Why beholdest thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but considerest not the Beam that is in thine own Eye?* On which the abovementioned Commentator rightly observes, *That those who are most censorious of the lesser Infirmities of others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater Failings themselves.* This sanctified Slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the Effect of Anger or Wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And

And here I shall dismiss my Character of a sanctified Hypocrite, with the honest Wish which *Shakespeare* hath launched forth against an execrable Villain :

or this

*That Heaven would put in every honest Hand a Whip,  
To lash the Rascal naked through the World.*

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal Methods by which Deceit works its Ends on easy, credulous, and open Dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the Symptoms by which they may be discovered: but while Men are blinded by Vanity and Self-Love, and while artful Hypocrits know how to adapt itself to their Blind-folds, and to humour their Passions, it will be difficult for honest and undefigning Men to escape the Snares of Cunning and Imposition; I shall therefore recommend one more certain Rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great measure, extirpate all Fallacy out of the World; or must at least so effectually disappoint its Purposes, that it would soon be worth no Man's while to assume it, and the Character of Knave and

and Fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in Reality) allied, or united.

This Method is, carefully to observe the Actions of Men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in Blood, Marriage, Friendship, Profession, Neighbourhood, or any other Connection: nor can you want an Opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of Men would rashly and madly place a Confidence which may very materially affect him in any one, on a slight or no Acquaintance.

Trace then the Man proposed to your Trust, into his private Family and nearest Intimacies. See whether he hath acted the Part of a good Son, Brother, Husband, Father, Friend, Master, Servant, &c. if he hath discharged these Duties well, your Confidence will have a good Foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these Offices with Tyranny, with Cruelty, with Infidelity, with Inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first Opportunity his Interest points out to him, of exercising the same ill Talents at your Expence.

I have



I have often thought Mankind would be little liable to Deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own Eyes, and judge of Men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected: Whereas how common is it to persuade ourselves, that the undutiful, ungrateful Son, the unkind, or barbarous Brother; or the Man who is void of all Tendernefs, Honour, or even Humanity, to his Wife or Children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful Friend! But how monstrous a Belief is it, that the Person whom we find incapable of discharging the nearest Duties of Relation, whom no Ties of Blood or Affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that Goodness which Instinct infuses into the brute Creation; that such a Person should have a sufficient Stock of Virtue to supply the arduous Character of Honour and Honesty. This is a Credulity so absurd, that it admits of no Aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our Prudence, than an Opinion that the Man whom we see act the Part of a Villain to others,  
 should

should on some minute Change of Person, Time, Place, or other Circumstance, behave like an honest and just Man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the Doctrine of Repentance, any more than its Tendency to the Good of Society; but, as the Actions of Men are the best Index to their Thoughts, as they do, if well attended to, and understood, with the utmost Certainty demonstrate the Character; and as we are not so certain of the Sincerity of the Repentance, I think we may with Justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our Confidence, that a Man whom we once knew to be a Villain, remains a Villain still.

And now let us see whether these Observations, extended a little further, and taken into public Life, may not help us to account for some Phenomena which have lately appeared in this Hemisphere: For as a Man's good Behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest Connection is the best Assurance to which a Stranger can trust for his honest Conduct in any Engagement he shall enter into with him; so is a worthy Discharge of the social Offices of a private Station, the strongest Security which a Man can give of an

an upright Demeanour in any public Trust, if his Country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied, that the most popular Speeches, and most plausible Pretences of one of a different Character, are only gilded Snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us; in some manner or other, to his own sinister Purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. *Pope's* Letters; "How shall a Man love  
 "five Millions, who could never love a single Per-  
 "son?" If a Man hath more Love than what centers in himself, it will certainly light on his Children, his Relations, Friends, and nearest Acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general Philanthropy, or Love to Mankind? Now as a good Man loves his Friend better than a common Acquaintance; so Philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own Country than any other: but no Man can have this general Philanthropy who hath not private Affection, any more than he who hath not Strength sufficient to lift ten Pounds, can at the same Time be able to throw a hundred Weight over his Head. Therefore the bad Son, Husband, Father, Brother, Friend; in a Word, the bad Man in private can never be a sincere Patriot.

In

In *Rome* and *Sparta*. I agree it was otherwise for their Patriotism, by Education, became a Part of the Character. Their Children were nursed in Patriotism, it was taught them at an Age when Religion in all Countries is first inculcated. And as we see Men of all Religions ready to lay down their Lives for the Doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered) so were these *Spartans* and *Romans* ready with an implicit Faith to die for their Country. Though the private Morals of the former were very depraved, and the latter were the public Robbers of Mankind.

Upon what Foundation their Patriotism then stood, seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For I apprehend, if twenty Boys were taught from their Infancy to believe, that the *Royal-Exchange* was the Kingdom of Heaven; and consequently inspired with a suitable Awe for it; and lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and god-like to defend it; nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their Lives to

its

its Defence; at least it is impossible that any of them would agree for a paltry Reward, to set it on Fire; not even, though they were Rogues and Highwaymen in their Disposition. But if you were admitted to chuse twenty of such Dispositions at the Age of Manhood, who had never learnt any thing of its Holiness, contracted any such Awe, nor imbibed any such Duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their Lives in its Cause; nor should I doubt, could I perswade them of the Security of the Fact, of bribing them to apply the Firebrand to any Part of the Building I pleased.

But a worthy Citizen of *London*, without borrowing any such Superstition from Education, would scarce be tempted by any Reward, to deprive the City of so great an Ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its Trade; at the same Time, to endanger the Ruin of Thousands, and perhaps the Destruction of the whole.

The Application seems pretty easy, That as there is no such Passion in Human Nature as Patriotism, considered abstractedly, and by itself, it

must be introduced by Art; and that while the Mind of Man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed Character susceptible of any arbitrary Impression you please to make on it: or, Secondly, it must be founded on Philanthropy, or universal Benevolence; a Passion which really exists in some Natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent Quality abovementioned: for as it seems granted, that the Man cannot love a Million who never could love a single Person; so with it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single Man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many Millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to shew the several Methods by which we can propose to get any Insight into the Characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the Cunning and Designs of Hypocrisy. These Methods I have shewn to be three-fold, *viz.* by the Marks which Nature hath imprinted on the Countenance, by their Behaviour to ourselves, and by their Behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some Incertainty; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure

with proper Caution, against the subtle Devices of Hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the Vices which have ever corrupted the Nature of Man.

But however useless this Treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my Reader; and sure no honest undefigning Man can ever be too much on his Guard against the Hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of Society.







---

---

AN  
E S S A Y  
ON  
*NOTHING.*

---

---

E R S E

MONDAY

The 12th

I

THEY

---

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
N O T H I N G.

The INTRODUCTION.

**I**T is surprizing, that while such trifling Mat-  
ters employ the masterly Pens of the present  
Age, the great and noble Subject of this  
Essay should have passed totally neglected; and  
the rather, as it is a Subject to which the Genius  
of many of those Writers who have unsuccessfully  
applied themselves to Politics, Religion, &c. is  
most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their Unwillingness to handle what is of such Importance, may not improperly be ascribed to their Modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this Vice on every Occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose Assurance in treating other Subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the Awe with which this Nothing inspires Mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many Persons of very high Character among us, that were Title, Power, or Riches to allure them, they would shuck at it.

But whatever be the Reason, certain it is, that except a hardy Wit in the Reign of *Charles, II.* none ever hath dared to write on this Subject. I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed, that most of our modern Authors, however foreign the Matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the Work to this in the End.

I hope, however, this Attempt will not be imputed to me as an Act of Immodesty; since I am convinced there are many Persons in this Kingdom,

dom, who are persuaded of my Fithes for what  
 at have undertaken. But as calling of a Man's  
 Self is generally suspected to arise from Vanity, I  
 shall without any more Excuse or Preface, pro-  
 ceed to my Essay.

S E C T. I.  
*Of the Antiquity of NOTHING.*

**T**H E R E is nothing faller than that old  
 Proverb, which (like many other Fal-  
 hoods) is in every one's Mouth;

*Ex Nibilo nihil Fit.*

Thus translated by *Shakespeare* in *Lear*.  
 I did Nothing can come of Nothing.

Whereas in Fact, from Nothing proceeds every  
 Thing. And this is a Truth confessed by the Phi-  
 losophers of all Sects: the only Point in Contro-  
 versy between them being, whether Something  
 made the World out of Nothing, or Nothing out  
 of Something. A Matter not much worth de-  
 bating at present, since either will equally serve  
 our

our Turn. Indeed the Wits of all Ages seem to have ranged themselves on each Side of this Question, as their Genius tended more or less to the Spiritual or Material Substance. For those of the more spiritual Species have inclined to the former, and those whose Genius hath partaken more of the chief Properties of Matter, such as Solidity, Thickness, &c. have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the *Artifex* or *Materia* only, it is plain in either Case, it will have a Right to claim to itself the Origination of all Things.

And farther, the great Antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the Accounts we have of the Beginning of every Nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first Pages, and sometimes Books of all general Historians; and indeed, the Study of this important Subject fills up the whole Life of an Antiquary, it being always at the Bottom of his Enquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite Labour and Pains.

S E C T.



shock him, and he would immediately reply, it was *Nothing*.

Some Persons perhaps will say then, we have no Idea of it: but as I can support the contrary by such undoubted Authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle Opinions, proceed to shew, First, what *Nothing* is; Secondly, I shall disclose the various Kinds of *Nothing*; and lastly, shall prove its great Dignity, and that it is the End of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define *Nothing* in positive Terms, I shall therefore do it in Negative. *Nothing* then is not *Something*. And here I must object to a third Error concerning it, which is, that it is in no Place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its Existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest Place on this Earth, *viz.* the human Brain. But indeed this Mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise Men; who having spent their whole Lives in the Contemplation and Pursuit of *Nothing*, have at last gravely concluded — *That there is Nothing in this World.*

Farther;



Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so every thing which is not Something, is Nothing; and wherever Something is not, Nothing is: a very large Allowance in its Favour, as must appear to Persons well-skilled in human Affairs.

For Instance; when a Bladder is full of Wind, it is full of Something; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is Nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a Man as of a Bladder. However well he may be bedawbed with Lace, or with Title, yet if he have not Something in him, we may predicate the fame of him as of an empty Bladder.

But, if we cannot reach an adequate Knowledge of the true Essence of Nothing, no more than we can of Matter, let us, in Imitation of the Experimental Philosophers, examine some of its Properties or Accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite Advantages which Nothing hath over Something: for while the latter is confined to one Sense, or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the Object of them all.

For

Nothing is, as well the Object of our Passions as our Senses. Thus there are many the late Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and others who fear Nothing. &c.

We have already mentioned three of the Properties of a Noun, to belong to Nothing: we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claim'd by it: and that Nothing is as often the Object of the Understanding, as of the Senses.

Indeed some have imagined, that Knowledge, with the Adjective *human* placed before it, is another Word for Nothing. And one of the wisest Men in the World declared, he knew nothing.

But without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a Man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many Works of our ingenious Moderns, with proper Attention and Emolument, will, I believe, confess, that if he understands them right, he understands *Nothing*.

This

. This is a Secret not known to all Readers; and want of this Knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a Book, or Chapter, or Paragraph, hath seem'd to the Reader to contain Nothing, his Modesty hath sometimes perswaded him; that the true Meaning of the Author hath escap'd him, instead of concluding, as in Reality the Fact was, that the Author, in the said Book, &c. did truly, and *bonâ Fide*, mean Nothing. I remember once, at the Table of a Person of great Eminence, and one no less distinguished by Superiority of Wit than Fortune, when a very dark Passage was read out of a Poet, famous for being so sublime, that he is often out of the Sight of his Reader, some Persons present declared they did not understand the Meaning. The Gentleman himself, casting his Eyes over the Performance, testified a Surprize at the Dulness of his Company; seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the Meaning of the Passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again; but with like Success; we frankly own'd we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it.— Explain it! said the Gentleman, why he means NOTHING.

In Fact, this Mistake arises from a too vulgar Error among Persons unacquainted with the Mystery of Writing, who imagine it impossible that a Man should sit down to write without any Meaning at all; whereas in Reality, nothing is more common: for, not to Instance in myself, who have confessedly sat down to write this Essay, with Nothing in my Head, or, which is much the same Thing, to write about Nothing; it may be incontestably proved, *ab Effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the Moderns. The inimitable Author of a Preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young Gentleman, says, — There are Men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third, and a much more numerous Sort, who never think either before they sit down, or afterwards; and who when they produce on Paper what was before in their Heads, are sure to produce Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the Nature of Nothing, by shewing First, definitively, *what it is not*; and Secondly, by describing *what*

*it is.* The next Thing therefore proposed, is to  
 shew its various Kinds.

Now some imagine these several Kinds differ in  
 Name only. But without endeavouring to con-  
 fute so absurd an Opinion, especially as these dif-  
 ferent Kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the  
 best Authors, I shall content myself with setting  
 them down, and leave it to the Determination of  
 the distinguishing Reader, whether it is probable,  
 or indeed possible, that they should all convey one  
 and the same Meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing  
 at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in Nature;  
 Nothing in the World; Nothing in the whole  
 World; Nothing in the whole universal World.  
 And perhaps many others, of which we say—  
*Nothing.*

## S E C T I O N III

*Of the Dignity of NOTHING; and an Endeavour to prove, that it is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.*

**N**OTHING contains so much Dignity as NOTHING. Ask an infamous worthless Nobleman (if any such be) in what his Dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with his Dignity to give you an Answer; but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in Effect say? Should he say he had it from his Ancestors, I apprehend a Lawyer would oblige him to prove, that the Virtues to which this Dignity was annexed, descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the Title, might he not be told, that a Title originally implied Dignity, as it implied the Presence of those Virtues to which Dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no Implication will fly in the Face of downright positive Proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no farther, since his Endeavour to derive it from any other Fountain would be equally impotent, his

Dignity arises from Nothing, and in Reality is Nothing. Yet, that this Dignity really exists; that it glares in the Eyes of Men, and produces much Good to the Person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following Syllogism.

The Respect paid to Men on account of their Titles, is paid at least to the Supposal of their superior Virtues and Abilities, or it is paid to *Nothing*.

But when a Man is a notorious Knave or Fool, it is impossible there should be any such Supposal.

The Conclusion is apparent.

Now that no Man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this Respect, I wonder not, since the great Importance of Nothing seems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipp'd, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy Reprehension.

This is a Fallacy extremely common. I have seen a Fellow, whom all the World knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to something himself; but supported in that Pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed, but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A Modesty very peculiar to this Age.

But notwithstanding all such Disguise and Deceit, a Man must have very little Discernment, who can live long in Courts, or populous Cities, without being convinced of the great Dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through Corruption or Necessity, comply with the vulgar Worship and Adulation, he will know to what it is paid, namely, to *Nothing*.

The most astonishing Instance of this Respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to Something less than Nothing; when the Person who receives it is not only void of the Quality for which he is respected, but is in Reality notoriously guilty of Vices directly opposite to the Virtues, whose Applause he receives.



respective. This is, indeed, the highest Degree of Nothing, or, (if it may be allowed the Word) the Nothingest of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that Respect may be aimed at Something, and really light on Nothing: For Instance; when mistaking certain Things called Gravity, Canting, Bluffing, Ostentation, Pomp, and such like, for Wisdom, Piety, Magnanimity, Charity, True Greatness, &c, we give to the former the Honour and Reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my Subject, as to insinuate that Gravity, Canting, &c. are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more Reason to suspect, (if we judge from the Practice of the World) that Wisdom, Piety, and other Virtues, have a good Title to that Name. But we do not, in Fact, pay our Respect to the former, but to the latter: In other Words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the Dignity of the Subject on which I am treating. I am now, to shew, that Nothing is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

That every thing is resolvable, and will be re-  
solved into its first Principles, will be, I believe,  
readily acknowledged by all Philosophers. As  
therefore we have sufficiently proved the World  
came from Nothing, it follows, that it will likewise  
end in the same: but as I am writing to a  
Nation of Christians, I have no need to be pre-  
judiced on this Head; since every one of my Readers,  
by his Faith, acknowledges that the World must  
have an End, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And as Nothing is the End of the World, so  
is it of every thing in the World. Ambition, the  
greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and  
godlike of all Passions, what doth it end in? In  
Nothing. What did *Alexander, Caesar*, and all  
the rest of that heroic Band, who have plundered,  
and massacred so many Millions, obtain by all their  
Care, Labour, Pain, Fatigue, and Danger?—  
Could they speak for themselves, must they not  
own, that the End of all their Pursuit was Non-  
thing? Nor is this the End of private Ambition  
only. What is become of that proud Mistress of  
the World, *the Caput triumphalis Urbis*? What  
*Rome*, of which her own Flatterers so literally  
prophe-

prophefied the Immortality, In what hath all her  
 Glory ended? surely in Nothing.

2. Again, What is the End of Avarice? Not  
 Power, or Pleasure, as fome think, for the Miser  
 will part with a Shilling for neither: not Ease or  
 Happiness; for the more he attains of what he de-  
 ferts, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If  
 every Good in this World was put to him, he  
 could not by be perfuaded one. Shall we fay then,  
 he perfues Misery only? that surely would be con-  
 tradictory to the first Principles of Human Na-  
 ture. May we not therefore, nay, must we not  
 confefs, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he  
 be himself unable to tell us what is the End of all  
 this Bustle and Hurry, this watching and toiling,  
 this Self-Denial, and Self-Constraint!

It will not I apprehend, be sufficient for him  
 to plead, that his Design is to amass a large For-  
 tune, which he never can nor will use himself,  
 nor would willingly quit to any other Person; un-  
 less he can shew us some substantial Good which  
 this Fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be  
 justified in concluding, that his End is the same  
 with that of Ambition.

The

the same Conclusion

The Great Mr. *Hobbes* so plainly saw this, that as he was an Enemy to that notable immaterial Substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large Province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange Doctrine, and asserted truly, That in all these grand Pursuits, the Means themselves were the End proposed, viz. to Ambition, Plotting, Fighting, Danger, Difficulty, and such like. To Avarice, Cheating, Starving, Watching, and the numberless painful Arts by which this Passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the Absurdity of this Opinion, it will be needless to my Purpose, since if we are driven to confess that the Means are the only End attained, I think we must likewise confess, that the End proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have here shewn the End of our two greatest and noblest Pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every Individual of the busy Part of Mankind, I shall not tire the Reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the

the same Conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an Inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said; seeing that such is its Dignity and Importance, and that it is really the End of all those Things which are supported with so much Pomp and Solemnity, and looked on with such Respect and Esteem, surely it becomes a wise Man to regard Nothing with the utmost Awe and Adoration; to pursue it with all his Parts and Pains; and to sacrifice to it his Ease, his Innocence, and his present Happiness. To which noble Pursuit we have this great Incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the End proposed. The Virtuous, Wise, and Learned may then be unconcerned at all the Changes of Ministries and of Government; since they may be well satisfied, that while Ministers of State are Rogues themselves, and have inferior Knavish Tools to bribe and reward; true Virtue, Wisdom, Learning, Wit, and Integrity, will most certainly bring their Possessors—  
**NOTHING.**

SOME

---

---

PAPER

REPRINTED FROM THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE  
CONFERENCE ON

THE STATE OF THE  
UNION  
AND  
THE  
NATIONAL  
DEBATE

---

---

BY  
THE  
COMMISSIONERS

---

---

SOME  
PAPERS  
PROPER to be Read before the  
R—L SOCIETY,  
Concerning the  
Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS,  
GOLDEN-FOOT or GUINEA;

AN  
INSECT, or VEGETABLE, resem-  
bling the POLYPUS, which hath this surprising  
Property, That being cut into several Pieces, each  
Piece becomes a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, as  
complete as that of which it was originally only a  
Part.

---

COLLECTED  
By *PETRUS GUALTERUS*,  
But not Published till after His Death.

---

---

THE ... PART

...

...

...

...

...



PHILOSOPHICAL  
TRANSACTIONS.

---

For the YEAR 1742-3.

---

The CONTENTS.

*Several Papers relating to the Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, or GUINEA, an Insect, or Vegetable, which has this surprising Property, that being cut into several Pieces, each Piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an Insect, or Vegetable, as that of which it was originally only a Part.*

Abstract

2

---

Abstract of *Part* of a Letter from the  
*Heer Rottenscrack* in *Germany*,  
 communicating Observations on the  
 CHRYSIPUS.

S I R,

**S**OME time since died here of Old-Age, one  
 Petrus Gualterus, a Man well known in the  
 Learned World, and famous for nothing so  
 much as for an extraordinary Collection which he had  
 made of the Chrysi, an Animal or Vegetable; of  
 which I doubt not but there are still some to be  
 found in England; However, if that should be dif-  
 ficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as  
 they are at present very plentiful in these Parts. I  
 can answer for the Truth of the Facts contained in  
 the Paper I send you, as there is not one of them  
 but what I have seen repeated above twenty times;  
 and I wish others may be encouraged to try the Ex-

VOL. I.

R

periments

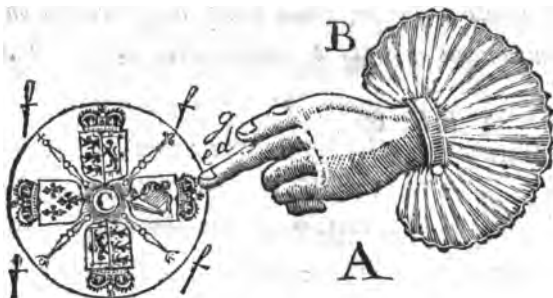
periments over again, and satisfy themselves of the Truth by their own Eyes. The Accounts of the Chrysi, as well as the Collection itself, were found in the Cabinet of the abovementioned Petrus, after his Death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a Sight of either while alive. I am,

S I R, &c.



The

*The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL  
CHRYSIPUS sticking to a Finger.*



*Observations and Experiments upon  
the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS,  
or GUINEA, by Mynbeer Petrus  
Gualterus.*

*Translated from the FRENCH by  
P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.*

**T**HE Animal in question is a terrestrial  
Vegetable or Insect, of which mention  
is made in the *Philosophical Transactions*  
for several Years, as may be seen in N<sup>o</sup>. 000.  
Art. 0000. and N<sup>o</sup>. 00. Art. 002. and N<sup>o</sup>. —  
Art. 18.

This Animal or Vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round Form, as represented in the Figure annexed. In which *A.* denotes the Ruffie. *B.* the Hand. *G.* the Thumb of that Hand. *D.* the Finger. *E.* the Part of that Finger to which the *CHRYSIPUS* sticks. *F. f. f. f.* Four Tubes, representing the Πέος \*, or *Man's Staff*, mention'd by *Galen* in his Treatise *de Usa Partium*; and by *Aristotle*, in that little Book called his *Ἀρχιβιβλίου*, or *Master-Piece*. The το θηλυκόν, or *Woman's Pipe*, an oblong perforated Substance, to which the said Πέσ directly tend, is represented by the Letter *C.* The Mouth of the *Chrysipus* is in this anterior Middle, it opens into the Stomach, which takes up the whole Length of the Body. The whole Body forms but one Pipe, a sort of Gut which can be opened but at one End, *i. e.* at Letter *C.*

The Size of the Body of a *Chrysipus* varies according to its different Species.

I know two Species only, differing in Extent almost one half; which, for Distinction sake, I

\* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *Arbor Vita*, anno 1732.

call the *Whole Cbryſpus*, and the *Hemi-Cbryſpus*. The latter of theſe is by no means ſo valuable as the former. The Length of the *Πεῖ* differ likewiſe in Proportion to the different Size or Extension of theſe two.

The *Πεῖ* of thoſe of a modern Growth are ſo imperfect and inviſible to the naked Eye, that it is much to be feared the Species will ſoon be entirely loſt among us: And indeed in *England*, they are obſerved of late to be much rarer than formerly, eſpecially in the Country, where at preſent there are very few of them to be found: but at the ſame time it is remarked, that in ſome Places of the Continent, particularly in a certain Part of *Germany*, they are much plentier; being to be found in great Numbers, where formerly there were ſcarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minuteſt Obſervation, been able to ſettle with any degree of Certainty, whether this be really an Animal or a Vegetable, or whether it be not ſtrictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the Help of my Microſcope diſcovered ſome of its Parts to reſemble thoſe of a *Fungi*; I have at other Times taken Notice of ſomething not unlike the *Flower de Luce*. Not

to repeat those Parts above-mention ed, which bear great Analogy to the *Ardora* of the Human Body: On their Extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain Letters forming the Names of several of our Kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the Flowers mentioned by *Virgil*, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his Time.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum  
Nascuntur flores.*

Particularly as he adds,

—*Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take Notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its Properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an Opinion of its being an Animal, is, that I could never observe any Symptoms of voluntary Motion: But indeed the same may be said of an Oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the Learned to be *absolutely* a Vegetable.

But



But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progreſſive Motion of its own, yet is it very eaſy to communicate a Motion to it. Indeed ſome Perſons have made them fly all over the Town with great Velocity.

What is ſaid of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent Paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewiſe applicable to the *Chryſopus*.

“ They make uſe of their progreſſive Motion, when communicated to them, to place themſelves conveniently, ſo as to catch their Prey. They are voracious Animals; their Πεῖη are ſo many Snares which they ſet for Numbers of ſmall *Inſects*. As ſoon as any of them touches one of the Πεῖη, it is caught.”

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the Conſequence: for inſtead of making the *Inſect* its Prey, it becomes itſelf a Prey to it; and inſtead of conveying an Inſect twice as large as its own Mouth into it, in Imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chryſopus* is itſelf conveyed into the *Loculus* or Pouch of an *Inſect* a thouſand times as large as

itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched Animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its Prey, that if the *Insect* (which seldom happens) makes any Resistance, it summons other *Chryspis* to its Aid, which in the End hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its Pouch.

The Learned *Gualterus* goes on in these Words: “ A *Chryspus*, by the simple Contact of my own  
“ Finger, has so closely attached itself to my  
“ Hand, that by the joint and indefatigable La-  
“ bour of several of my Friends, it could by no  
“ means be sever’d, or made to quit its Hold.”

As to the Generation of the *Chryspus*, it differs from all other Animals or Vegetables whatever: for though it seems the best supplied for this natural Function, Nature having provided each Female Part with four Male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polytus*, they have no distinguished Place by which they bring forth their Young.

*Gualterus*

*Gasterus* judiciously remarks \* : “ I have (says  
 “ he) found of them, that have greatly multiplied  
 “ under my Eyes, and of which I might almost  
 “ say, that they have produced Young-ones from  
 “ all the exterior Parts of their Body.”

“ I have learned by a continual Attention to the  
 “ two Species of them, that all the Individualls of  
 “ these Species produce Young-ones.”

“ I have for Sixty Years had under my Eye  
 “ Thousands of them; and though I have ob-  
 “ SERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with AT-  
 “ TENTION, so as to watch them Night and Day,  
 “ I never observed any thing like the common  
 “ Animal-Copulation.”

“ I tried at first two of them; but these I found  
 “ would not produce a compleat *Cbryfipus*; at  
 “ least I had reason to think the Operation would  
 “ be so slow, that I must have waited some Years  
 “ for its Completion. Upon this, I tried a Hun-  
 “ dred of them together; by whose marvellous

\* Vid. Remarks on the *Polypus*, pag. 6.

“ Union

“ Union (whether it be, that they mix Total,  
 “ like those Heavenly Spirits mentioned by *Milton*,  
 “ or by any other Process not yet revealed to hu-  
 “ man Wit) they were found in the Year’s End  
 “ to produce three, four, and sometimes five  
 “ complete *Chryspi*. I have indeed often made  
 “ them in that Space produce Ten or Twenty;  
 “ but this hath been by some held a dangerous  
 “ Experiment, not only to the Parent *Chryspi*  
 “ themselves, which have by these means been  
 “ utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the Phi-  
 “ losopher who hath attempted it: For as some  
 “ curious Persons have, by Hermetic Experiments,  
 “ endangered the Loss of their Teeth, so we, by  
 “ a too intense Application to this *Chryspan* Phi-  
 “ losophy, have been sometimes found to endan-  
 “ ger our Ears.” He then proceeds thus:

\* “ Another Fact, which I have observed, has  
 “ proved to me, that they have the Faculty of  
 “ multiplying, before they are sever’d from their  
 “ Parent: I have seen a *Chryspus*, still adhering,  
 “ bring forth Young-ones; and those Young-ones  
 “ themselves have also brought forth others. Up-  
 “ on Supposition, that perhaps there was some

\* Remarks, Pag. 7.

“Copulation between the Parent and Young-ones,  
 “whilst they were yet united; or between the  
 “Young-ones coming from the Body of the same  
 “Parent: I made divers Experiments, to be sure  
 “of the Fact; but not one of those Experiments  
 “ever led me to any thing that could give the  
 “Idea of a Copulation.”

I now proceed to the Singularities resulting  
 from the Operation I have tried upon them.

A *Cbryspus* of the larger kind may be divided  
 into one and twenty Substances (whether Animal  
 or Vegetable we determine not) every Substance  
 being at least as large as the original *Cbryspus*.  
 These may again be subdivided, each of them in-  
 to twenty four; and what is very remarkable,  
 every one of these Parts is heavier, and rather  
 larger than the first *Cbryspus*. The only Diffe-  
 rence in this Change, is that of the Colour; for  
 the first Sort are yellow, the second white, and  
 the third resemble the Complexion and Substance  
 of many human Faces.

These subdivided Parts are by some observed to  
 lose in a great degree their adherescent Quality:  
 Notwith-

Notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest Observations upon his own Experience, they all adhered with equal Tenacity to his own Fingers.

The Manner of dividing a *Gorypus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent Treatise abovementioned, that

\* “ If the Body of a *Polypus* is cut into two Parts  
 “ transversely, each of those Parts becomes a complete *Polypus*: On the very Day of the Operation, the first Part, or anterior End of the *Polypus*, that is, the Head, the Mouth, and the Arms; this Part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats.”

“ The second Part, which has no Head, gets  
 “ one; a Mouth forms itself, at the anterior End; and shoots forth Arms. This Re-production comes about more or less quickly, according as the Weather is more or less warm. In Summer, I have seen Arms begin to sprout out 24 Hours after the Operation, and the new Head perfected in every respect in a few Days.”

\* See *Polypus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

“ Each

“ Each of those Parts, thus become a perfect  
 “ *Polypus*, performs absolutely all its Functions.  
 “ It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies;  
 “ and all that, as much as a *Polypus* which never  
 “ had been cut.”

“ In whatever Place the Body of a *Polypus* is  
 “ cut, whether in the Middle, or more or less  
 “ near the Head, or the posterior Part, the Ex-  
 “ periment has always the same Success.”

“ If a *Polypus* is cut transversely, at the same  
 “ Moment, into three or four Parts, they all  
 “ equally become so many complete ones.”

“ The Animal is too small to be cut at the same  
 “ time into a great Number of Parts; *I therefore*  
 “ *did it successively.* I first cut a *Polypus* into four  
 “ Parts, and let them grow; next, I cut those  
 “ Quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded,  
 “ till I had made 50 out of one single one: And  
 “ here I stopp’d, for there would have been no  
 “ *End of the Experiment.*”

I have

“ I have now actually by me several Parts of  
 “ the same *Polypus*, cut into Pieces above a Year  
 “ ago; since which time, they have produced a  
 “ great Number of Young-ones.”

“ *A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways.*  
 “ *Beginning by the Head, one first splits the said*  
 “ *Head, and afterwards the Stomach: The Poly-*  
 “ *pus being in the Form of a Pipe, each Half of*  
 “ *what is thus cut lengthways forms a Half-pipe;*  
 “ *the anterior Extremity of which is terminated*  
 “ *by the half of the Head, the half of the Mouth,*  
 “ *and Part of the Arms. It is not long before*  
 “ *the two Edges of those Half-pipes close, after*  
 “ *the Operation: They generally begin at the*  
 “ *posterior Part, and close up by degrees to the*  
 “ *anterior Part. Then, each Half-pipe becomes a*  
 “ *Whole-one, complete: A Stomach is formed, in*  
 “ *which nothing is wanting; and out of each Half-*  
 “ *mouth a Whole-one is formed also.”*

“ I have seen all this done in less than an Hour;  
 “ and that the *Polypus* produced from each of  
 “ those Halves, at the End of that time did not  
 “ differ from the Whole-ones, except that it had  
 “ fewer



“ fewer Arms; but in a few Days more grew  
“ out.”

“ I have cut a *Polypus*, lengthways, between  
“ Seven and Eight in the Morning; and between  
“ Two and Three in the Afternoon, *each of the*  
“ *Parts has been able to eat a Worm as long as*  
“ *itself.*”

“ If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at  
“ the Head, and the Section is not carried quite  
“ through; the Result is, a *Polypus* with two  
“ Bodies, two Heads, and one Tail. Some of  
“ those Bodies and Heads may again be cut,  
“ lengthways, soon after. In this manner I have  
“ produced a *Polypus* that had several Bodies, as  
“ many Heads, and one Tail. I afterwards, at  
“ once, cut off the seven Heads of this new *Hy-*  
“ *dra*: Seven others grew again; and the Heads,  
“ that were cut off, became each a complete *Poly-*  
“ *pus.*”

“ I cut a *Polypus*, transversely, into two Parts:  
“ I put these two Parts close to each other again,  
“ and they re-united where they had been cut.  
“ The *Polypus*, thus re-united, eat the Day after  
“ it

“ it had undergone this Operation: It is since  
 “ grown, and has multiplied.”

“ I took the posterior Part of one Polypus, and  
 “ the anterior of another, and I have brought them  
 “ to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing.  
 “ Next Day, the Polypus, that resulted, from this  
 “ has continued well these two Months, since the  
 “ Operation: It is grown, and has not forth  
 “ Young ones, from each of the Parts, of which  
 “ it was formed. The two foregoing Experi-  
 “ ments do not always succeed; it often happens  
 “ that the two Parts will not join again.”

“ In order to comprehend the Experiments  
 “ are now going to speak of, one should remark  
 “ first, that the whole Body of a Polypus forms  
 “ only one Pipe, a sort of Gut, or Pouch.”

“ I have been able to turn that Pouch, that Body  
 “ of the Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE  
 “ MAY TURN A STOCKING.”

“ I have several by me, that have remained  
 “ secured in this manner, THEIR INSIDE, IS BE-  
 “ COME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUT-  
 “ SIDE

“SIDE THEIR INSIDE: They eat, they grow,  
 “and they multiply, as if they had never been  
 “turned.”

Now in the Division and Subdivision of our *Chryſpus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the Metabolic or Mutative, not by the Schyſtic or Diviſive. Some have indeed attempted this latter Method; but, like that great Philoſopher the Elder *Pliny*, they have periſhed in their Diſquiſitions, as he did, by Suffocation. Indeed there is a Method called the *Kleptiſtic*, which hath been preferred to the Metabolic: But this too is dangerous; the ingenious *Gauderus* never carried it farther than the Metabolic; contenting himſelf ſometimes to divide the original *Chryſpus* into twenty two Parts, and again to ſubdivide theſe into twenty-five; but this requires great Art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. *Trembley* will, in the Work he is pleaſed to promiſe us, give ſome Account of the Longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the Age of the *Chryſpus*, it differs extremely; ſome being of equal Duration with the Life of Man, and ſome of ſcarce a Moment's Exiſt-

crise. The best Method of preserving them, is, to preserve them in Bags or Chests, in large Numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The Great *Quilcerus* says, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your Pockets singly, or in Pairs, some do, they will last a very little while, and in some Pockets not a Day.

We are told of the *Polypus*; That they are to be look'd for in such Ditches where Water is stock'd with small Insects. Pieces of Wood, Leaves, aquatic Plants, in short, every thing is to be taken out of the Water, that is not with it the Bottom, or on the Surface of the Water, on the Edges, and in the Middle of the Ditches. What is thus taken out, must be put into a Glass of clear Water, and these Insects, if there are any, will soon discover themselves; especially if the Glass is let stand a little, without moving it: for thus the Insects, which contract themselves when they are first taken out, will again extend themselves when they are at Rest, and become thereby so much the more remarkable.

The *Chryſos* is to be look'd for in Scutors, and behind Wainscotes in old Houses. In searching for them, particular Regard is to be had to the Persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same Houses, by observing which Rule, you may often prevent throwing away your Labour. They live to be rather with old than young Persons, and deſect Finery ſo much, that they are ſeldom to be found in the Pockets of laced Cloaths, and hardly ever in gilded Palaces. They are ſometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reaſon of *Pieces of Wood, Iron, &c.* which muſt be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, ſeveral ſure Methods of procuring them, which are all aſcertained in a Treatiſe on that Subject, compoſed by *Petrus Gualterus*, which, now thoſe dead, will ſhortly ſee the Light.

I come now, in the laſt Place, to ſpeak of the Virtues of the *Chryſos*: In theſe it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one ſingle Virtue is recorded, but all other Animals and Vegetables whatever. Indeed I intend here only to ſet down ſome of its chief Qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large Volume.

First, them; A single *Chryſopus* stuck on the  
 Finger, will make a Man talk for a full Hour;  
 nay will make him say whatever the Person who  
 sticks it on desires: And again, if you desire Si-  
 lence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious  
 Tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two,  
 or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you ap-  
 ply the proper Number, they seldom or never  
 fail of Success. It will likewise make Men blind  
 or deaf, as you think proper; and all this with-  
 out doing the least Injury to the several Organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous Quality of  
 turning Black into White, or White into Black.  
 Indeed it hath the Powers of the Prismatic Glass,  
 and can, from any Object, reflect what Colour it  
 pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest Love-Powder in the  
 World, and hath such Efficacy on the Female  
 Sex, that it hath often produced Love in the finest  
 Women to the most worthless and ugly, old and  
 decrepit of our Sex.

To give the strongest Idea in one Instance, of  
 the salubrious Quality of the *Chryſopus*: It is a  
 Medicine.

Medicine which the Physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a Patient, without swallowing a Dose of it.

To conclude, *Beasts like these I have related, to be admitted, require the most convincing Proofs. I venture to say, I am able to produce such Proofs. In the mean time, I refer my curious Reader to the Treatise I have abovementioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.*

**P O S T S C R I P T.**

Since I composed the above Treatise, I have been informed, that these Animals swarm in England all over the Country, like the Locusts, once in SEVEN YEARS; and like them too, they generally cause much Mischief, and greatly ruin the Country in which they have swarmed.

and in other States I have seen them in great numbers, and they are very destructive to the Cattle and other Animals which they feed upon.

to the great damage of the Country, and the loss of many thousands of Livestock.

OLYMPIA

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY



---

---

THE FIRST  
**OLYNTHIAC**  
OF  
*DEMOSTHENES.*

---

---

---

---

THE  
OLYMPIAN

DEMONSTRATED

---

THE A B O U T

Olympians were a powerful people, and in the  
the Contest of Miletus. The contest being  
Olympians. Hence the contest is a contest of  
with him, the Olympians were a great  
against the Olympians, and it is a great  
Peace. The Olympians were a great  
coming before of the Olympians, and it is  
Peace from the Olympians, and it is a great  
with the Olympians. Hence the Olympians  
the

THE FIRST  
OLYNTHIAC  
OF  
DEMOSTHENES.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*Olynthus was a powerful free City of Thrace, on the Confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring Offers, Philip had tempted them into an Alliance with him, the Terms of which were a joint War against the Athenians, and if a Peace, a joint Peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing Power, detach themselves from his Alliance, and make a separate Peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this,*

this, as a Breach of their former Treaty, and glad of an Opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares War against them, and besieges their City. Upon this, they dispatch an Embassy to Athens, for Succour. The Subject of this Embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his Sentiments in the following Oration.

**N**O Treasures, O Athenians, can, I am confident, be so desirable in your Eyes, as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this City, in the Affair now before you. And since it is of so important a Nature, the strictest Attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their Opinions: for not only the salutary Councils which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received; but I consider it as peculiar to your Fortune and good Genius, that many Things, highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the Speakers, even extemporarily, and without Premeditation; and then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful Resolutions. The present Occasion wants only a Tongue to declare, that the Posture of these Affairs requires your immediate Application,

if

if you have any Regard for your Preservation. I know not what Disposition we all entertain; but my own Opinion is, that we vote a Supply of Men to the *Olynthians*, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our Assistance now, we shall prevent the Accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an Embassy be dispatched, not only to declare these our Intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest Apprehension is, that the artful *Philip*, who well knows to improve every Opportunity, by Concessions, where they are most convenient, and by Threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our Absence to our Allies, may draw from the whole some considerable Advantage to himself. This however, O *Athenians*, will give some Comfort, that the very particular Circumstance which adds the greatest Strength to *Philip*, is likewise favourable to us. In his own Person he unites the several Powers of General, of King, and of Treasurer; he presides absolutely in all Councils, and is constantly at the Head of his Army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his Successes in the Field, but will have a contrary Effect, with Regard to that Truce which he is so desirous to make

with the *Olythians*, who will find their Contention not to be for Glory, and for the Enlargement of Dominion: the Subversion or Slavery of their Country is what they fight against. They have seen in what Manner he hath treated those *Ampelispolitans*, who surrendered their City to him; and those *Pythians*, who received him into their City and indeed, universally, a Kingly Station, in my Opinion, a Thing in which Republics will never trust; and above all, if their Territories border on each other. These Things therefore, *Oratorians*, being well known to you, when you enter on this Debate, your Resolutions must be for War, and to prosecute it with as much Vigour as you have formerly shown on any Occasion. You must resolve to raise Supplies with the utmost Alacrity; to muster yourselves; to omit nothing; for no longer can a Reason be assigned, or Excuse alleged, why you should decline what the present Exigency requires. For the *Olythians*, whom with such universal Clamour you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against *Philip*, are now embroiled with him by mere Accident; and this most advantageously for you; since had they undertaken the War at your Request, their Alliance

to

might

quid

might have been desirably and only so serve in  
 pressing them all but since, that Akindness arises  
 from Injuries offered on themselves, their Hostility  
 will be just; as might see A count of their Deeds,  
 as of their Resentments; The Opportunity which  
 now offers is not, O Athenians, to be lost; nor  
 should you suffer what you have already often suf-  
 fered; For had we, when we returned from suc-  
 couring the *Euboeans*, when *Hicax* and *Stratocles*  
 from the *Amphipolitans*, in this very Place, besought  
 you to give us their Assistance; and to receive their  
 City into your Protection; had we then consulted  
 our own Interest with the same Zeal with which  
 we provided for the Safety of the *Euboeans*, we  
 had then possessed ourselves of *Amphipolis*, and  
 escaped the Troubles which have since perplexed  
 us; and again, when we were first acquainted with  
 the Sieges of *Hydra*, *Pattis*, *Misbong*, *Pagasa*,  
 and others; (for I will not waste Time in enume-  
 rating all) had we then assisted only one of these  
 with proper Vigour, we should have found *Philip*  
 much humbler, and easier to be dealt with; where-  
 as now, by constantly pretermittig the Opportu-  
 nities when they presented themselves, and trusting  
 in Fortune for the good Success of future Events,  
 we have increased the Power, O Athenians, of  
*Philip*

*Philip* instructive, and have raised him higher than any King of *Macedonia* ever was. Now, when an Opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the *Olynthians* have of their own Accord offered to this City; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, *O Athenians*, it appears, that if we settle a just Account with the Gods, notwithstanding all Things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal Thanksgivings. For as to our Losses in War, they are justly to be set down to our own Neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these Misfortunes, and that an Alliance now appears to redress these Evils, if we will but accept it, this, in my Opinion, must be referred to the Benevolence of the Gods. But it happens as in the Affair of Riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a Man preserves the Wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to Fortune; but, if he insensibly consumes it, his Gratitude to Fortune is consumed at the same Time. So in public Affairs: if we make not a right Improvement of Opportunities, we forget the Good offered us by the Gods; for from the final Event, we generally form our Judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, *O Athenians*, to take effectual Care,

that



that by making a right Use of the Occasion now offered us, we wipe off the Stains contracted by our former Conduct: For should we, O *Albanians*, desert their People likewise, and *Philip* be enabled to destroy *Olynthus*, will any Man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future Progress, where ever he desires to extend it? But consider, O *Albanians*, and see, by what Means this *Philip*, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became Master of *Amphipolis*, secondly of *Pydna*, next of *Potidaea*, and then of *Metbone*. After these Conquests, he turned his Arms towards *Thessaly*, where having reduced *Phera*, *Pagase*, *Magnaesla*, he marched on to *Thrace*. Here, after he had dethroned some Kings, and given Crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small Amendment of Health, instead of refreshing himself with Repose, he fell presently on the *Olynthians*. His Expeditions against the *Illyrians*, the *Paeonians* against *Atynbu*, and who can recount all the other Nations, I omit. But should any Man say, Why therefore do you commemorate these Things to us now? my Answer is, That you may know, O *Albanians*, and sensibly perceive these two Things. First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least Article of what ought to be done; and,

secondly,

*Secondly*, that you may observe the constant Disposition of *Philip* to undertake, and his *Athenians* consent : whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor relinquish himself in Ease. If then his Disposition be to aim still at greater and greater Conquests, and ours to pursue every brave Measure for our Defence, consider, in what Event we can hope these Things should terminate! Good Gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the *Worm* will come home to us, if we neglect it? And if this should happen, I fear, O *Athenians*, that we shall imitate those who borrow Money at great Usury, who for a short Affluence of present Wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original *Bank* money. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our Sloth, and by giving our Minds entirely up to Pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous Calamities, against our Will shall be at last reduced to a Necessity of Action, and to consent even for our own Country. Perhaps some may object, that to find Fault is easy, and within any Man's Capacity; but to advise proper Measures to be taken in the present Exigency, is the Part of a Counsellor. I am not ignorant, O *Athenians*, that not those who have been the first Causes

of

appeal to the Senate, but that who have already  
 delivered their Opinions concerning it, fall upon  
 your severe Displeasure, when the Success  
 shall not answer their Expectations. Be that as it  
 will, I do not so tender my own Safety, that from  
 any Regard to that, I should conceal what I ima-  
 gine may conduce to your Welfare.

The Measures you are to take are, in my Op-  
 inion, two. First, to preserve the *Olynthian* Cities,  
 by sending a Supply of Men to their Assistance;  
 Secondly, to ravage the Country of the Enemy;  
 and this by attacking it both by Sea and Land.  
 If either of these be neglected, I much fear the  
 Success of your Expedition: for should he, while  
 you are wasting his Territories, by submitting to  
 suffer this, take *Olynthus*; he will be easily able  
 to return Home, and defend his own. On the  
 other Hand, if you only send Succours to the  
*Olynthians*, when *Philip* perceives himself safe at  
 Home, he will sit down before *Olynthus*; and em-  
 ploying every Artifice against the Town, will at  
 length master it. We must therefore assist the  
*Olynthians* with numerous Forces, and in two  
 several Places. This is my Advice concerning  
 the manner of our assisting them. As for the Sup-

ply of Money to be raised; you have a Treasury, O *Athenians*, you have a Treasury fuller of Money, set apart for Military Uses, than any other City of Greece; this Fund you may apply according to your Pleasure, on this Occasion; if the Army be supplied this Way, you will want no Tax: If not, you will hardly find any Tax sufficient. What? says some one, Do you move to have this Fund applied to the Army? Not I truly; I only suggest that an Army should be levied; that this Fund should be applied to it; that those who do their Duty to the Public, should receive their Reward from it; whereas in celebrating the public Festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute, largely if much wanted, less if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other Means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your Preservation, while you have an Opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the Posture in which *Philip's* Affairs now stand: for it appears to me, that no Man,

even

even though he hath not examined them with much Accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest Situation. He would never have entered into this War, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very Entrance, to have carried all Things before him, which Expectation hath deceived him. This therefore, by falling out contrary to his Opinion, hath given him the first Shock, and much dejected him. Then the Commotions in *Thessaly*: for these are by Nature the most perfidious of Mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand *Pagasa* of him, and to forbid the fortifying *Magnesia*. I have moreover heard it said, that the *Thessalians* would no longer open their Ports to him, nor suffer his Fleets to be victualled in their Markets; for that these should go to the Support of the Republics of *Thessaly*, and not to the Use of *Philip*. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great Streights to provide for his Auxiliaries. And further; Can we suppose that *Peonia* and *Illyria*, and all the other Cities, will chuse rather to be Slaves than free, and their own Masters? They are not inured to Bondage, and the Man is,

as they say, prone to Insolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited Success entirely perverts the Understanding in weaker Minds: whence it is often more difficult to retain Advantages, than it was to gain them. It is our Part then, O Athenians, to take Advantage of this Difficult of *Philip*, to undertake the Business with the utmost Expedition; not only to dispatch the necessary Embassies, but to follow them with an Army, and to stir up all his other Enemies against him; for we may be assured of this, that had *Philip* the same Opportunity, and the War was near our Borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through Fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an Opportunity, which he, had he that Opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your Option, whether you shall attack him Abroad, or be attacked by him at Home: for if the *Olynthians*, by your Assistance, are preserved, the Kingdom of *Philip* will be by your Forces invaded, and you may then retain your own Dominions, and your own City in Safety; but should *Philip* once Master the *Olynthians*, who would oppose his March hither? The *Thebans*? Let me not be thought too bitter,

batter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The *Phocians*? they are not able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But my Friend, says one, *Philip* will have no Desire to invade us — I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the Difference, whether the War be here or there, there is: I think no need of Argument: for if it was necessary for you to be thirty Days in the Field within your own Territories, and to sustain your Army with your own Product, supposing no Enemy there at the same Time; I say, the Losses of your Husbandmen, who supply these Provisions, would be greater than the whole Expence of the preceding War. But if an actual War should come to our Doors, what Losses must we then expect? Add to this, the Insults of the Enemy, and that which to generous Minds is not inferior to any Loss, the Disgrace of such an Incident. It becomes us all therefore, when we consider all these Things, to apply our utmost Endeavours to expel this War from our Borders: the Rich, that for the many Things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet Possession of the

rest: the young Men, that having learnt Experience in the Art of War, at *Philip's* Expence, in his Country, they may become formidable Defenders of their own: the Orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the Advice they have given to the Republick; since according to the Success of the Measures taken in Consequence of their Opinions, so you will judge of the Advisers themselves. May this Success be happy, for the Sake of every one.





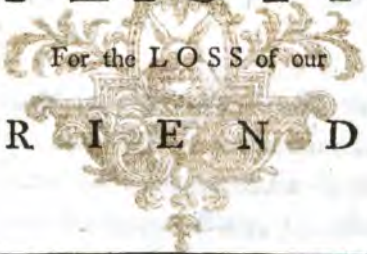
self - the young Men, that having learnt Expe-  
rience in the Art of War, at Philip's Expence, in  
his Country, they may become formidable De-  
fenders of their own, the Orators, that they may  
be judiciously vindicated in the Advice they have  
given to the Republick. And according to the

~~Success of the War, they may be rewarded~~

their Opinions, if you will judge of the Advices  
that they have given, by the Success of the War,  
for the

State of every one, who is to die

R E M E D Y  
O F  
A F F L I C T I O N



For the LOSS of our

F R I E N D S.





---

OF THE  
R E M E D Y  
O F  
A F F L I C T I O N

For the LOSS of our

F R I E N D S.

**I**T would be a strange Consideration (saith *Cicero*) that while so many excellent Remedies have been discovered for the several Diseases of the human Body, the Mind should be left without any Assistance to alleviate and repel the Disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes Philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible Method to assuage and remove all those Perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler Part of Man.

Of

Of the same Opinion were all those wise and illustrious Ancients, whose Writings and Sayings on this Subject have been transmitted to us. And when *Seneca* tells us, that *Virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our Passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many Parts of his Works) than that exalted divine *Philosophy*, which consisted not in vain Pomp, or useless Curiosity, nor even in the Search of more profitable Knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting Habits of Virtue, and ingrafting them into our Character. It was not the bare knowing the right Way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious Writers recommended and dignified by the august Names of *Philosophy* and *Virtue*; which two Words, if they did not always use in a synonymous Sense, yet they all agreed in this, that *Virtue* was the Consummation of true *Philosophy*.

Now that this Supreme *Philosophy*, this Habit of *Virtue*; which strengthened the Mind of a *Socrates*, or a *Brutus*, is really superior to every Evil which can attack us, I make no doubt: but in Truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly Constitution. With all proper Deference therefore to  
such

such great Authorities, they seem to me to assert no more, than that Health is a Remedy against Disease: for a Soul once possessed of that Degree of Virtue, which can without Emotion, look on Poverty, Pain, Disgrace, and Death, as Things indifferent: A Soul, as *Horace* expresses it,

*Lotus teres, atque rotundus.*

or, according to *Seneca*, which derives all its Comfort from WITHIN, not from WITHOUT: which can look down on all the ruffling Billows of Fortune, as from a Rock on Shore, we survey a tempestuous Sea, with Unconcern; such a Soul is surely in a State of Health, which no Vigour of Bodily Constitution can resemble.

And as this Health of the Mind exceeds that of the Body in Degree, so doth it in Constancy or Duration. In the latter, the Transition from perfect Health to Sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former, being once firmly established in the robust State above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any Accident, or Impulse of Fortune.

It

It must be confest indeed, that those great Masters have pointed out the Way to this Philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it: but as it is certain, that few of their Disciples have been able to arrive at its Perfection; nay, as several of the Masters themselves have done little Honour to their Precepts, by their Examples, there seems still great Occasion for a mental Physician, who should consider the human Mind (as is often the Case of the Body) in too weak and depraved a Situation to be restored to firm Vigour and Sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its Disorders, than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole Catalogue of Diseases, to which our Minds are liable, and to prescribe proper Remedies for them all, would require a much longer Treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular Species of that one, *viz.* to *Affliction for the Death of our Friends.*

This is a Malady to which the Best and worthiest of Men are chiefly liable. It is, like a Fever,

the Distemper of a rich and generous Constitution. Indeed we may say of those base Tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, than a witty Physician of the last Age said of a shattered and rotten Carcase, that they are not worth preserving.

For this Reason the calm Demeanor of *Silico* the Philosopher, who, when he had lost his Children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him, had no Charms for me.* I am more apt to impute such sudden Tranquility, at so great a Loss, to Ostentation or Obduracy, than to consummate Virtue. It is rather wanting the Affection, than conquering it. To overcome the Affliction arising from the Loss of our Friends, is great and praise-worthy; but it requires some Reason and Time. This sudden unruffled Composure is owing to meer Insensibility; to a Depravity of the Heart, not Goodness of the Understanding.

But in a Mind of a different Cast, in one susceptible of a tender Affection, Fortune can make no other Ravage equal to such a Loss. It is tearing

ing the Heart, the Soul from the Body; not by a momentary Operation; like that by which the most cruel Tormentors of the Body soon destroy the Subject of their Cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent Agitation: the Soul having this double unfortunate Superiority to the Body; that its Agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this Calamity be not in a more humane Disposition to be presently or totally removed, an Attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our Attention. He who could reduce the Torments of the Gout to one Half or a Third of the Pain, would, I apprehend, be a Physician in much Vogue and Request; and surely, some palliative Remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental Disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its Anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed therefore; without further Apology, to present my Reader with the best Prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon Recommendation; that I have tried them upon myself with some Success.

And



And if *Montagne* be right in his Choice of a Physician, who had himself had the Disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that Pretension to some Confidence and Regard.

And first, by way of Preparative; while we yet enjoy our Friends, and no immediate Danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent Reflections on the Certainty of this Loss, however distant it may then appear to us: for if it be worth our while to prepare the Body for Diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us; how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the Mind with every Assistance to encounter a Calamity, which our own Death only, or the previous Determination of our Friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first Ingredients of a *wise* Man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal Means of taking his Happiness or Misery out of the Hands of Fortune. Pleasure or Pain, which sieze us unprepared, and by Surprise, have a double Force, and are both more capable of subduing the Mind, than when they

they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That Pleasure is heightened by long Expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar Error. The Mind, by constant Prosecution on either, lessens the Sweetness of the one, and Bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of Lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their Happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual Enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful Article of Affliction. The Objects of our Passions, as well as of our Appetites, may be, in great measure, devoured by Imagination; and Grief, like Hunger, may be so palled and abated by Expectation, that it may retain no Sharpness when its Food is set before it.

The Thoughts which are to engage our Consideration on this Head, are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated: the principal are surely, First, the Certainty of the Dissolution of this Alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the Knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme Shortness of its Duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many Accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an End.

Had

Had not the wise Man frequently meditated on these Subjects, he would not have coolly answered the Person who acquainted him with the Death of his Son—*I KNEW I had begot a Mortal.* Where, as by the Behaviour of some on these Occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their Hopes of their Friend's Immortality: that something uncommon, and beyond the general Fate of Men, had happened to them. In a Word, that they had flattered their Fondness for their Children and Friends as enthusiastically as the Poets have their Works, which

— *nec Jovis Ira nec Ignis,*

*Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edam abstersit aetas.*

There is therefore any Dissuasive from such Contemplation: It is no Breach of Friendship, nor Violence of Paternal Fondness; for the Event we dread and detest, is not by these Means forwarded, as simple Persons think their own Death would be by making a Will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous Enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be

more delightful Thought than to assure ourselves, after such Reflections, that the Evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true, that the Loss of a Blessing teaches us its true Value, will not these Ruminations on the Certainty of losing our Friends, and the Incertainty of our Enjoyment of them, add a Relish to the present Possession? Shall we not, in a Word, return to their Conversation, after such Reflections, with the same Eagerness and Extasy, with which we receive those we love into our Arms, when we first wake from a Dream which hath terrified us with their Deaths?

Thus then we have a double Incentive to these Meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present Enjoyment, as to lessen our future Loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my Reader some Instructions for his Conduct, when this dreadful Catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common Men, and who partake of the more amiable Weaknesses

of Human Nature; not to those elevated Souls whom the Consummation of Virtue and Philosophy hath raised to a divine Pitch of Excellence, and placed beyond the Reach of human Calamity: for which Reason I do not expect this Loss shall be received with the Composure of *Silpo*. Nay, I shall not regard Tears, Lamentations, or any other Indulgence to the first Agonies of our Grief on so dreadful an Occasion, as Marks of Effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the Symptoms of a laudable Tendernefs, than of a contemptible Imbecility of Heart.

However, though I admit the first Emotions of our Grief to be so far irresistibile, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other Side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our Shield against all Calamity; and This we are not cowardly to throw away; though some of the sharper Darts of Fortune may have pierced us through it. The Mind of a wise Man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued: in the former it differs from the Perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject Condition of a Fool.

With whatever Violence our Passions at first attack us, they will in Time subside. It is then that Reason is to be called to our Assistance, and we should use every Suggestion which it can lend to our Relief; our utmost Force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an Enemy when he begins to retreat: This indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no Persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue Happiness and avoid Misery.

There are, however, two Causes of our Unwillingness to hearken to the Voice of Reason on this Occasion. The first is, a foolish Opinion, that Friendship requires an exorbitant Affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our Duty to the Dead, and offering (according to the Superstition of the Ancients) an agreeable Sacrifice to their Manes: the other, and perhaps the commoner Motive is, the immediate Satisfaction we ourselves feel in this Indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful Consequences, gives the same present Relief to a tender Disposition, that Air or Water brings to one in a high Fever.

Now

Now what can possibly, on the least Examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the Grave, beyond which we can enter into no Engagement with one another, hath dissolved all Bonds of Friendship between us, and removed the Object of our Affection far from the Reach of any of our Offices; Can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an Affliction to our own Misery, by which we can convey neither Profit nor Pleasure to our Friend! But I shall not dwell on an Absurdity so monstrous in itself, that the bare first Mention throws it in a Light, which no Illustration nor Argument can heighten.

And as to the Second, it is, as I have said, like those Indulgencies, which however pleasant they may be to the Distemper, serve only to encrease it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest Agonies in the End. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish Temper of Mind than this Conduct; by which, like Infants, we reject a Remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful Food, with-

out regarding the Nourishment which at the same Time we contribute to the Distaste. Without staying therefore longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my Disciple of Patient, of another Complexion, carefully to avoid all Circumstances which may revive the Memory of the Deceased, whom it is now his Business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the Perverseness of our Nature, we are constantly endeavouring, at every Opportunity, to recal to our Remembrance the Words, Looks, Gestures, and other Particularities of a Friend. One carries about with him the Picture; a second the Hair; and others, some little Gift or Token of the Dead, as a Memorial of their Loss. What is all this less than being Self-Tormentors, and playing with Affliction? Indeed Time is the truest and best Physician on these Occasions; and our wisest Part is to lend him the utmost Assistance we can: whereas by pursuing the Methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our Might the Aid and Comfort which that great Reliever of human Misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions



and it is to be desired that it should be so.

Diversions of the lightest Kind have been recommended as a Remedy for Affliction: but for my Part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it; especially where Music is to make up any Part of the Entertainment: for the Nature of this is to soothe or inflame, not to alter our Passions. Indeed I should rather propose such Diversions by way of Trial than of Cure: for when they can be pursued with any good Effect, our Affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the Truth, the Physic for this, as well as every other mental Disorder, is to be dispensed to us by Philosophy and Religion. The former of these Words (however unhappily it hath contracted the Contempt of the pretty Gentlemen and fine Ladies) doth surely convey to those who understand it, no very ridiculous Idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter Sense, means no more than the Love of Wisdom; but in its common and vulgar Acceptation it signifies, the Search after Wisdom; or often, Wisdom itself. For to

distinguish between Wisdom and Philosophy (says a great Writer) is rather Matter of vain Curiosity, than of real Utility.

Now from this Fountain (call it by which of the Names we please) may be drawn the following Considerations:

First, the Injustice of our Complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the Condition on which we first received the Good, whose Loss we deplore, viz. that of parting with it again. We are Tenants at Will to Fortune, and as we have advanced no Consideration on our Side, can have no Right to accuse her Caprice in determining our Estate. However short-lived our Possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful Persons, with whom one Denial effaces the Remembrance of an Hundred Benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those Favours, which of her own Free-Will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again,

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the Condition of our Tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of Necessity we must have done it. The longest Term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by *Solomon* himself to the Length of a Span. Of what Duration is this Life of Man computed? A Scrivener who sells his Annuity at fourteen Years and a half, rejoices in his Cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at least half a Year in the Bargain.

But who will insure these fourteen Years? No Man. On the contrary, how great is the Premium for insuring you one? And great as it is, he who accepts it is often a Loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed Common-places of the numberless Avenues to Death: a Road almost as much beaten by Writers, as those Avenues to Death are by Mankind: *Tibullus* sums 'em up in half a Verse.

— *Leti mille repente via:*

Surely

Surely no Accident can befall our Friend which should so little surprize us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In Poverty, Pain, or other Instances, his Lot may be harder than his Neighbours. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of Mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be Death itself (which is a Part of Life): that we lament should happen to our Friend, but it is the Time of his dying. We desire not a Pardon, we desire a Reprieve only. A Reprieve, for how long? *Sine Die*. But if he could escape this Fever, this Small-Pox, this Inflammation of the Bowels, he may live twenty Years. He may so: but it is more probable he will not live ten: it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty Years to come. In Prospect, it is true, the Term seems to have some Duration; but cast your Eyes backwards, and how contemptible the Span appears: for it happens in Life (however pleasant the Journey may be) as to a weary Traveller,

veller, the Plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his Eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose Fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the Possession of our Wish, and give us this twenty Years longer Possession of our Friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in Imitation of a Child who desires his Mamma to stay five Minutes, and it will take the Potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the Case; seeing that neither our Calamity, nor the Child's Physic becomes less nauseous by the Delay.

But admitting this Condition to be never so hard, will not Philosophy shew us the Folly of immoderate Affliction? Can all our Sorrow mend our Case? Can we wash back our Friend with our Tears, or waft him back with our Sighs and Lamentations? It is a foolish Mean-spiritedness in a Criminal, to blubber to his Judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their Fate with a decent Constancy and Resignation. Were the Sentences

of

of Fate capable of Remission, could our Sorrows or Sufferings restore our Friends to us. I would commend him who out-did the fabled *Niobe* in weeping: but since no such Event is to be expected, since *from that Bourne no Traveller returns*, surely it is the Part of a wise Man, to bring himself to be content in a Situation which no Wit or Wisdom, Labour or Art, Trouble or Pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our Hearts, whether it is for the Sake of our Friends, or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated *French* Writer; that *the Lamentation expressed for the Loss of our dearest Friends, is often, in Reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less Consequence than we were before; and thus the Dead enjoy the Honour of those Tears which are truly shed on Account of the Living*: concluding, — that *in these Afflictions Men impose on themselves*. Now if on the Enquiry this should be found to be our Case, I shall leave the Patient to seek his Remedy elsewhere; having first recommended to him, an Assembly, a Ball, an Opera, a Play, an Amour, or, if he please, all of them, which will very speedily produce his Cure. But, on the contrary, if after  
the

the strictest Examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the Case) that our Sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested Affection which many Minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no Idea of it: in a Word, if it be manifest that our Fears are justly to be imputed to our Friend's Account, it may be then worth our while to consider the Nature and Degree of this Misfortune which hath happened to him: and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful Calamity should exist only in Opinion, and all its Horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined, then, I apprehend, the very Foundation of our Grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary Consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an Estimate of Human Life, which to do in the most concise Manner, would fill more Pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real Happiness in Life than the wisest Men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much Evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every  
impartial

impartial Man will, on calling up the whole, and knowledge that the latter is more than a Ballance for the former, I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my Purpose, that Death is not that Kingdom of Terrors, as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the Negation of Life. If therefore Life be no general Good, Death is no general Evil. Now if this be a Point in Judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the Judgment of Women and Children, or of wise Men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their Suffrages with me? *Thales*, the chief of the Sages, held Life and Death as Things indifferent. *Socrates*, the greatest of all the Philosophers, speaks of Death as of a Deliverance. *Solomon*, who had tasted all the Sweets of Life, condemns the whole as Vanity and Vexation: and *Cicero* (to name no more) whose Life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his Old Age, that if any of the Gods would frankly offer him to renew his Infancy, and live his Life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the Face of these and numberless other such Authori-



ties, if we will still maintain that the Pleasures of Life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our Regard and Desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these Pleasures are lasting, certain, or the Portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the Possession of them to our Friend, nor secure him from all those Evils, which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real Existence of: nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of Women, and tenderest of Mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous Delivery, she was told she had a Daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a Creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!* Some Years afterwards, I heard the same Woman, on the Death of that very Child, then one of the loveliest Creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her Child could never know what it was to feel such a Loss as she then lamented.*

In Reality, she was right in both Instances: and however Instinct, Youth, a Flow of Spirits,

violent Attachments, and above all, *Evil* may blind us, the Day of Death is (some will say at least) a Day of more Happiness than that of our Birth, as it puts an End to all those Evils which the other gave a Beginning to. So just is this Sentiment of *Solon*, which *Cæsus* afterwards experienced the Truth of, and which is couched in these Lines.

————— *ultima Semper*  
*Expectanda Dies Homini, dicique beatas*  
*Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.*

If therefore Death be no Evil, there is certainly no Reason why we should lament its having happened to our Friend: but if there be any whom neither his own Observation, nor what *Plato* hath advanced in his *Apology* for *Socrates*, in his *Crito*, and his *Phædon*; or *Cicero*, in the first and third Books of his *Tusculan Questions*; or *Montagne*, (if he hath a Contempt for the Ancients) can convince, that Death is not an Evil worthy our Lamentation, let such a Man comfort himself, that the Evil which his Friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his Share in. As nothing can be a greater Consolation to a delicate Friend-ship

that from this, to what is nothing, we may so surely depend on. A few Days may, and a few Years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one Benefit from the Cause of our present Afflictions, that we are not then to be torn from the Person we love.

These are, I think, the chief Comforts which the Voice of human Philosophy can administer to us on this Occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful Assurance, that our Friend is not barely no Loser, but a Gainer by his Dissolution; that those Virtues and good Qualities which were the Objects of our Affection on Earth, are now become the Foundation of his Happiness and Reward in a better World.

Lastly; It gives a Hope, the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing, which can enter into a Mind capable of, and inflamed with, Friendship. The Hope of again meeting the beloved Person, of renewing and cementing the dear Union in Bliss everlasting. This is a Rapture which leaves the warmest Imagination at a Distance. *Who can conceive* (says *Sberlock*, in his Discourse on Death)

*the melting Careffes of two Souls in Paradise?* What are all the Trash and Trifles, the Bubbles, Bawbles and Gewgaws of this Life, to such a Meeting? This is a Hope which no Reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor Millions of such Worlds as this should purchase: nor can any Man shew me its absolute Impossibility, 'till he can demonstrate that it is not in the Power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.



[ 100 ]

the most common of the ancient philosophers. What  
are the chief principles of the Stoic philosophy?  
and how do they differ from those of the Epicureans?  
What are the chief principles of the Platonic philosophy?  
and how do they differ from those of the Peripatetics?

---

What are the chief principles of the Pythagorean philosophy?  
and how do they differ from those of the other  
philosophers of the same school? What are the chief  
principles of the Socratic philosophy? and how do they  
differ from those of the other philosophers of the same  
school?

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

---

---

[1901]

D I V I D

OF THE  
A

D

W

1901

1901

A  
**DIALOGUE**

BETWEEN

**ALEXANDER THE GREAT**

AND

**DIOGENES THE CYNIC.**

ALEXANDER.

**W**HAT Fellow art thou, who darest  
thus to lie at thy Ease in our Presence,  
when all others, as thou seest, rise to  
do us Homage? Dost thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot say I do: But by the Number of thy  
Attendants, by the Splendor of thy Habit; but,

above all, by the Vanity of thy Appearance,  
and the Arrogance of thy Speech, I conceive  
thou mayst be *Alexander* the Son of *Philip*.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more justly challenge thy Res-  
pect, than *Alexander*, at the Head of that victo-  
rious Army, who hath performed such wonderful  
Exploits\*, and under his Conduct hath subdued  
the World?

DIOGENES,

Who? why the Taylor who made me this  
old Cloak.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd Fellow, and I have a Cur-  
iosity to know thy Name.

DIOGENES,

I am not ashamed of it: I am called *Diogenes*;  
a Name composed of as many and as well found-  
ing Syllables as *Alexander*.

\* This is an Anachronism: For *Diogenes* was of *Sinope*,  
and the Meeting between him and *Alexander* fell out while  
the latter was confederating the Grecian States in the *Pelo-  
ponnese* before his *Asiatic* Expedition: But that Season  
would not have furnished sufficient Matter for this Dialogue;  
we have therefore fixed the Time of it at the Conqueror's  
Return from *India*.



ALEXANDER.
 I am glad to see thee; and I am glad to see thee.

*Diogenes*, I am glad to see thee; I have heard of thy Name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which Wish, since Fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy Conversation a while: And that thou likewise mayst be pleased with our Meeting, ask me some Favour; and as thou knowest my Power, so shalt thou experience my Will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES:

Why then, *Alexander the Great*, I desire thee to stand from between me and the Sun; whose Beams thou hast with-held from me some Time, a Blessing which it is not in thy Power to recompence the Loss of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou hast a very shallow Opinion of my Power indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many Nations, to a fine Purpose truly.

DIOGENES.

That is not my Fault.

ALEXANDER.

Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a Kingdom?

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able; if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any Value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost speak vainly in Contempt of Power which no other Man ever yet arrived at. Hath the *Granicus* yet recovered the bloody Colour with which I contaminated its Waves? Are not the Fields of *Iffus* and *Artala* still white with human Bones? Will *Susa* shew no Monuments of my Victory? Are *Darius* and *Porus* Names unknown to thee? Have not the Groans of those Millions reached thy Ears, who but for the Valour of this Heart, and the Strength of this Arm, had still enjoyed Life and Tranquillity. Hath then this Son of *Jupiter*, this Conqueror of the World, adored by his Followers, dreaded by his Foes, and worshipped by All, lived to hear his Power contemned, and the Offer of his Favour slighted, by a poor Philosopher,

Isopher, a wretched Cynic, whose Cloak appears to be his only Possession!

DIAGENES.

I retort the Charge of Vanity on thyself, proud *Alexander*; for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the Monuments of thy Disgrace! I acknowledge, indeed, all the Exploits thou hast recounted, and the Millions thou hast to thy eternal Shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim *Jupiter* for thy Father? Hath not then every Plague or pestilential Vapour the same Title? If thou art the Dread of Wretches to whom Death appears the greatest of Evils, is not every mortal Disease the same? And if thou hast the Adoration of thy servile Followers, do they offer thee more, than they are ready to pay to every Tinsel Ornament, or empty Title? Is then the Fear or Worship of Slaves of so great Honour, when at the same time thou art the Contempt of every brave honest Man, tho', like me, an old Cloak should be his only Possession?

ALEXANDER.

Thou seemest, to my Apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this Disregard for the  
 Glory

Glory I have so painfully achieved; thou art un-  
 dermining the Foundation of all that Honour,  
 which is the Encouragement to, and Reward of,  
 every thing truly great and noble: For in what  
 doth all Honour, Glory, and Fame consist, but  
 in the Breath of that Multitude, whose Estima-  
 tion with such ill-grounded Scorn thou dost af-  
 fect to despise. A Reward which hath ever ap-  
 peared sufficient to inflame the Ambition of high  
 and exalted Souls; tho' from their Meanness,  
 low Minds may be incapable of tasting, or ra-  
 ther, for which Pride from the Despair of at-  
 taining it may inspire thee to feign a false and  
 counterfeit Disdain. What other Reward than  
 this have all those Heroes proposed to themselves,  
 who rejecting the Enjoyments which Ease, Riches,  
 Pleasure, and Power, have held forth to them in  
 their native Country, have deserted their Homes,  
 and all those Things which to vulgar Mortals  
 appear lovely or desirable, and in Defiance of  
 Difficulty and Danger, invaded and spoiled the  
 Cities and Territories of others; when their  
 Anger hath been provoked by no Injury, nor  
 their Hope inspired by the Prospect of any other  
 Good than of this very Glory and Honour, this  
 Adoration of Slaves, which thou, from having  
 never

never tasted its Sweetness, which is made with God's  
temptation, and is to receive no other punishment

to answer it, but **DISCOMFORT**.

Thy own Words have convinced me, (stand  
a little more out of the Sun, if you please) that  
thou hast not the least Idea of true Honour.

Was it to depend on the Suffrages of such  
Wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible  
Thing which you represent it to be estimated in

my Opinion : But true Honour is of a different  
Nature ; it results from the secret Satisfaction of  
our own Minds, and is decreed us by Wise Men

and the Gods ; it is the Shadow of Wisdom and  
Virtue, and is inseparable from them : Nor is it  
either in thy Power to deserve, nor in that of thy

Followers to bestow. As for such Heroes as thou  
hast named, who, like thyself, were born the  
Quintessence of Mankind, I readily agree they pursue

another kind of Glory, even that which thou hast  
mentioned, the Applause of their Slaves and Sy-  
cophants ; in this Instance indeed their Masters,

since they bestow on them the Reward, such as  
it is, of all their Labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would persuade me you have  
so clear a Notion of my Honour, I would be

glad to be on a Par with you, by conceiving  
some Idea of yours; which I can never obtain  
of the Shadow, till I have some clearer Know-  
ledge of the Substance, and understand in what  
your Wisdom and Virtue consist.

DIODEGENES.

Not in ravaging Countries, burning Cities,  
plundering and massacring Mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIODEGENES.

I snarl at them because of their Vice and  
Folly; in a word, because there are among them  
many such as Thee and thy Followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldst confess the Truth, Envy is  
the true Source of all thy Bitterness; it is that  
which begets thy Hatred; and from Hatred  
comes thy Railing: Whereas the Thirst of Glory  
only is my Motive. I hate not those whom I  
attack, as plainly appears by the Clemency I  
shew to them when they are conquered.

DIODEGENES.

Thy Clemency is Cruelty: Thou givest to one  
 what thou hast by Violence and Plunder taken  
 from another: And in so doing, thou only raisest  
 him to be again the Mark of Fortune's Caprice,  
 and to be tumbled down a second Time by thy-  
 self, or by some other like thee. My Snarling is  
 the Effect of my Love; in order, by my Invec-  
 tives against Vice, to frighten Men from it, and  
 drive them into the Road of Virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which Purpose thou hast forsworn Society,  
 and art retired to preach to Trees and Stones.

DIODEGENES.

I have left Society, because I cannot endure  
 the Evils I see and detest in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather because thou canst not enjoy the Good  
 thou dost covet in it. For the same Reason I have  
 left my own Country, which afforded not sufficient  
 Food for my Ambition,

DIODEGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and  
 plunder others. Thy Ambition hath destroyed a  
 Million,

Million, whereas I have never occasioned the  
Death of a single Man.

ALEXANDER.

Because thou hast not been able: but thou hast  
done all within thy Power, by cursing and de-  
voting to Destruction almost as many as I have  
conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor  
spirited Fellow thou wouldst appear. There is  
more Greatness of Soul in thee than at present  
shines forth. Poor Circumstances are Clouds  
which often conceal and obscure the brightest  
Minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess Pas-  
sions which Fortune hath not put it in thy Power  
to gratify. It is therefore that thou deniest Am-  
bition: for hadst thou a Soul as capacious as mine,  
I see no better Way which thy humble Fortune  
would allow thee of feeding its Ambition, than  
what thou hast chosen: for when alone in this Re-  
treat which thou hast chosen, thou may'st con-  
template thy own Greatness. Here no stronger  
Rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful  
Objects of superior Power, Riches, or Happiness,  
invade thy Sight. But, be honest and confess,  
had Fortune placed thee at the Head of a *Macedo-  
nian Army*.—

DIOGENES.



and Fortune, the things which are the objects of our  
 DIAGENES.

Had Fortune placed me at the Head of the World, it could not have raised me in my own Opinion. And is this mighty Soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its Superiority on the Backs of a Multitude of armed Slaves? And who in Reality have gained these Conquests, and gathered all these Laurels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into *Asia*, the Empire of *Darius* had still stood unshaken. But tho' *Alexander* had never been born, who will say the same Troops might not, under some other General, have done as great, or perhaps greater Mischiefs? The Honour therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal Share only. It is not then *Alexander*, but *Alexander* and his Army are superior to *Diogenes*. And in what are they his Superiors? In brutal Strength— in which they would be again excelled by an equal Number of Lions, or Wolves, or Tygers. An Army which would be able to do as much more Mischiefs than themselves, as they are than *Diogenes*.

ALEX-

ALEXANDER.

Then thy Grief broke forth. Thou hatest us  
because we can do more Mischief than thyself.  
And in this I see thou claimest the Preeminence  
over me; that I make use of others as the Instru-  
ments of my Conquests, whereas all thy Railery  
and Curses against Mankind, proceed only out of  
thy own Mouth. And if I alone am not able to  
conquer the World, thou alone art able to curse it.

DIODECES.

If I desired to curse it effectually, I have no-  
thing more to do, than to wish thee long Life  
and Prosperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou must wish well to an Individual,  
which is contrary to thy Nature, who hatest all.

DIODECES.

Thou art mistaken. Long Life, to such as  
thee, is the greatest of Curses: for, to mortify  
thy Pride effectually, know there is not in thy  
whole Army, no, nor among all the Objects of  
thy Triumph, one equally miserable with thyself:  
For if the Satisfaction of violent Desires be Hap-  
piness, and a total Failure of Success in most

eager Pursuits, Misery, (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miserable, than to entertain Desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little Reflection will teach thee is thy own Case: For what are thy Desires? not Pleasure; with that *Macedonia* would have furnished thee. Not Riches; for capacious as thy Soul is, if it had been all filled with Avarice, the Wealth of *Darius* would have contented it. Not Power; for then the Conquest of *Porus*, and the extending thy Arms to the farthest Limits of the World †, must have satisfied thy Ambition. Thy Desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as Fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its Way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own Power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the Possession of thy Wish; but how much more contemptible thy Understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that Wish is?

## ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy Humour, and will deserve thy Friend-

† Which was then known to the *Greeks*.

ship. I know the *Athenians* have affronted thee; have contemned thy Philosophy, and suspected thy Morals. I will revenge thy Contusion. I will lead my Army back, and punish their ill Usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and when thou beholdest their City in Flames, shalt have the Triumph of proclaiming, that thy just Repentment hath brought this Calamity on them.

DIODENES.

They do indeed deserve it at my Hands; and tho' Revenge is not what I profess, yet the Punishment of such Dogs may be of good Example. I therefore embrace thy Offer: but let us not be particular, let *Corinth* and *Lacedemon* share the same Fate. They are both the Nests of Vermin only, and Fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a Delight it will be to see the Rascals, who have so only in Derision call'd me a snarling Cur, roasting in their own Houses.

ALEXANDER.

Yet, on a second Consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the Cities, especially *Corinth* which is so full of Wealth, and only massacre the Inhabitants?

DIODENES.

... I know the ...  
**DIODEGENES.**

... Wealth, I despise it.

**ALEXANDER.**

Well then, let it be given to the Soldiers; as the Demolition of it will not encrease the Punishment of the Citizens, when we have cut their Throats.

**DIODEGENES.**

True — Then you may give some of it to the Soldiers; but as the Dogs have formerly insulted me with their Riches, I will, if you please, retain a little — perhaps a Moiety, or not much more, to my own Use. It will give me at least an Opportunity of shewing the World, I can despise Riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my Poverty.

**ALEXANDER.**

Art not thou a true Dog? Is this thy Contempt of Wealth? This thy Abhorrence of the Vices of Mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest Cities of the World to thy Wrath and Revenge! And hast thou the Impudence to dispute any longer the Superiority with me, who have it in my Power to punish my Enemies with Death, while thou only canst persecute with evil Wishes.

Y 2

**DIODEGENES.**

DIOGENES.

I have still the same Superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy Soldiers. I would have made thee the Fool of my Purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the World besides. And may Perdition seize thee, and all thy Followers.

*Here some of the Army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.*

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his Obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.—Farewell, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy Pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not Alexander, I could desire to be Diogenes.*

DIOGENES.

Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a Mortification; that *was I not Diogenes, I could almost content myself with being Alexander.*

[ 178 ]

234400000

seats and the ...

I ...

...  

---

I ...  

---

...  

---

... AN ...

# INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

*Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Mercury.*

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION to a COMEDY,

CALLED,

*JUPITER'S Descent on Earth.*

---

---

A N  
I N T E R L U D E

JUPITER TO SATURN

My dear Sir,

I have the honor

to receive your letter

of the 10th

and am glad to hear

that you are well and hope to see you

very soon.

I am, Sir, your

obedient servant, J. G. G.

World's best friend, I wish to see you

often and to see you often. It

is my duty to see you often, but it is un-

derstandable to a degree of this nature.

Yours, I do not doubt your friend.

J. G. G.

Y 4



---

---

A N  
I N T E R L U D E  
B E T W E E N  
J U P I T E R , J U N O , A P O L L O ,  
A N D  
M E R C U R Y .

S C E N E I .

J U P I T E R , J U N O .

J U P I T E R .

**P** R A Y be pacified.

*Juno.* It is intolerable, insufferable, and  
I never will submit to it.

*Jup.* But, my Dear.

*Juno.* Good Mr. *Jupiter*, leave off that odious  
Word: You know I detest it. Use it to the  
Trollop *Venus*, and the rest of your Sluts. It  
sounds most agreeable to their Ears, but it is nau-  
seous to a Goddess of strict Virtue.

*Jup.* Madam, I do not doubt your Virtue.

*Juno.* You don't? That is, if you do, humbly  
 instructing that others do. But who are their Dis-  
 vinitics? I would be glad to know who they are; &  
 they are neither *Diana*, nor *Minerva*, I am well  
 assured; both of whom pay me, for they know  
 your Tricks; they can neither of them keep a  
 Maid of Honour for you. I desire you will treat  
 me with Good-Manners at least. I should have  
 had that, if I had married a Mortal, tho' he had  
 spent my Fortune, and lain with my Chamber-  
 Maids, as you suffer Men to do with Impunity,  
 highly to your Honour be it spoken.

*Jup.* Faith! Madam, I know but one Way to  
 prevent them, which is, by annihilating Man-  
 kind; and I fancy your Friends below, the Ladies,  
 would hardly thank you for obtaining that Favour  
 at my Hands.

*Juno.* I desire you would not reflect on my  
 Friends below; it is very well known, I never  
 shewed any Favour, but to those of the purest,  
 unspotted Characters. And all my Acquaintance,  
 when I have been on the Earth, have been of that  
 Kind: for I never return a Visit to any other.

*Jup.* Nay, I have no Inclination to find Fault  
 with the Women of the Earth; you know I like  
 them very well.

*Juno.*

*Julia*. Beautiful Treasures of the Earth; such as *Venus* converses with: You never show any Coveting to my Favourites, nor make the Men *blow*.

*Jup.* My Dear, give me Leave to say, your Favourites are such, that Man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the Preference: For when I moulded up the Clay of Man, I put not one Ingredient in to make him in Love with *Ugliness*, which is one of the most glaring Qualities in all your Favourites, whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such Favourites, that the Men slight them.

*Juno*. The Men slight them! *Pr* have you know, *Sir*, they slight the Men; and I can, at this Moment, hear not less than a Thousand railing at Mankind.

*Jup.* Ay, as I hear at this Instant several grave *Black* Gentlemen railing at Riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same Time.

*Juno*. Very fine! very civil! I understand your Comparison.—Well, *Sir*, you may go on giving an Example of a bad Husband, but I will not give the Example of a tame Wife; and if you will not make Men better, I will go down to the Earth, and make Women worse; that every

House

Heard may be too hot for a Husband; and will  
shortly make Heaven for you.

I *suppl.* That I believe you will submit if you be-  
gin your Project of making Women work; I will  
take *Hymen*, and hang him; for I will take the  
Gate of my Vicaried; as well as you do your

SCENE II.

Enter Apollo.

*Apol.* Mr. *Jupiter*; Good-morrow to you.

*Jup.* *Apollo*, how dost thou?—You are a wife  
-Duty, *Apoll.*; please will you answer me one  
Question?

*Apoll.* I am your Enemy; but I will answer you.

*Jup.* You have been much conversant with the  
Affairs of Men; What dost thou think the fool-  
-lishest Thing a Man can do?

*Apoll.* Turn Poet.

*Jup.* That is honest enough, as it comes from  
the God of Poets; But you have mist the Mark;  
or certainly, the foolishest Thing a Man can do,  
is to marry.

*Apol.* First, What is it, then, in a God, who,  
besides that he ought to be wiser than Man, is  
tormented for ever by his Immortality, and has not the  
Chance which you have given to Man, of getting  
rid of his Wife.

*Jup.* *Apollo*, thy Reproof is just; but let us  
talk of something else: for when I am out of the  
hearing

Hearing my Wife, I begg'd my dearest hear of her.

*Apol.* Have you read any of those Books I brought you, just sent me by my Notaries, upon Earth?

*Jup.* I have read them all.—The Poem is extremely fine, and the Similes most beautiful.—There is indeed one little Fault in the Similes.

*Apol.* What is that?

*Jup.* There is not the least Resemblance between the Things compared together.

*Apol.* One Half of the Simile is good; however.

*Jup.* The Dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent Men upon Earth.—There is one whom I find two or three Authors agree to be much better than any of us in Heaven are. This Discovery, together with my Wife's Tongue, has determin'd me to make a Trip to the Earth, and spend some Time in such God-like Company. *Apol.* Will you go with me?

*Apol.* I would wish all my heart; but I shall be oblig'd to you; for when I was last on Earth, tho' I heard of these People, I could not get admitt'd to any of them; you had better take *Plutus* with you, he is acquainted with them all.

*Jup.* Hang him, proud Rascal, of all the Deities he is my Aversion; I would have kick'd him out of Heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his Residence entirely upon the Earth, he would foment a Rebellion against me.

*Apol.* Your Fear has too just a Ground, for the God of Riches has more Interest there, than all the other Gods put together: Nay, he has supplanted us in all our Provinces; he gives Wit to Men I never heard of, and Beauty to Women *Venus* never saw—Nay, he ventures to make free with *Mars* himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts Men at the Head of Military Affairs, who never saw an Enemy, nor of whom an Enemy ever could see any other than the Back.

*Jup.* Faith! it is surprizing, that a God whom I sent down to Earth when I was angry with Mankind, and who has done them more Hurt than all the other Deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their Favour.

*Apol.* You may thank yourself, you might have made Man wiser if you would.

*Jup.* What, to laugh at? No, *Apollo*, believe me, Man far outdoes my Intention; and when I read in those little Histories called Dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager

to be with him, that I may make another Promotion to the Stars; and here comes my Son of Fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY kneels.]

*Merc.* Pray, Father *Jupiter*, be pleas'd to blefs me.

*Jup.* I do, my Boy. What Part of Heaven, pray, have you been spending your Time in?

*Merc.* With some Ladies of your Acquaintance, *Apollo*. I have been at Blind-man's-buff with the Nine Muses: But before we began to play, we had charming Sport between Miss *Thally* and one of the Poets; Such a Scene of Courtship or Invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia*, cries the Bard; and then he scratches his Head; And then, *Say, O Thalia*, again; and repeated it an hundred times over; but the devil a Word would she say.

*Apal.* She's a humourfome little Jade, and if she takes it into her Head to hold her Tongue, not all the Poets on Earth can open her Lips.

*Jup.*

*Jup.* I wish *Juno* had some of her Beliefs with all my Heart.

*Merc.* No, my Mother-in-law is of a different quite contrary.

*Jup.* Ay, for which Reason I intend to seek an Elopement from her, and pay a short Visit to our Friends on Earth. *Son Mercy*, you shall along with me.

*Merc.* Sir, I am at your Disposal: But pray, what is the Reason of this Visit?

*Jup.* Partly my Wife's Temper, and partly some Informations I have lately received, of the prodigious Virtue of Mankind; which if I find, as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam *Juno* for Good-and-all, and live entirely amongst Men.

*Merc.* I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the Company of these virtuous Men; for I am quite weary of the little Rogues you put me at the Head of. The last time I was on the Earth, I believe I had three Sets of my Acquaintance hang'd in one Year's Revolution, and not one Man of any reputable Condition amongst them: there were indeed one or two condemned; but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, Sir, I will be God of Rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be



[ 311 ]

be a Rogue.

Well walk of the Mercator. I'll now go put on my travelling Cloths, and be ready for you in half an Hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true Reason of this Expedition?

Apol. The great Virtue of Mankind, he tells us

Merc. The little Virtue of Womankind rather. Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a Step after human Virtue: Besides, Where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late Dedications of my Votaries.

Merc. Of my Votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my Title to the Dedications, as the God of Thieves. You make no Distinction, I hope, between robbing with a Pistol and with a Pen.

Apol. My Votaries Robbers, Mr. Mercury said  
Merc.

*Merc.* Yes, Mr. *Apollo*: did not my Lord Chancellor *Midos* decree me the Lawyars for the same Reason. Would not he be a Rogue who should take a Man's Money for persuading him he was a Lord or a Baronet, when he knew he was no such Thing? Is not he equally such, who picks his Pocket by heaping Virtues on him which he knows he has no Title to? These Fellows prevent the very Use of Praise, which while only the Reward of Virtue, will always invite Men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the True Deserving, equally with a Ribbon or a Feather, which may be bought by any one in a Milliner's or a Minister's Shop.

*Apol.* Very well! At this Rate you will rob me of all my Panegyric Writers.

*Merc.* Ay, and of your Satirical Writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust Satire is as bad as unjust Panegyrick.

*Apol.* If it is unjust indeed—But, Sir, I hope you have no Claim to my Writers of Plays, Poems, which have neither Satire nor Panegyrick in 'em.

*Merc.* Yes, Sir, to all who are Thieves and steal from one another.

*Apol-*

*Apol.* Methinks, Sir, you should not reflect thus on Wits to me, who am the God of Wits.

*Merc.* Hey-day, Sir, nor you on Thieves, to me who am the God of Thieves. We have no such Reason to quarrel about our Votaries, they are much of the same Kind: For as it is a Proverb, That all Poets are poor; so is it a Maxim, That all poor Men are Rogues.

*Apol.* Sir, Sir, I have Men of Quality that write.

*Merc.* Yes, Sir, and I have Men of Quality that rob; but neither are the one Poets, or the other Rogues: For as the one can write without Wit, so can the other rob without Roguery. They call it Privilege, I think; *Jupiter* I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a Petition to my Father that he would revoke it, and put them on a Footing with our other Votaries.

*Apol.* It is in vain to petition him any thing against Mankind at present, he is in such Good-humour with them; if they should sour his Temper, at his Return perhaps he may be willing to do us Justice.

*Merc.* It shall be my Fault if he is not in a worse Humour with them; at least, I will take